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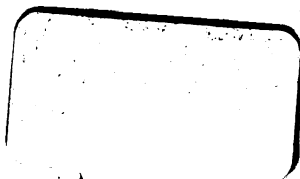


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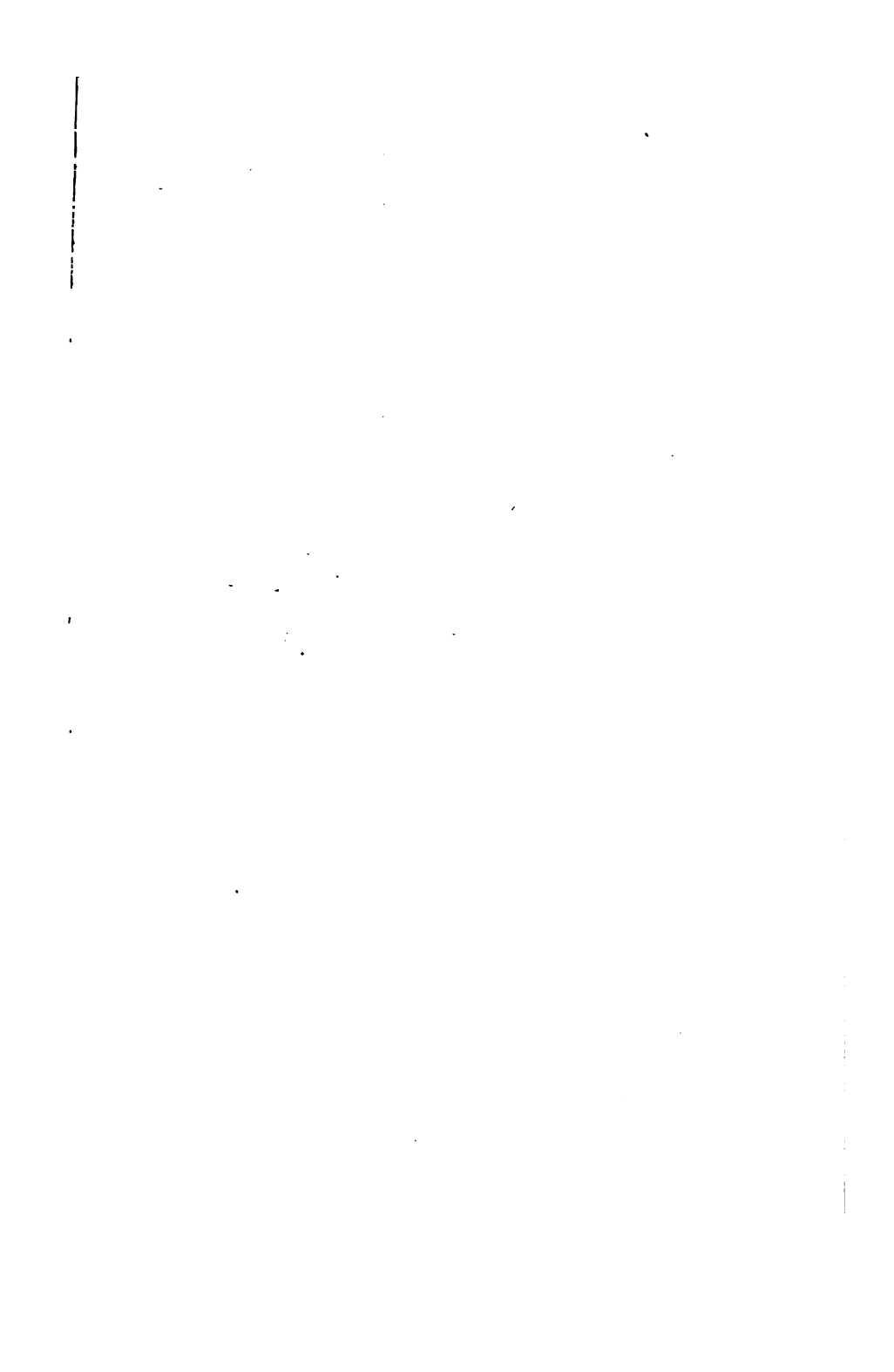
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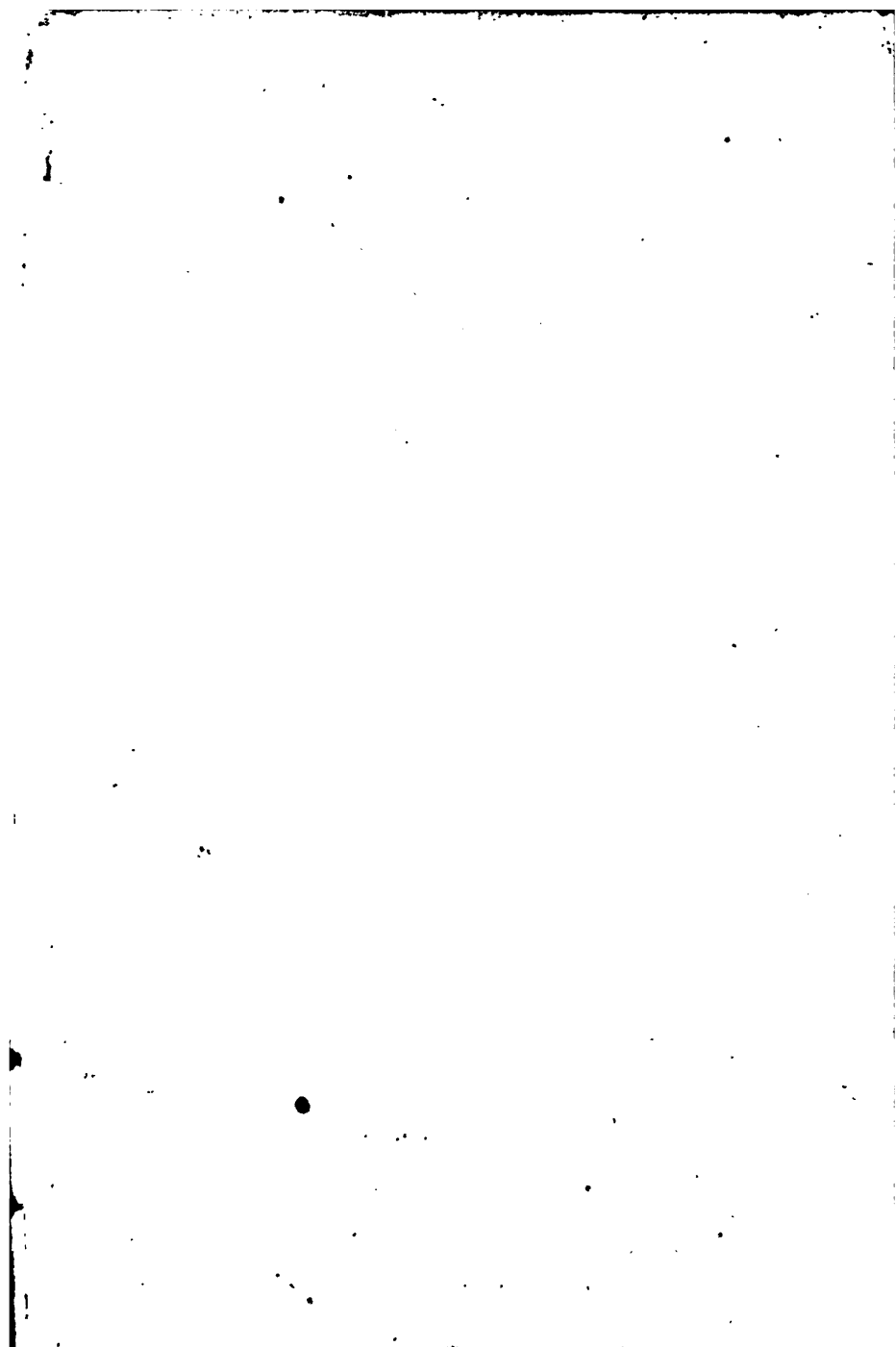


Jane E Hicks

A New Year Gift
from her Cousin.









Vidal

J. Barlow

Lizzie Leigh

THE
Irving Offering

FOR

1851.



NEW YORK

Leavitt & Company.

fully instruct; and we commend the lessons they convey, with a most sincere desire that they may benefit our readers. Need we assure the recipients of this beautiful volume, that it comes to them fragrant with the benisons of friendship or of love?

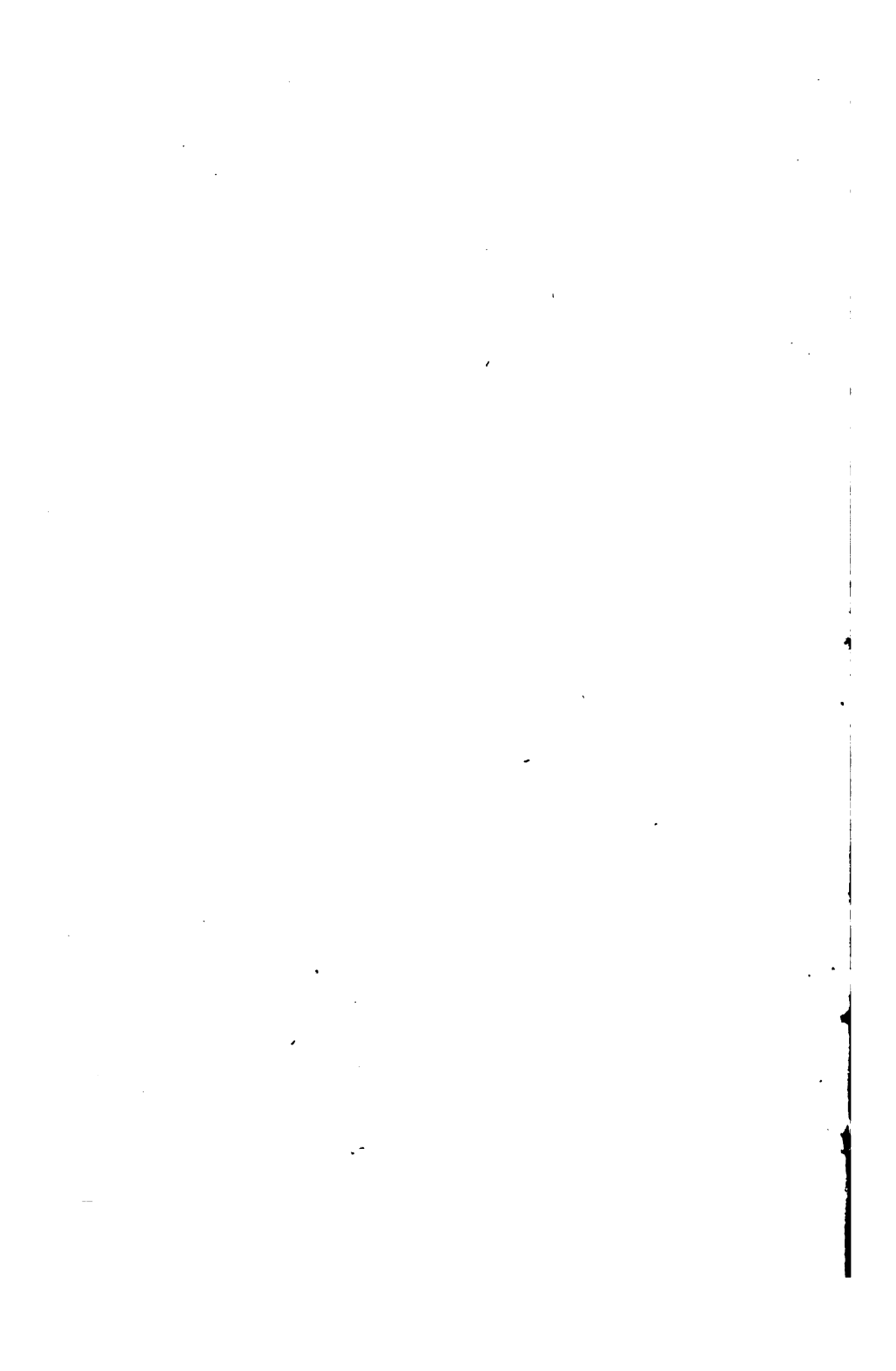
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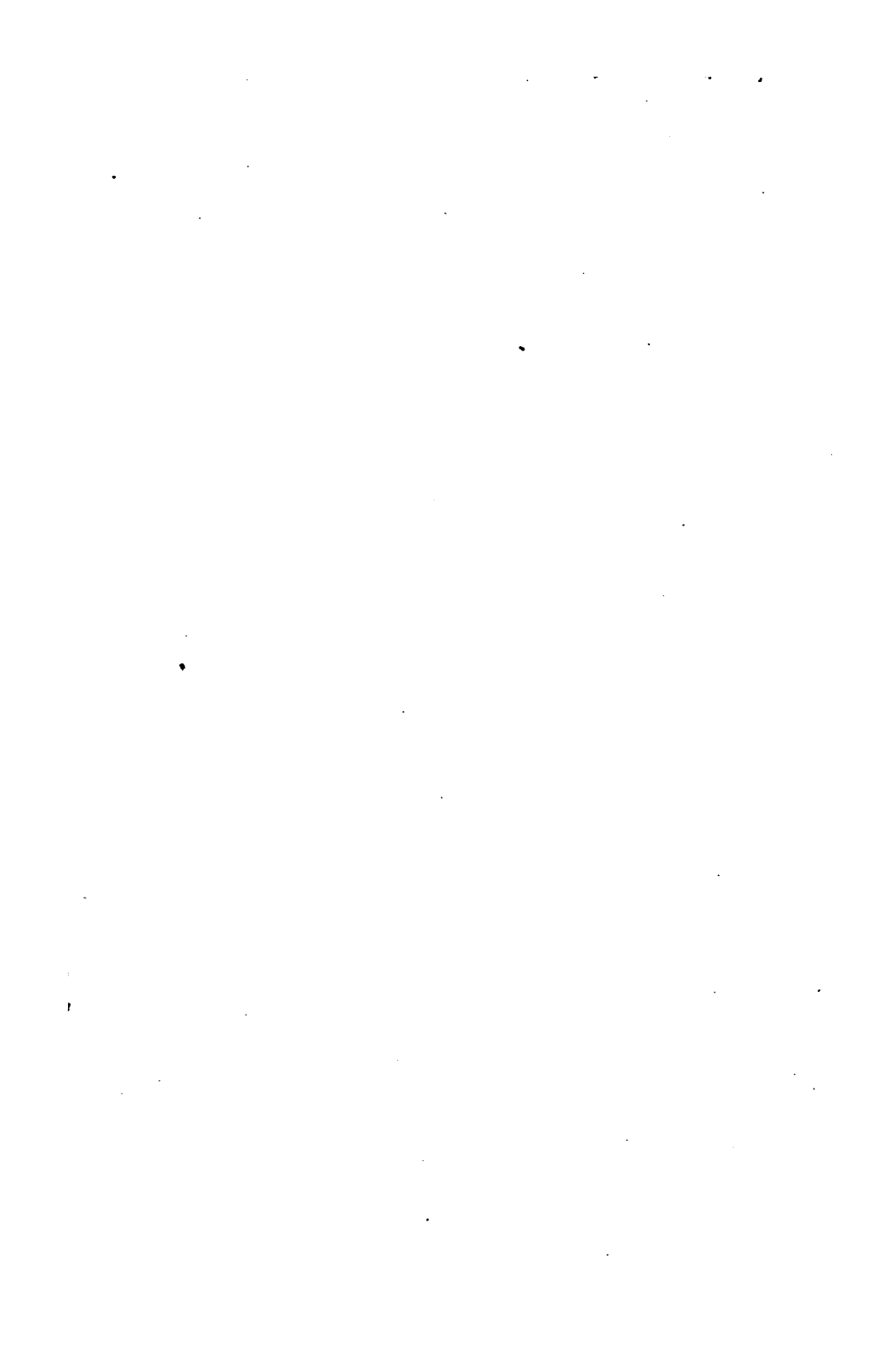
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THE
IRVING OFFERING.



LIZZIE LEIGH.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN Death is present in a household on a Christmas Day, the very contrast between the time as it now is, and the day as it has often been, gives a poignancy to sorrow,—a more utter blankness to the desolation. James Leigh died just as the far-away bells of Rochdale Church were ringing for morning service on Christmas Day, 1836. A few minutes before his death, he opened his already glazing eyes, and made a sign to his wife, by the faint motion of his lips, that he had yet something to say. She stooped close down, and caught the broken whisper, "I forgive her, Anne! May God forgive me."

"Oh my love, my dear! only get well, and I will never cease showing my thanks for those words. May God in heaven bless thee for saying them. Thou 'rt not so restless, my lad! may be—Oh God!"

For even while she spoke, he died.

They had been two-and-twenty years man and wife; for nineteen of those years their life had been as calm

and happy, as the most perfect uprightness on the one side, and the most complete confidence and loving submission on the other, could make it. Milton's famous line might have been framed and hung up as the rule of their married life, for he was truly the interpreter, who stood between God and her; she would have considered herself wicked if she had ever dared even to think him austere, though as certainly as he was an upright man, so surely was he hard, stern, and inflexible. But for three years the moan and the murmur had never been out of her heart; she had rebelled against her husband as against a tyrant, with a hidden sudden rebellion, which tore up the old land-marks of wifely duty and affection, and poisoned the fountains whence gentlest love and reverence had once been for ever springing.

But those last blessed words replaced him on his throne in her heart, and called out penitent anguish for all the bitter estrangement of later years. It was this which made her refuse all the entreaties of her sons, that she would see the kind-hearted neighbors, who called on their way from church, to sympathize and condole. No! she would stay with the dead husband that had spoken tenderly at last, if for three years he had kept silence; who knew but what, if she had only been more gentle and less angrily reserved, he might have relented earlier—and in time!

She sat rocking herself to and fro by the side of the

bed, while the footsteps below went in and out; she had been in sorrow too long to have any violent burst of deep grief now; the furrows were well worn in her cheeks, and the tears flowed quietly, if incessantly, all the day long. But when the winter's night drew on, and the neighbors had gone away to their homes, she stole to the window, and gazed out, long and wistfully, over the dark gray moors. She did not hear her son's voice, as he spoke to her from the door, nor his footstep as he drew nearer. She started when he touched her.

"Mother! come down to us. There's no one but Will and me. Dearest mother, we do so want you." The poor lad's voice trembled, and he began to cry. It appeared to require an effort on Mrs. Leigh's part to tear herself away from the window, but with a sigh she complied with his request.

The two boys (for though Will was nearly twenty-one, she still thought of him as a lad) had done everything in their power to make the house-place comfortable for her. She herself, in the old days before her sorrow, had never made a brighter fire or a cleaner hearth, ready for her husband's return home, than now awaited her. The tea-things were all put out, and the kettle was boiling; and the boys had calmed their grief down into a kind of sober cheerfulness. They paid her every attention they could think of, but received little notice on her part; she did

not resist—she rather submitted to all their arrangements ; but they did not seem to touch her heart.

When tea was ended,—it was merely the form of tea that had been gone through,—Will moved the things away to the dresser. His mother leant back languidly in her chair.

“ Mother, shall Tom read you a chapter ? He’s a better scholar than I.”

“ Aye, lad !” said she, almost eagerly. “ That’s it. Read me the Prodigal Son. Aye, aye, lad. Thank thee.”

Tom found the chapter, and read it in the high-pitched voice which is customary in village-schools. His mother bent forward, her lips parted, her eyes dilated ; her whole body instinct with eager attention. Will sat with his head depressed, and hung down. He knew why that chapter had been chosen ; and to him it recalled the family’s disgrace. When the reading was ended, he still hung down his head in gloomy silence. But her face was brighter than it had been before for the day. Her eyes looked dreamy, as if she saw a vision ; and by and by she pulled the Bible toward her, and putting her finger underneath each word, began to read them aloud in a low voice to herself ; she read again the words of bitter sorrow and deep humiliation ; but most of all she paused and brightened over the father’s tender reception of the repentant prodigal.

So passed the Christmas evening in the Upclose Farm.

The snow had fallen heavily over the dark waving moorland, before the day of the funeral. The black storm-laden dome of heaven lay very still and close upon the white earth, as they carried the body forth out of the house which had known his presence so long as its ruling power. Two and two the mourners followed, making a black procession, in their winding march over the unbeaten snow, to Milne-Row Church—now lost in some hollow of the bleak moors, now slowly climbing the heaving ascents. There was no long tarrying after the funeral, for many of the neighbors who accompanied the body to the grave had far to go, and the great white flakes which came slowly down, were the boding fore-runners of a heavy storm. One old friend alone accompanied the widow and her sons to their home.

The Upclose Farm had belonged for generations to the Leighs; and yet its possession hardly raised them above the rank of laborers. There was the house and out-buildings, all of an old-fashioned kind, and about seven acres of barren unproductive land, which they had never possessed capital enough to improve; indeed, they could hardly rely upon it for subsistence; and it had been customary to bring up the sons to some trade—such as a wheelwright's, or blacksmith's.

James Leigh had left a will, in the possession of the old man who accompanied them home. He read it aloud.

James had bequeathed the farm to his faithful wife, Anne Leigh, for her life-time ; and afterward, to his son William. The hundred and odd pounds in the savings'-bank was to accumulate for Thomas.

After the reading was ended, Anne Leigh sat silent for a time ; and then she asked to speak to Samuel Orme alone. The sons went into the back-kitchen, and thence strolled out into the fields, regardless of the driving snow. The brothers were dearly fond of each other, although they were very different in character. Will, the elder, was like his father, stern, reserved, and scrupulously upright. Tom (who was ten years younger) was gentle and delicate as a girl, both in appearance and character. He had always clung to his mother, and dreaded his father. They did not speak as they walked, for they were only in the habit of talking about facts, and hardly knew the more sophisticated language applied to the description of feelings.

Meanwhile their mother had taken hold of Samuel Orme's arm with her trembling hand.

"Samuel, I must let the farm—I must."

"Let the farm! What's come o'er the woman?"

"Oh, Samuel!" said she, her eyes swimming in tears, "I'm just fain to go and live in Manchester. I mun let the farm."

Samuel looked, and pondered, but did not speak for some time. At last he said—

"If thou hast made up thy mind, there's no speaking again it; and thou must e'en go. Thou'lt be sadly pottered wi' Manchester ways; but that's not my look out. Why, thou'lt have to buy potatoes, a thing thou hast never done afore in all thy born life. Well! it's not my look out. It's rather for me than again me. Our Jenny is going to be married to Tom Higginbotham, and he was speaking of wanting a bit of land to begin upon. His father will be dying sometime, I reckon, and then he'll step into the Croft Farm. But meanwhile"—

"Then, thou'lt let the farm," said she, still as eagerly as ever.

"Aye, aye, he'll take it fast enough, I've a notion. But I'll not drive a bargain with thee just now; it would not be right; we'll wait a bit."

"No; I cannot wait, settle it out at once."

"Well, well; I'll speak to Will about it. I see him out yonder. I'll step to him, and talk it over."

Accordingly he went and joined the two lads, and without more ado, began the subject to them.

"Will, thy mother is fain to go live in Manchester, and covets to let the farm. Now, I'm willing to take it for Tom Higginbotham; but I like to drive a keen bargain, and there would be no fun chaffering with thy mother just now. Let thee and me buckle to, my lad! and try and cheat each other; it will warm us this cold day."

"Let the farm!" said both the lads at once, with infinite surprise. "Go live in Manchester!"

When Samuel Orme found that the plan had never before been named to either Will or Tom, he would have nothing to do with it, he said, until they had spoken to their mother; likely she was "dazed" by her husband's death; he would wait a day or two, and not name it to any one; not to Tom Higginbotham himself, or may be he would set his heart upon it. The lads had better go in and talk it over with their mother. He bade them good day, and left them.

Will looked very gloomy, but he did not speak till they got near the house. Then he said,—

"Tom, go to th' shippon, and supper the cows. I want to speak to mother alone."

When he entered the house-place, she was sitting before the fire, looking into its embers. She did not hear him come in; for some time she had lost her quick perception of outward things.

"Mother! what's this about going to Manchester?" asked he.

"Oh, lad!" said she, turning round, and speaking in a beseeching tone, "I must go and seek our Lizzie. I cannot rest here for thinking on her. Many's the time I've left thy father sleeping in bed, and stole to th' window, and looked and looked my heart out toward Manchester, till I thought I must just set out and tramp over

moor and moss straight away till I got there, and then lift up every downcast face till I came to our Lizzie. And often, when the south wind was blowing soft among the hollows, I've fancied (it could but be fancy, thou knowest) I heard her crying upon me; and I've thought the voice came closer and closer, till at last it was sobbing out 'Mother' close to the door; and I've stolen down, and undone the latch before now, and looked out into the still black night, thinking to see her,—and turned sick and sorrowful when I heard no living sound but the sough of the wind dying away. Oh! speak not to me of stopping here, when she may be perishing for hunger, like the poor lad in the parable." And now she lifted up her voice and wept aloud.

Will was deeply grieved. He had been old enough to be told the family shame when, more than two years before, his father had had his letter to his daughter returned by her mistress in Manchester, telling him that Lizzie had left her service some time—and why. He had sympathized with his father's stern anger; though he had thought him something hard, it is true, when he had forbidden his weeping, heart-broken wife to go and try to find her poor sinning child, and declared that henceforth they would have no daughter; that she should be as one dead, and her name never more be named at market or at meal-time, in blessing or in prayer. He had held his

peace, with compressed lips and contracted brow, when the neighbors had noticed to him how poor Lizzie's death had aged both his father and his mother ; and how they thought the bereaved couple would never hold up their heads again. He himself had felt as if that one event had made him old before his time ; and had envied Tom the tears he had shed over poor, pretty, innocent, dead Lizzie. He thought about her sometimes, till he ground his teeth together, and could have struck her down in her shame. His mother had never named her to him until now.

"Mother!" said he at last. "She may be dead. Most likely she is."

"No, Will ; she is not dead," said Mrs. Leigh. "God will not let her die till I've seen her once again. Thou dost not know how I've prayed and prayed just once again to see her sweet face, and tell her I've forgiven her ; though she's broken my heart—she has, Will." She could not go on for a minute or two for the choking sobs. "Thou dost not know that, or thou wouldst not say she could be dead,—for God is very merciful, Will ; He is,—He is much more pitiful than man,—I could never ha' spoken to thy father as I did to Him,—and yet thy father forgave her at last. The last words he said were that he forgave her. Thou'lt not be harder than thy father, Will ? Do not try and hinder me going to seek her, for it's no use."

Will sat very still for a long time before he spoke. At last he said, "I'll not hinder you. I think she's dead, but that's no matter."

"She is not dead," said her mother, with low earnestness. Will took no notice of the interruption.

"We will all go to Manchester for a twelvemonth, and let the farm to Tom Higginbotham. I'll get blacksmith's work; and Tom can have good schooling for a while, which he's always craving for. At the end of the year you'll come back, mother, and give over fretting for Lizzie, and think with me that she is dead,—and, to my mind, that would be more comfort than to think of her living;" he dropped his voice as he spoke these last words. She shook her head, but made no answer. He asked again,—

"Will you, mother, agree to this?"

"I'll agree to it a-this-ns," said she. "If I hear and see naught of her for a twelvemonth, me being in Manchester looking out, I'll just ha' broken my heart fairly before the year's ended, and then I shall know neither love nor sorrow for her any more, when I'm at rest in the grave—I'll agree to that, Will."

"Well, I suppose it must be so. I shall not tell Tom, mother, why we're flitting to Manchester. Best spare him."

"As thou wilt," said she, sadly, "so that we go, that's all."

Before the wild daffodils were in flower in the sheltered copses round Upclose Farm, the Leighs were settled in their Manchester home ; if they could ever grow to consider that place as a home, where there was no garden, or outbuilding, no fresh breezy outlet, no far-stretching view, over moor and hollow,—no dumb animals to be tended, and, what more than all they missed, no old haunting memories, even though those remembrances told of sorrow, and the dead and gone.

Mrs. Leigh heeded the loss of all these things less than her sons. She had more spirit in her countenance than she had had for months, because now she had hope ; of a sad enough kind, to be sure, but still it was hope. She performed all her household duties, strange and complicated as they were, and bewildered as she was with all the town-necessities of her new manner of life ; but when her house was “sided,” and the boys came home from their work, in the evening, she would put on her things and steal out, unnoticed, as she thought, but not without many a heavy sigh from Will, after she had closed the house-door and departed. It was often past midnight before she came back, pale and weary, with almost a guilty look upon her face ; but that face so full of disappointment and hope deferred, that Will had never the heart to say what he thought of the folly and hopelessness of the search. Night after night it was renewed, till days grew to weeks and weeks to months. All this time Will

did his duty toward her as well as he could, without having sympathy with her. He stayed at home in the evenings for Tom's sake, and often wished he had Tom's pleasure in reading, for the time hung heavy on his hands, as he sat up for his mother.

I need not tell you how the mother spent the weary hours. And yet I will tell you something. She used to wander out at first as if without a purpose, till she rallied her thoughts, and brought all her energies to bear on the one point; then she went with earnest patience along the least known ways to some new part of the town, looking wistfully with dumb entreaty into people's faces; sometimes catching a glimpse of a figure which had a kind of momentary likeness to her child's, and following that figure with never wearying perseverance, till some light from shop or lamp showed the cold strange face which was not her daughter's. Once or twice a kind-hearted passer-by, struck by her look of yearning woe, turned back and offered help, or asked her what she wanted. When so spoken to, she answered only, "You don't know a poor girl they call Lizzie Leigh, do you?" and when they denied all knowledge, she shook her head, and went on again. I think they believed her to be crazy. But she never spoke first to any one. She sometimes took a few minutes' rest on the door-steps, and sometimes (very seldom) covered her face and cried; but she could not afford to lose time and

chances in this way ; while her eyes were blinded with tears, the lost one might pass by unseen.

One evening, in the rich time of shortening autumn-days, Will saw an old man, who, without being absolutely drunk, could not guide himself rightly along the foot-path, and was mocked for his unsteadiness of gait, by the idle boys of the neighborhood. For his father's sake Will regarded old age with tenderness, even when most degraded and removed from the stern virtues which dignified that father ; so he took the old man home, and seemed to believe his often-repeated assertions that he drank nothing but water. The stranger tried to stiffen himself up into steadiness as he drew nearer home, as if there were some one there, for whose respect he cared even in his half-intoxicated state, or whose feelings he feared to grieve. His home was exquisitely clean and neat even in outside appearance ; threshold, window, and window-sill, were outward signs of some spirit of purity within. Will was rewarded for his attention by a bright glance of thanks, succeeded by a blush of shame, from a young woman of twenty or thereabouts. She did not speak, or second her father's hospitable invitations to him to be seated. She seemed unwilling that a stranger should witness her father's attempts at stately sobriety, and Will could not bear to stay and see her distress. But when the old man, with many a flabby shake of the hand, kept asking him to come again some other evening

and see them, Will sought her downcast eyes, and, though he could not read their veiled meaning, he answered timidly, "If it's agreeable to everybody, I'll come—and thank ye." But there was no answer from the girl to whom this speech was in reality addressed ; and Will left the house liking her all the better for never speaking.

He thought about her a great deal for the next day or two ; he scolded himself for being so foolish as to think of her, and then fell to with fresh vigor, and thought of her more than ever. He tried to depreciate her ; he told himself she was not pretty, and then made indignant answer that he liked her looks much better than any beauty of them all. He wished he was not so country-looking, so red-faced, so broad-shouldered ; while she was like a lady, with her smooth, colorless complexion, her bright, dark hair, and her spotless dress. Pretty, or not pretty, she drew his footsteps toward her ; he could not resist the impulse that made him wish to see her once more, and find out some fault which should unloose his heart from her unconscious keeping. But there she was, pure and maidenly as before. He sat and looked, answering her father at cross-purposes, while she drew more and more into the shadow of the chimney-corner out of sight. Then the spirit that possessed him (it was not he himself, sure, that did so impudent a thing !) made him get up and carry the candle to a different place, un-

der the pretence of giving her more light at her sewing, but, in reality, to be able to see her better ; she could not stand this much longer, but jumped up, and said she must put her little niece to bed ; and surely, there never was, before or since, so troublesome a child of two years old ; for, though Will staid an hour and a half longer, she never came down again. He won the father's heart, though, by his capacity as a listener, for some people are not at all particular, and, so that they themselves may talk on undisturbed, are not so unreasonable as to expect attention to what they say.

Will did gather this much, however, from the old man's talk. He had once been quite in a genteel line of business, but had failed for more money than any green-grocer he had heard of ; at least, any who did not mix up fish and game with green-grocery proper. This grand failure seemed to have been the event of his life, and one on which he dwelt with a strange kind of pride. It appeared as if at present he rested from his past exertions (in the bankrupt line), and depended on his daughter, who kept a small school for very young children. But all these particulars Will only remembered and understood, when he had left the house ; at the time he heard them, he was thinking of Susan. After he had made good his footing at Mr. Palmer's, he was not long, you may be sure, without finding some reason for returning again and again. He listened to her father, he talked to the little

niece, but he looked at Susan, both while he listened and while he talked. Her father kept on insisting upon his former gentility, the details of which would have appeared very questionable to Will's mind, if the sweet, delicate, modest Susan had not thrown an inexplicable air of refinement over all she came near. She never spoke much; she was generally diligently at work; but when she moved it was so noiselessly, and when she did speak, it was in so low and soft a voice, that silence, speech, motion and stillness, alike seemed to remove her high above Will's reach into some saintly and inaccessible air of glory—high above his reach, even as she knew him! And, if she were made acquainted with the dark secret behind, of his sister's shame, which was kept ever present to his mind by his mother's nightly search among the outcast and forsaken, would not Susan shrink away from him with loathing, as if he were tainted by the involuntary relationship? This was his dread; and thereupon followed a resolution that he would withdraw from her sweet company before it was too late. So he resisted internal temptation, and staid at home, and suffered and sighed. He became angry with his mother for her untiring patience in seeking for one who, he could not help hoping, was dead rather than alive. He spoke sharply to her, and received only such sad deprecatory answers as made him reproach himself, and still more lose sight of peace of mind. This struggle could not last long

without affecting his health; and Tom, his sole companion through the long evenings, noticed his increasing languor, his restless irritability, with perplexed anxiety, and at last resolved to call his mother's attention to his brother's haggard, care-worn looks. She listened with a startled recollection of Will's claims upon her love. She noticed his decreasing appetite, and half-checked sighs.

"Will, lad! what's come o'er thee?" said she to him, as he sat listlessly gazing into the fire.

"There's naught the matter with me," said he, as if annoyed at her remark.

"Nay, lad, but there is." He did not speak again to contradict her; indeed, she did not know if he had heard her, so unmoved did he look.

"Would'st like to go back to Upclose Farm?" asked she, sorrowfully.

"It's just blackberrying time," said Tom.

Will shook his head. She looked at him a while, as if trying to read that expression of despondency and trace it back to its source.

"Will and Tom could go," said she; "I must stay here till I've found her, thou know'st," continued she, dropping her voice.

He turned quickly round, and with the authority he at all times exercised over Tom, bade him begone to bed.

When Tom had left the room he prepared to speak.

CHAPTER II.

“MOTHER,” then said Will, “why will you keep on thinking she’s alive? If she were but dead, we need never name her name again. We’ve never heard naught on her since father wrote her that letter; we never knew whether she got it or not. She’d left her place before then. Many a one dies is——”

‘Oh, my lad! dunnot speak so to me, or my heart will break outright,’ said his mother, with a sort of cry. Then she calmed herself, for she yearned to persuade him to her own belief. “Thou never asked, and thou’rt too like thy father for me to tell without asking—but it were all to be near Lizzie’s old place that I settled down on this side o’ Manchester; and the very day at after we came, I went to her old missus, and asked to speak a word wi’ her. I had a strong mind to cast it up to her, that she should ha’ sent my poor lass away without telling on it to us first; but she were in black, and looked so sad I could na’ find in my heart to threep it up. But I did ask her a bit about our Lizzie. The master would have turned her away at a day’s warning, (he’s gone to t’other place; I hope he’ll meet wi’ more mercy there than he showed our Lizzie,—I do,—) and when the missus asked her should she write to us, she says Lizzie shook her head; and when she speered at her again, the poor lass went down on her knees, and begged her not, for she said

it would break my heart (as it has done, Will—God knows it has),” said the poor mother, choking with her struggle to keep down her hard overmastering grief, “and her father would curse her—Oh, God, teach me to be patient.” She could not speak for a few minutes, —“and the lass threatened, and said she’d go drown herself in the canal, if the missus wrote home,—and so—

“Well ! I’d got a trace of my child,—the missus thought she’d gone to th’ workhouse to be nursed ; and there I went,—and there, sure enough, she had been,—and they’d turned her out as soon as she were strong, and told her she were young enough to work,—but what-ten kind o’ work would be open to her, lad, and her baby to keep ?”

Will listened to his mother’s tale with deep sympathy, not unmixed with the old bitter shame. But the opening of her heart had unlocked his, and after a while he spoke.

“Mother ! I think I’d e’en better go home. Tom can stay wi’ thee. I know I should stay too, but I cannot stay in peace so near—her—without craving to see her—Susan Palmer I mean.”

“Has the old Mr. Palmer thou told me on a daughter ?” asked Mrs. Leigh.

“Aye, he has. And I love her above a bit. And it’s because I love her I want to leave Manchester. That’s all.”

Mrs. Leigh tried to understand this speech for some time, but found it difficult of interpretation.

“Why should'st thou not tell her thou lov'st her? Thou'rt a likely lad, and sure o' work. Thou'lt have Upclose at my death; and as for that I could let thee have it now, and keep mysel by doing a bit of charring. It seems to me a very backwards sort o' way of winning her to think of leaving Manchester.”

“Oh, mother, she's so gentle and so good,—she's downright holy. She's never known a touch of sin; and can I ask her to marry me, knowing what we do about Lizzie, and fearing worse! I doubt if one like her could ever care for me; but if she knew about my sister, it would put a gulf between us, and she'd shudder up at the thought of crossing it. You don't know how good she is, mother!”

“Will, Will! if she's so good as thou say'st, she'll have pity on such as my Lizzie. If she has no pity for such, she's a cruel Pharisee, and thou'rt best without her.”

But he only shook his head, and sighed; and for the time the conversation dropped.

But a new idea sprang up in Mrs. Leigh's head. She thought that she would go and see Susan Palmer, and speak up for Will, and tell her the truth about Lizzie; and according to her pity for the poor sinner, would she be worthy or unworthy of him. She resolved to go the

very next afternoon, but without telling any one of her plan. Accordingly she looked out the Sunday clothes she had never before had the heart to unpack since she came to Manchester, but which she now desired to appear in, in order to do credit to Will. She put on her old-fashioned black mode bonnet, trimmed with real lace ; her scarlet cloth cloak, which she had had ever since she was married ; and always spotlessly clean, she set forth on her unauthorized embassy. She knew the Palmers lived in Crown Street, though where she had heard it she could not tell ; and modestly asking her way, she arrived in the street about a quarter to four o'clock. She stopped to inquire the exact number, and the woman whom she addressed told her that Susan Palmer's school would not be loosed till four, and asked her to step in and wait until then at her house.

"For," said she, smiling, "them that wants Susan Palmer wants a kind friend of ours ; so we, in a manner, call cousins. Sit down, missus, sit down. I'll wipe the chair, so that it shanna dirty your cloak. My mother used to wear them bright cloaks, and they're right gradely things again a green field."

"Han ye known Susan Palmer long?" asked Mrs. Leigh, pleased with the admiration of her cloak.

"Ever since they comed to live in our street. Our Sally goes to her school."

"Whatten sort of a lass is she, for I ha' never seen her?"

“ Well,—as for looks, I cannot say. It’s so long since I first knowed her, that I’ve clean forgotten what I thought of her then. My master says he never saw such a smile for gladdening the heart. But may be it’s not looks you’re asking about. The best thing I can say of her looks is, that she’s just one a stranger would stop in the street to ask help from if he needed it. All the little childer creeps as close as they can to her ; she’ll have as many as three or four hanging to her apron all at once.”

“ Is she cocket at all ?”

“ Cocket, bless you ! you never saw a creature less set up in all your life. Her father’s cocket enough. No ! she’s not cocket any way. You’ve not heard much of Susan Palmer, I reckon, if you think she’s cocket. She’s just one to come quietly in, and do the very thing most wanted ; little things, maybe, that any one could do, but that few would think on, for another. She’ll bring her thimble wi’ her, and mend up after the childer o’ nights,—and she writes all Betty Harker’s letters to her grand-child out at service,—and she’s in nobody’s way, and that’s a great matter, I take it. Here’s the childer running past ! School is loosed. You’ll find her now, missus, ready to hear and to help. But we none on us frab her by going near her in school-time.”

Poor Mrs. Leigh’s heart began to beat, and she could almost have turned round and gone home again. Her

country breeding had made her shy of strangers, and this Susan Palmer appeared to her like a real born lady, by all accounts. So she knocked with a timid feeling at the indicated door, and when it was opened, dropped a simple courtsey without speaking. Susan had her little niece in her arms, curled up with fond endearment against her breast, but she put her gently down to the ground, and instantly placed a chair in the best corner of the room for Mrs. Leigh, when she told her who she was. "It's not Will as has asked me to come," said the mother apologetically, "I'd a wish just to speak to you myself!"

Susan colored up to her temples, and stooped to pick up the little toddling girl. In a minute or two Mrs. Leigh began again.

"Will thinks you would na respect us if you knew all; but I think you could na help feeling for us in the sorrow God has put upon us; so I just put on my bonnet, and came off unknownst to the lads. Every one says you're very good, and that the Lord has kepted you from falling from his ways; but maybe you've never yet been tried and tempted as some is. I'm perhaps speaking too plain, but my heart's welly broken, and I can't be choise in my words as them who are happy can. Well now! I'll tell you the truth. Will dreads you to hear it, but I'll just tell it you. You mun know,"—but here the poor woman's words failed her, and she could do nothing but sit rock-

ing herself backward and forward, with sad eyes, straight-gazing into Susan's face, as if they tried to tell the tale of agony which the quivering lips refused to utter. Those wretched stony eyes forced the tears down Susan's cheeks, and, as if this sympathy gave the mother strength, she went on in a low voice, "I had a daughter once, my heart's darling. Her father thought I made too much on her, and that she'd grow marred staying at home; so he said she mun go among strangers, and learn to rough it. She were young, and liked the thought of seeing a bit of the world; and her father heard on a place in Manchester. Well! I'll not weary you. That poor girl were led astray; and first thing we heard on it, was when a letter of her father's was sent back by her missus, saying she'd left her place, or, to speak right, the master had turned her into the street soon as he had heard of her condition—and she not seventeen!"

She now cried aloud; and Susan wept too. The little child looked up into their faces, and, catching their sorrow, began to whimper and wail. Susan took it softly up, and hiding her face in its little neck, tried to restrain her tears, and think of comfort for the mother. At last she said:

"Where is she now?"

"Lass! I dunnot know," said Mrs. Leigh, checking her sobs to communicate this addition to her distress.

"Mrs. Lomax told me she went"—

"Mrs. Lomax—what Mrs. Lomax?"

"Her as lives in Brabazon-street. She telled me my poor wench went to the work-house fra there. I'll not speak again the dead; but if her father would but ha' letten me,—but he were one who had no notion—no, I'll not say that; best say naught. He forgave her on his death-bed. I dare say I did na go th' right way to work."

"Will you hold the child for me one instant?" said Susan.

"Ay, if it will come to me. Childer used to be fond on me till I got the sad look on my face that scares them, I think."

But the little girl clung to Susan; so she carried it up stairs with her. Mrs. Leigh sat by herself—how long she did not know.

Susan came down with a bundle of far-worn baby-clothes.

"You must listen to me a bit, and not think too much about what I'm going to tell you. Nanny is not my niece, nor any kin to me that I know of. I used to go out working by the day. One night, as I came home, I thought some woman was following me; I turned to look. The woman, before I could see her face, (for she turned it to one side,) offered me something. I held out my arms by instinct: she dropped a bundle into them with a bursting sob that went straight to my heart. It was a

baby. I looked round again ; but the woman was gone. She had run away as quick as lightning. There was a little packet of clothes—very few—and as if they were made out of its mother's gowns, for they were large patterns to buy for a baby. I was always fond of babies ; and I had not my wits about me, father says ; for it was very cold, and when I'd seen as well as I could (for it was past ten) that there was no one in the street, I brought it in and warmed it. Father was very angry when he came, and said he'd take it to the work-house the next morning, and flyted me sadly about it. But when morning came, I could not bear to part with it ; it had slept in my arms all night ; and I've heard what work-house bringing up is. So I told father I'd give up going out working, and stay at home and keep school, if I might only keep the baby ; and after a while, he said if I earned enough for him to have his comforts, he'd let me ; but he's never taken to her. Now, don't tremble so,—I've but a little more to tell,—and maybe I'm wrong in telling it ; but I used to work next door to Mrs. Lomax's, in Brabazon-street, and the servants were all thick together ; and I heard about Bessy (they called her) being sent away. I don't know that ever I saw her ; but the time would be about fitting to this child's age, and I have sometimes fancied it was hers. And now, will you look at the little clothes that came with her—bless her !”

But Mrs. Leigh had fainted. The strange joy and shame, and gushing love for the little child had overpowered her; it was some time before Susan could bring her round. There she was all trembling, sick impatience to look at the little frocks. Among them was a slip of paper which Susan had forgotten to name, that had been pinned to the bundle. On it was scrawled in a round stiff hand:

“Call her Anne. She does not cry much, and takes a deal of notice. God bless you and forgive me.”

The writing was no clue at all; the name “Anne,” common though it was, seemed something to build upon. But Mrs. Leigh recognized one of the frocks instantly, as being made out of part of a gown that she and her daughter had bought together in Rochdale.

She stood up, and stretched out her hands in the attitude of blessing over Susan’s bent head.

“God bless you, and show you his mercy in your need, as you have shown it to this little child.”

She took the little creature in her arms, and smoothed away her sad looks to a smile, and kissed it fondly, saying over and over again, “Nanny, Nanny, my little Nanny.” At last the child was soothed, and looked in her face and smiled back again.

“It has her eyes,” said she to Susan.

“I never saw her to the best of my knowledge. I think it must be hers by the frock. But where can she be?”

"God knows," said Mrs. Leigh; "I dare not think she's dead. I am sure she isn't."

"No! she's not dead. Every now and then a little packet is thrust in under our door, with may be two half crowns in it: once it was half a sovereign. Altogether I've got seven-and-thirty shillings wrapped up for Nanny. I never touch it, but I've often thought the poor mother feels near to God when she brings this money. Father wanted to set the policeman to watch, but I said No, for I was afraid if she was watched she might not come, and it seemed such a holy thing to be checking her in, I could not find in my heart to do it."

"O, if we could but find her! I'd take her in my arms, and we'd just lie down and die together."

"Nay, don't speak so!" said Susan gently, "for all that's come and gone, she may turn right at last. Mary Magdalen did, you know."

"Eh! but I were nearer right about thee than Will. He thought you would never look on him again if you knew about Lizzie. But thou'rt not a Pharisee."

"I'm sorry he thought I could be so hard," said Susan in a low voice, and coloring up. Then Mrs. Leigh was alarmed, and in her motherly anxiety, she began to fear lest she had injured Will in Susan's estimation.

"You see Will thinks so much of you—gold would not be good enough for you to walk on, in his eye. He said you'd never look at him as he was, let alone his

being brother to my poor wench. He loves you so, it makes him think meanly on everything belonging to himself, as not fit to come near ye,—but he's a good lad, and a good son—thou'lt be a happy woman if thou'lt have him,—so don't let my words go against him ; don't !”

But Susan hung her head, and made no answer. She had not known until now, that Will thought so earnestly and seriously about her ; and even now she felt afraid that Mrs. Leigh's words promised her too much happiness, and that they could not be true. At any rate, the instinct of modesty made her shrink from saying anything which might seem like a confession of her own feelings to a third person. Accordingly she turned her conversation on the child.

“ I'm sure he could not help loving Nanny,” said she. “ There never was such a good little darling ; don't you think she'd win his heart if he knew she was his niece, and perhaps bring him to think kindly on his sister ?”

“ I dunnot know,” said Mrs. Leigh, shaking her head. “ He has a turn in his eye like his father, that makes me —. He's right down good though. But you see I've never been a good one at managing folk : one severe look turns me sick, and then I say just the wrong thing, I'm so fluttered. Now I should like nothing better than to take Nancy home with me, but Tom knows nothing but that his sister is dead, and I've not the knack of speaking rightly to Will. I dare not do it, and that's the

truth. But you mun not think badly of Will. He's so good hissel, that he can't understand how any one can do wrong ; and, above all, I'm sure he loves you dearly."

"I don't think I could part with Nancy," said Susan, anxious to stop this revelation of Will's attachment to herself. "He'll come round to her soon ; he can't fail ; and I'll keep a sharp look-out after the poor mother, and try and catch her the next time she comes with her little parcels of money."

"Aye, lass ! we mun get hold of her ; my Lizzie. I love thee dearly for thy kindness to her child ; but, if thou canst catch her for me, I'll pray for thee when I'm too near my death to speak words ; and while I live, I'll serve thee next to her,—she mun come first, thou know'st. God bless thee, lass. My heart is lighter by a deal than it was when I comed in. Them lads will be looking for me home, and I mun go, and leave this little sweet one," kissing it. "If I can take courage, I'll tell Will all that has come and gone between us two. He may come and see thee, mayn't he ?"

"Father will be very glad to see him, I'm sure," replied Susan. The way in which this was spoken satisfied Mrs. Leigh's anxious heart that she had done Will no harm by what she had said ; and with many a kiss to the little one, and one more fervent tearful blessing on Susan, she went homeward.

CHAPTER III.

THAT night Mrs. Leigh stopped at home ; that only night for many months. Even Tom, the scholar, looked up from his books in amazement ; but then he remembered that Will had not been well, and that his mother's attention having been called to the circumstance, it was only natural she should stay to watch him. And no watching could be more tender, or more complete. Her loving eyes seemed never averted from his face ; his grave, sad, care-worn face. When Tom went to bed the mother left her seat, and going up to Will where he sat looking at the fire, but not seeing it, she kissed his forehead, and said,

“ Will ! lad, I've been to see Susan Palmer ! ”

She felt the start under her hand which was placed on his shoulder, but he was silent for a minute or two. Then he said,

“ What took you there, mother ? ”

“ Why, my lad, it was likely I should wish to see one you cared for ; I did not put myself forward. I put on my Sunday clothes, and tried to behave as you'd ha liked me. At least I remember trying at first ; but after, I forgot all.”

She rather wished that he would question her as to what made her forget all. But he only said,

“ How was she looking, mother ? ”

“ Will, thou seest I never set eyes on her before ; but

she's a good, gentle-looking creature ; and I love her dearly, as I've reason to."

Will looked up with momentary surprise ; for his mother was too shy to be usually taken with strangers. But after all it was natural in this case, for who could look at Susan without loving her ? So still he did not ask any questions, and his poor mother had to take courage, and try again to introduce the subject near to her heart. But how ?

" Will ! " said she (jerking it out, in sudden despair of her own powers to lead to what she wanted to say), " I telled her all."

" Mother ! you've ruined me," said he, standing up, and standing opposite to her with a stern white look of affright on his face.

" No ! my own dear lad ; dunnot look so scared, I have not ruined you ! " she exclaimed, placing her two hands on his shoulders and looking fondly into his face. " She's not one to harden her heart against a mother's sorrow. My own lad, she's too good for that. She's not one to judge and scorn the sinner. She's too deep read in her New Testament for that. Take courage, Will ; and thou mayst, for I watched her well, though it is not for one woman to let out another's secret. Sit thee down, lad, for thou look'st very white."

He sat down. His mother drew a stool toward him, and sat at his feet.

"Did you tell her about Lizzie, then?" asked he, hoarse and low.

"I did, I telled her all; and she fell a crying over my deep sorrow, and the poor wench's sin. And then a light comed into her face, trembling and quivering with some new glad thought; and what dost thou think it was, Will, lad? Nay, I'll not misdoubt but that thy heart will give thanks as mine did afore God and His angels, for her great goodness. That little Nanny is not her niece, she's our Lizzie's own child, my little grandchild." She could no longer restrain her tears, and they fell hot and fast, but still she looked into his face.

"Did she know it was Lizzie's child? I do not comprehend," said he, flushing red.

"She knows now: she did not know at first, but took the little helpless creature in, out of her own pitiful loving heart, guessing only that it was the child of shame, and she's worked for it, and kept it, and tended it ever sin' it were a mere baby, and loves it fondly. Will! won't you love it?" asked she beseechingly.

He was silent for an instant; then he said,

"Mother, I'll try. Give me time, for all these things startle me. To think of Susan having to-do with such a child!"

"Aye, Will! and to think (as may be yet) of Susan having to do with the child's mother! For she is tender and pitiful, and speaks hopefully of my lost one, and will

try and find her for me, when she comes, as she does sometimes, to thrust money under the door, for her baby. Think of that, Will. Here's Susan, good and pure as the angels in heaven, yet, like them, full of hope and mercy, and one who, like them, will rejoice over her as repents. Will, my lad, I'm not afeared of you now, and I must speak, and you must listen. I am your mother, and I dare to command you, because I know I am in the right and that God is on my side. If He should lead the poor wandering lassie to Susan's door, and she comes back crying and sorrowful, led by that good angel to us once more, thou shalt never say a casting-up word to her about her sin, but be tender and helpful toward one 'who was lost and is found,' so may God's blessing rest on thee, and so mayst thou lead Susan home as thy wife."

She stood, no longer as the meek, imploring, gentle mother, but firm and dignified, as if the interpreter of God's will. Her manner was so unusual and solemn, that it overcame all Will's pride and stubbornness. He rose softly while she was speaking, and bent his head as if in reverence at her words, and the solemn injunction which they conveyed. When she had spoken, he said in so subdued a voice that she was almost surprised at the sound, "Mother, I will."

"I may be dead and gone,—but all the same,—thou wilt take home the wandering sinner, and heal up her

sorrows, and lead her to her Father's house. My lad ! I can speak no more ; I'm turned very faint."

He placed her in a chair ; he ran for water. She opened her eyes and smiled.

"God bless you, Will. Oh ! I am so happy. It seems as if she were found ; my heart is so filled with gladness."

That night Mr. Palmer stayed out late and long. Susan was afraid that he was at his old haunts and habits,—getting tipsy at some public-house ; and this thought oppressed her, even though she had so much to make her happy, in the consciousness that Will loved her. She sat up long, and then she went to bed, leaving all arranged as well as she could for her father's return. She looked at the little rosy sleeping girl who was her bed-fellow, with redoubled tenderness, and with many a prayerful thought. The little arms entwined her neck as she lay down, for Nanny was a light sleeper, and was conscious that she, who was loved with all the power of that sweet childish heart, was near her, and by her, although she was too sleepy to utter any of her half-formed words.

And by-and-bye she heard her father come home, stumbling uncertain, trying first the windows, and next the door-fastenings, with many a loud incoherent murmur. The little Innocent twined around her seemed all the sweeter and more lovely, when she thought sadly of

her erring father. And presently he called aloud for a light; she had left matches and all arranged as usual on the dresser, but, fearful of some accident from fire, in his unusually intoxicated state, she now got up softly, and putting on a cloak, went down to his assistance.

Alas! the little arms that were unclosed from her soft neck belonged to a light, easily awakened sleeper. Nanny missed her darling Susy, and terrified at being left alone in the vast mysterious darkness, which had no bounds, and seemed infinite, she slipped out of bed, and tottered in her little night-gown toward the door. There was a light below, and there was Susy and safety! So she went onward two steps toward the steep abrupt stairs; and then dazzled with sleepiness, she stood, she wavered, she fell! Down on her head on the stone floor she fell! Susan flew to her, and spoke all soft, entreating, loving words; but her white lids covered up the blue violets of eyes, and there was no murmur came out of the pale lips. The warm tears that rained down did not awaken her; she lay stiff, and weary with her short life, on Susan's knee. Susan went sick with terror! She carried her up stairs, and laid her tenderly in bed; she dressed herself most hastily, with her trembling fingers. Her father was asleep on the settle down stairs; and useless, and worse than useless if awake. But Susan flew out of the door, and down the quiet resounding

street, toward the nearest doctor's house. Quickly she went; but as quickly a shadow followed, as if impelled by some sudden terror. Susan rung wildly at the night-bell,—the shadow crouched near. The doctor looked out from an up-stairs window.

"A little child has fallen down stairs at No. 9 Crown-street, and is very ill,—dying I'm afraid. Please, for God's sake, sir, come directly. No. 9 Crown-street."

"I'll be there directly," said he, and shut the window.

"For that God you have just spoken about,—for His sake,—tell me, are you Susan Palmer? Is it my child that lies a-dying?" said the shadow, springing forward, and clutching poor Susan's arm.

"It is a little child of two years old,—I do not know whose it is; I love it as my own. Come with me, whoever you are; come with me."

The two sped along the silent streets,—as silent as the night were they. They entered the house; Susan snatched up the light, and carried it up stairs. The other followed.

She stood with wild glaring eyes by the bedside, never looking at Susan, but hungrily gazing at the little white still child. She stooped down, and put her hand tight on her own heart, as if to still its beating, and bent her ear to the pale lips. Whatever the result was, she did not speak; but threw off the bed-clothes wherewith Susan had tenderly covered up the little creature, and felt its left side.

Then she threw up her arms with a cry of wild despair.

"She is dead ! she is dead !"

She looked so fierce, so mad, so haggard, that for an instant Susan was terrified—the next, the holy God had put courage into her heart, and her pure arms were round that guilty wretched creature, and her tears were falling fast and warm upon her breast. But she was thrown off with violence.

"You killed her—you slighted her—you let her fall down those stairs ! you killed her !"

Susan cleared off the thick mist before her, and gazing at the mother with her clear sweet angel-eyes, said mournfully—

"I would have laid down my own life for her."

"Oh, the murder is on my soul !" exclaimed the wild bereaved mother, with the fierce impetuosity of one who has none to love her and to be beloved, regard to whom might teach self-restraint.

"Hush !" said Susan, her finger on her lips. "Here is the doctor. God may suffer her to live."

The poor mother turned sharp round. The doctor mounted the stair. Ah ! that mother was right ; the little child was really dead and gone.

And when he confirmed her judgment, the mother fell down in a fit. Susan, with her deep grief, had to forget herself, and forget her darling (her charge for years), and question the doctor what she must do with the poor

wretch, who lay on the floor in such extreme of misery.

“She is the mother!” said she.

“Why did not she take better care of her child?” asked he, almost angrily.

But Susan only said, “The little child slept with me; and it was I that left her.”

“I will go back and make up a composing draught; and while I am away you must get her to bed.”

Susan took out some of her own clothes, and softly undressed the stiff, powerless, form. There was no other bed in the house but the one in which her father slept. So she tenderly lifted the body of her darling; and was going to take it down stairs, but the mother opened her eyes, and seeing what she was about, she said,—

“I am not worthy to touch her, I am so wicked; I have spoken to you as I never should have spoken; but I think you are very good; may I have my own child to lie in my arms for a little while?”

Her voice was so strange a contrast to what it had been before she had gone into the fit that Susan hardly recognized it; it was now so unspeakably soft, so irresistibly pleading, the features, too, had lost their fierce expression, and were almost as placid as death. Susan could not speak, but she carried the little child, and laid it in its mother's arms; then as she looked at them,

something overpowered her, and she knelt down, crying aloud.

“Oh, my God, my God, have mercy on her, and forgive, and comfort her.”

But the mother kept smiling, and stroking the little face, murmuring soft tender words, as if it were alive; she was going mad, Susan thought; but she prayed on, and on, and ever still she prayed with streaming eyes.

The doctor came with the draught. The mother took it, with docile unconsciousness of its nature as medicine. The doctor sat by her; and soon she fell asleep. Then he rose softly, and beckoning Susan to the door, he spoke to her there.

“You must take the corpse out of her arms. She will not awake. That draught will make her sleep for many hours. I will call before noon again. It is now daylight. Good-bye.”

Susan shut him out; and then gently extricating the dead child from its mother's arms, she could not resist making her own quiet moan over her darling. She tried to learn off its little placid face, dumb and pale before her.

“Not all the scalding tears of care
Shall wash away that vision fair;
Not all the thousand thoughts that rise,
Not all the sights that dim her eyes,
Shall e'er usurp the place
Of that little angel-face.”

And then she remembered what remained to be done. She saw that all was right in the house ; her father was still dead asleep on the settle, in spite of all the noise of the night. She went out through the quiet streets, deserted still although it was broad daylight, and to where the Leighs lived. Mrs. Leigh, who kept her country hours, was opening her window shutters. Susan took her by the arm, and, without speaking, went into the house-place. There she knelt down before the astonished Mrs. Leigh, and cried as she had never done before ; but the miserable night had overpowered her, and she who had gone through so much calmly, now that the pressure seemed removed could not find the power to speak.

“ My poor dear ! What has made thy heart so sore—^{as} to come and cry a-this-ons. Speak, and tell me. Nay, cry on, poor wench, if thou canst not speak yet. It will ease the heart, and then thou canst tell me.”

“ Nanny is dead !” said Susan. “ I left her to go to father, and she fell down stairs, and never breathed again. Oh, that’s my sorrow ! but I’ve more to tell. Her mother is come—is in our house ! Come and see if it’s your Lizzie.” Mrs. Leigh could not speak, but, trembling, put on her things, and went with Susan in dizzy haste back to Crown-street.

CHAPTER IV.

As they entered the house in Crown-street, they perceived that the door would not open freely on its hinges, and Susan instinctively looked behind to see the cause of the obstruction. She immediately recognized the appearance of a little parcel, wrapped in a scrap of newspaper, and evidently containing money. She stooped and picked it up. "Look!" said she, sorrowfully, "the mother was bringing this for her child last night."

But Mrs. Leigh did not answer. So near to the ascertaining if it were her lost child or no, she could not be arrested, but pressed onward with trembling steps and a beating, fluttering heart. She entered the bed-room, dark and still. She took no heed of the little corpse, over which Susan paused, but she went straight to the bed, and withdrawing the curtain, saw Lizzie,—but not the former Lizzie, bright, gay, buoyant, and undimmed. This Lizzie was old before her time; her beauty was gone; deep lines of care, and alas! of want (or thus the mother imagined) were printed on the cheek, so round, and fair, and smooth, when last she gladdened her mother's eyes. Even in her sleep she bore the look of woe and despair which was the prevalent expression of her face by day; even in her sleep she had forgotten how to smile. But all these marks of the sin and sorrow she had passed through only made her mother love her the

more. She stood looking at her with greedy eyes, which seemed as though no gazing could satisfy their longing ; and at last she stooped down and kissed the pale, worn hand that lay outside the bed-clothes. No touch disturbed the sleeper ; the mother need not have laid the hand so gently down upon the counterpane. There was no sign of life, save only now and then a deep sob-like sigh. Mrs. Leigh sat down beside the bed, and, still holding back the curtain, looked on and on, as if she could never be satisfied.

Susan would fain have stayed by her darling one ; but she had many calls upon her time and thoughts, and her will had now, as ever, to be given up to that of others. All seemed to devolve the burden of their cares on her. Her father, ill-humored from his last night's intemperance, did not scruple to reproach her with being the cause of little Nanny's death ; and when, after bearing his upbraiding meekly for some time, she could no longer restrain herself, but began to cry, he wounded her even more by his injudicious attempts at comfort : for he said it was as well the child was dead ; it was none of theirs ; and why should they be troubled with it ? Susan wrung her hands at this, and came and stood before her father, and implored him to forbear. Then she had to take all requisite steps for the coroner's inquest ; she had to arrange for the dismissal of her school ; she had to summon a little neighbor, and send his willing feet on a message

to William Leigh, who, she felt, ought to be informed of his mother's whereabouts, and of the whole state of affairs. She asked her messenger to tell him to come and speak to her,—that his mother was at her house. She was thankful that her father sauntered out to have a gossip at the nearest coach-stand, and to relate as many of the night's adventures as he knew; for as yet he was in ignorance of the watcher and the watched, who silently passed away the hours up stairs.

At dinner-time Will came. He looked red, glad, impatient, excited. Susan stood calm and white before him, her soft, loving eyes gazing straight into his.

“Will,” said she, in a low, quiet voice, “your sister is up stairs.”

“My sister!” said he, as if affrighted at the idea, and losing his glad look in one of gloom. Susan saw it, and her heart sank a little, but she went on as calm to all appearance as ever.

“She was little Nanny's mother, as perhaps you know. Poor little Nanny was killed last night by a fall down stairs.” All the calmness was gone; all the suppressed feeling was displayed in spite of every effort. She sat down, and hid her face from him, and cried bitterly. He forgot everything but the wish, the longing to comfort her. He put his arm round her waist, and bent over her. But all he could say, was, “Oh, Susan, how can I comfort you! Don't take on so,—pray don't!” He never

changed the words, but the tone varied every time he spoke. At last she seemed to regain her power over herself; and she wiped her eyes, and once more looked upon him with her own quiet, earnest, unfearing gaze.

"Your sister was near the house. She came in on hearing my words to the doctor. She is asleep now, and your mother is watching her. I wanted to tell you all myself. Would you like to see your mother?"

"No!" said he. "I would rather see none but thee. Mother told me thou knew'st all." His eyes were down-cast in their shame.

But the holy and pure, did not lower or veil her eyes.

She said, "Yes, I know all—all but her sufferings. Think what they must have been!"

He made answer low and stern, "She deserved them all; every jot."

"In the eye of God, perhaps she does. He is the judge: we are not."

"Oh!" she said with a sudden burst, "Will Leigh! I have thought so well of you; don't go and make me think you cruel and hard. Goodness is not goodness unless there is mercy and tenderness with it. There is your mother who has been nearly heart-broken, now full of rejoicing over her child—think of your mother."

"I do think of her," said he. "I remember the promise I gave her last night. Thou shouldst give me time. I would do right in time. I never think it o'er in

quiet. But I will do what is right and fitting, never fear. Thou hast spoken out very plain to me ; and mis-doubted me, Susan : I love thee so, that thy words cut me. If I did hang back a bit from making sudden promises, it was because not even for love of thee, would I say what I was not feeling ; and at first I could not feel all at once as thou wouldst have me. But I'm not cruel and hard ; for if I had been, I should na' have grieved as I have done."

He made as if he were going away ; and, indeed, he did feel he would rather think it over in quiet. But Susan, grieved at her incautious words, which had all the appearance of harshness, went a step or two nearer—paused—and then, all over blushes, said in a low, soft whisper—

"Oh Will ! I beg your pardon. I am very sorry—won't you forgive me ?"

She who had always drawn back, and been so reserved, said this in the very softest manner ; with eyes now up-lifted beseechingly, now dropped to the ground. Her sweet confusion told more than words could do ; and Will turned back, all joyous in his certainty of being beloved, and took her in his arms and kissed her.

"My own Susan !" he said.

Meanwhile the mother watched her child in the room above.

It was late in the afternoon before she awoke : for the

sleeping draught had been very powerful. The instant she awoke, her eyes were fixed on her mother's face with a gaze as unflinching as if she were fascinated. Mrs. Leigh did not turn away; nor move. For it seemed as if motion would unlock the stony command over herself which, while so perfectly still, she was enabled to preserve. But by-and-bye Lizzie cried out in a piercing voice of agony—

“Mother, don't look at me! I have been so wicked!” and instantly she hid her face, and groveled among the bed-clothes, and lay like one dead—so motionless was she.

Mrs. Leigh knelt down by the bed, and spoke in the most soothing tones.

“Lizzie, dear, don't speak so. I'm thy mother, darling; don't be afeard of me. I never left off loving thee, Lizzie. I was always a-thinking of thee. Thy father forgave thee afore he died.” (There was a little start here, but no sound was heard.) “Lizzie, lass, I'll do aught for thee; I'll live for thee; only don't be afeard of me. Whate'er thou art or hast been, we'll ne'er speak on't. We'll leave th' ould times behind us, and go back to the Upclose Farm. I but left it to find thee, my lass; and God has led me to thee. Blessed be His name. And God is good too, Lizzie. Thou hast not forgot thy Bible, I'll be bound, for thou wert always a scholar. I'm no reader, but I learnt off them texts to comfort me a bit, and I've said them many a time a day to myself. Liz-

zie, lass, don't hide thy head so, it's thy mother as is speaking to thee. Thy little child clung to me only yesterday; and if it's gone to be an angel, it will speak to God for thee. Nay, don't sob a that 'as; thou shalt have it again in Heaven; I know thou'lt strive to get there, for thy little Nancy's sake—and listen! I'll tell thee God's promises to them that are penitent—only don't be afeard."

Mrs. Leigh folded her hands, and strove to speak very clearly, while she repeated every tender and merciful text she could remember. She could tell from the breathing that her daughter was listening; but she was so dizzy and sick herself when she had ended, that she could not go on speaking. It was all she could do to keep from crying aloud.

At last she heard her daughter's voice.

"Where have they taken her to?" she asked.

"She is down stairs. So quiet, and peaceful, and happy she looks."

"Could she speak? Oh, if God—if I might but have heard her little voice! Mother, I used to dream of it. May I see her once again—Oh, mother, if I strive very hard, and God is very merciful, and I go to heaven, I shall not know her—I shall not know my own again—she will shun me as a stranger, and cling to Susan Palmer and to you. Oh, woe! Oh, woe!" She shook with exceeding sorrow.

In her earnestness of speech she had uncovered her face, and tried to read Mrs. Leigh's thoughts through her looks. And when she saw those aged eyes brimming full of tears, and marked the quivering lips, she threw her arms round the faithful mother's neck, and wept there as she had done in many a childish sorrow ; but with a deeper, a more wretched grief.

Her mother hushed her on her breast ; and lulled her as if she were a baby ; and she grew still and quiet.

They sat thus for a long, long time. At last Susan Palmer came up with some tea and bread and butter for Mrs. Leigh. She watched the mother feed her sick, unwilling child, with every fond inducement to eat which she could devise ; they neither of them took notice of Susan's presence. That night they lay in each other's arms ; but Susan slept on the ground beside them.

They took the little corpse (the little unconscious sacrifice, whose early calling-home had reclaimed her poor wandering mother,) to the hills, which in her life-time she had never seen. They dared not lay her by the stern grand-father in Milne-Row church-yard, but they bore her to a lone moorland grave-yard, where long ago the quakers used to bury their dead. They laid her there on the sunny slope, where the earliest spring-flowers blow.

Will and Susan live at the Upelose Farm. Mrs. Leigh and Lizzie dwell in a cottage so secluded that, until you drop into the very hollow where it is placed, you do not

see it. Tom is a schoolmaster in Rochdale, and he and Will help to support their mother. I only know that, if the cottage be hidden in a green hollow of the hills, every sound of sorrow in the whole upland is heard there—every call of suffering or of sickness for help is listened to, by a sad, gentle-looking woman, who rarely smiles (and when she does, her smile is more sad than other people's tears), but who comes out of her seclusion whenever there is a shadow in any household. Many hearts bless Lizzie Leigh, but she—she prays always and ever for forgiveness—such forgiveness as may enable her to see her child once more. Mrs. Leigh is quiet and happy. Lizzie is to her eyes something precious,—as the lost piece of silver—found once more. Susan is the bright one who brings sunshine to all. Children grow around her and call her blessed. One is called Nanny. Her, Lizzy often takes to the sunny grave-yard in the uplands, and while the little creature gathers the daisies, and makes chains, Lizzie sits by a little grave, and weeps bitterly.

THE COTTAGE DOOR.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

BETWEEN broad fields of wheat and corn
Is the lowly home where I was born :
The peach-tree leans against the wall,
And the woodbine wanders over all ;
There is the shaded doorway still,
But a stranger's foot has crossed the sill.

There is the barn—and, as of yore,
I can smell the hay from the open door,
And see the busy swallow's throng,
And hear the peewee's mournful song ;
But the stranger comes—oh ! painful proof—
His sheaves are piled to the heated roof.

There is the orchard—the very trees
Where my childhood knew long hours of ease,
And watched the shadowy moments run
Till my life imbibed more shade than sun.
The swing from the bough still sweeps the air,
But the stranger's children are swinging there.



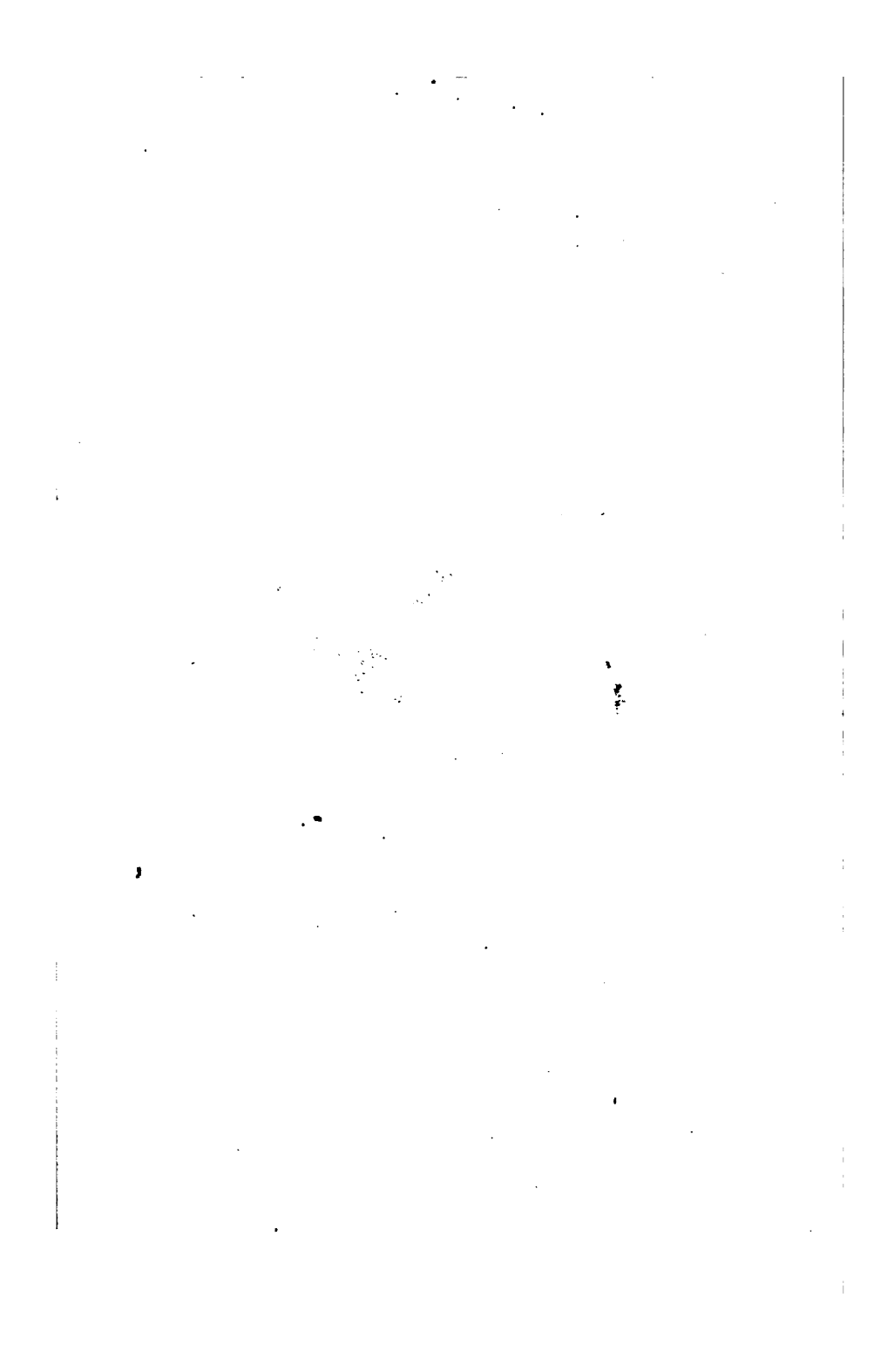




Gainsborough

J. Sartain

The Cottage Door.



There bubbles the shady spring below,
With its bulrush brook where the hazels grow;
'Twas there I found the calamus root,
And watched the minnows poise and shoot,
And heard the robin lave his wing—
But the stranger's bucket is at the spring.

Oh, ye who daily cross the sill,
Step lightly, for I love it still;
And when you crowd the old barn eaves,
Then think what countless harvest sheaves
Have passed within that scented door
To gladden eyes that are no more.

Deal kindly with these orchard trees;
And when your children crowd their knees,
Their sweetest fruit they shall impart,
As if old memories stirred their heart.
To youthful sport still leave the swing,
And in sweet reverence hold the spring.

The barn, the trees, the brook, the birds,
The meadows with their lowing herds;
The woodbine on the cottage wall—
My heart still lingers with them all.
Ye strangers on my native sill,
Step lightly, for I love it still.

BENDING THE TWIG.

BY FANNY FORRESTER.

"I see nothing peculiar about her."

Very coolly and complacently dropped the above words from lips which seemed to be totally unaware of the deed of death they were doing; crushing the rare fancies of love's weaving, with the same indifference that your horse dyes his coarse hoofs in prairie-blossoms, or the followers of the Prophet treat an inconvenient beauty to a coral pillow and a silver coverlet. A heart-swell, deeper than a sigh, a quick flushing over of the cheeks and forehead, then a closing of the slightly-parted lips, a drooping of the lids, and a tenderly caressing movement of the hands followed this confession of short-sightedness. Oh! what cold, blind, unappreciative beings fathers are! As though genius never hid itself under a baby-cap!

"I see nothing peculiar about her."

The faithless father, as he repeated his observation, brushed back the hair from his full, mathematical forehead, and, casting on his wife a glance full of pity for her weakness, turned to a huge folio volume spread open on the

table beside him, and resumed the business in which he had been interrupted. The mother, however, was not abashed, only silenced. She passed her fingers over the vein-crossed forehead of her sleeping child, measuring the distances on it with her lips, then took the fat little hand in her own, still following the purple current till it terminated in the rosy-tipped fingers.

"Direct from the heart," she murmured; "God help thee, my Ida!" As she spoke the child opened wide a pair of dark, burning eyes, and fixed them on her face with the far-reaching expression she had often observed, and which seemed to her indicative of something like "second sight."

"There!" exclaimed the mother, triumphantly, yet without venturing to point a finger, for it seemed as though the child read all her thoughts.

"Her eyes are certainly very bright; something like yours, Mary."

"Oh! you don't see it—you don't see it! God help her, for genius is a dangerous gift!"

"God help her!" echoed the father with a half sigh.

He meant his wife.

And what *did* bring those two strangely assorted people together? Certainly not sympathy. It might have been a trick of Dan Cupid's, but even he, with all his perverse blindness, seldom makes such a blunder as that.

Besides, they did not look very much like turtle doves ; and nothing less than entireness of idolatry, the wildest infatuation, could have bidden fate to spread the same roof over heads so different. The marble-browed, marble-hearted philosopher and the Pythoness ! I never saw an improvisatrice, but I dare say that Mary Ravelin looked more like this wild daughter of passion and poesy than any being since the days of the burning-lipped Corinna. Oh ! a superb creature was Mary Ravelin, with her dark, regal brow, and sloe-colored eyes centred by a blazing diamond. And that *she*, of all peerless ones, should be the wife of the sluggish-hearted Thomas Ravelin. How *did* it come to pass ? Enough that the bird of Jove does sometimes consort with the barn-yard fowl—I mean when these bipeds are minus the feathers. Plumed things keep up the natural distinctions, which the philosopher's plucked turkey is striving with all his might to destroy. But the most vexatious part of the business was, that Thomas Ravelin never knew that he was the possessor of a double-diamond, and really rated his wife below other women, in proportion as she rose above them. Did Mary submit to this thralldom ? Certainly. Like the generality of mankind, she did not know herself. She might, at times, have had a kind of inward consciousness that Heaven had stamped her soul with a loftier seal than others—she certainly knew that she felt unlike them ; that there was a depth, and in-

tensity in her nature, a tumultuous sea of passion and pathos that sometimes broke over all boundaries, and gave her a momentary power and grandeur, acknowledged by all but one. There was something in the smile between pity and contempt which greeted her at such moments, well calculated to tame the sybil. She feared her husband—not because he was unkind, but his glance chilled her gushing heart, and held her passionate spirit in abeyance. And Mary Ravelin was far from being happy. No undeveloped nature is happy. The inward stirring, the aimless restlessness of spirit—oh! we *feel* what we are, when we do not *know* it. Neither can a misplaced nature be happy—cage the sky-lark, or bring the spotted trout to your bower of roses, and see. So, though flashes of her real inner self were every day breaking forth like summer lightning, Mary Ravelin's higher nature was undeveloped; her wings had been clipped; she had been borne away out of her native element, and she was consequently miserable. Well for her that she had one sustaining, regulating principle. But even her religion was unlike her husband's. It was the deep, impassioned faith, the high-wrought enthusiasm of the martyrs. It was the only field in which her lofty nature might revel uncontrolled; in which her power of loving might be called into action to its utmost stretch; where the high, and the good, and the beautiful all combined, with a harmony to which her own bosom furnished an

echo. It was this which subdued the impatient soul of Mary Ravelin, made her the careful wife—I had almost said the uncomplaining slave—of a man who believed himself acting a kindly part when he drew the chain about her spirit. Who dare call this an inferior kind of martyrdom?

Ida was romping, still in baby-frock and pinafore, among the vines in the garden—now thrusting her white arm among the leaves to grasp the bared shoulders of an elder sister, now shaking the blossoms above her head till they rained down upon her like a shower of colored rain-drops, then creeping away under the deep shadows, as a hare would hide itself, and raising her ringing voice to challenge pursuit. Ida might have been a genius, but she was no mere spirit-child. There was a love of the real, the actual, the earnest, breathing world of life in every turn of her pliant limbs, and in every glance of her eye. Whatever might have been swelling and shaping itself in the deep recesses of mind, there was a world without that she gloried in, loving it all the more for the key to its wondrous wealth which she bore in her bosom. And so she frolicked on, clapping her hands and laughing, and scampering off on her chubby little feet to plunge headlong into the fragrant thicket, or tumble into the arms of her playmates, with a hearty joyousness truly refreshing. Suddenly she paused in the midst of her wildest play, pressed the tip of a rosy finger against the

already fully-developed corner of her forehead, and gazed fixedly into the distance. The children frolicked before her, but she did not move a muscle—they attempted to take her hand, but she uttered a cry, as of pain, and they desisted.

“There, Thomas!”

“What?”

“*She sees something.*”

“I should think not; she seems to be gazing on vacancy.”

“I tell you, Thomas Ravelin, that child has a spirit in her beyond the common. Whether we have cause to weep or rejoice we are yet to know.”

The husband looked a little interested. “Her temperament certainly differs essentially from Ruth’s. She must be carefully educated, her tendencies checked—she must be taught self-control—”

“Taught! checked! educated! My poor Ida!”

The mother said no more. She seemed to be re-perusing leaves of her own life, long since turned over, and as she read she trembled. The child’s future presented a dismal page, for she saw it by the glooming light of her own sunless past.

“So unlike other children!” whispered the mother to herself, as she stooped among the vines and took her idol to her bosom. The child turned its dark eyes upon her wondering, passed its little hand along her throbbing

temples, patted her flushed cheek, twined her black tresses for a few moments about its fingers, then nestled in her bosom and slept—certainly not unlike other children.

“Don’t teach her any of your romantic notions, Mary,” said Thomas Ravelin one day, when Ida had again become the subject of conversation.

“Teach her! No, Thomas, she is taught of a higher than I am—there is that within which may be shut, locked there, but you cannot take it away. My poor Ida!”

“Ruth is now eighteen, she is well taught and discreet, with a strong judgment—”

“Ruth is my dependence.”

“You have perfect confidence in her judgment?”

“Yes.”

“Sometimes you even go to her for counsel.”

“Oh! Ruth has five times the worldly wisdom that I have.”

“Give Ida to her care, then.”

“*What!*”

“There is something in Ida’s character out of tune—let her have—let her assist you in regulating it.”

“She can’t—she can’t! Ida has more wisdom than all of us.”

“Madam,” interposed Thomas Ravelin sternly, “this is folly. Have done with these fancies, or the ruin of

your child will be on your own head. Ida must be ^{*}curbed and properly trained—”

“Then her mother’s hand shall do it,” interrupted Mary with proud dignity.

“As you will, Mary; but you well know the fruits of an ill-regulated imagination.”

The mother crossed her arms on her breast and raised her eyes upward. She was praying God for wisdom.

“He is right—I shall make her as miserable as I have been,” was the burden of her reflections that evening, “but can I give up the budding intellect to another’s watchings? No, no, the sweet task of guiding and pruning be mine. But I have so many faults. *He* calls me impulsive, unreasonable, and Ruth is always so correct—always in the right—I *shall* need her judgment. Anything for thy sake, my Ida. I have reason to distrust myself, and Ruth shall share the dearest of all duties with me.”

Ruth did share in what should have been altogether a love-labor; and little Ida, though seemingly untameable, had a system of thought and action prescribed, which, however ineffective it might have been in the case of an inferior nature, soon began to exhibit quaker-like results. Instead of developing her nature, it was repressed, as an ignorant man would try to extinguish a kindling fire by smothering it in cotton; she was carefully guarded against little outbreaks of feeling, when, instead, her feelings should have been called out and directed in pro-

they sha n't make me hurt her again—indeed they shall not. Poor little Ida !”

Half an hour afterward Ida had smuggled down in the deep grass with her brother, talking with him most confidentially, but not of her strange malady. At last Phil ventured to make mention of it. There had been a long silence, and he forgot that Ida's thoughts did not probably follow in the same channel with his.

“What makes you do it, Ida?”

The little girl was plucking away with tender care the leaves of a buttercup, and she answered without raising her eyes, “I want to find the angel in it.”

“In what?”

“This.”

“Why angels are away beyond the blue, Ida. To think of an angel, with its great white wings, and may be its big harp, too, coming down from heaven to live in a poor little buttercup! Whew!”

Ida smiled pityingly, as though she knew much more about these things than her brother could know, but did not care to enlighten his ignorance.

“But what were you thinking of, Ida, when I came to you a little while ago?”

“I do n't know.”

“You sat looking so,” and Phil mimicked his sister as well as he could. “What did you see?”

“Nothing, I guess.”

per channels. And so, by degrees, the mother's influence was lost, and she grew afraid to take the child upon her knee, and draw out, as had been her wont, the charming little fancies which form the staple of the thoughts of childhood. She watched it tenderly and jealously, treasured up all its little sayings in her heart, gazed into its deep eyes with the far-reaching sight of Cassandra; but, like those of Cassandra, her prophecies were unheeded. To all but her mother Ida was a pretty, frolicsome child, with nothing to distinguish her from other children, except, perhaps, an unusual flow of spirits, and those strange fits of abstraction which even Ruth had not the art to cure.

"Ida! Ida! Ida!" shouted Phil Ravelin.

It was useless. Ida sat upon a mossed knoll, her hands clasped over her knee, and her bright face, with its parted lips and eager, weird eyes, looking out from the dark masses of hair which fell almost too luxuriantly for childhood, about her beautiful shoulders.

"Ida, are you asleep? look here, Ida!"

The boy waited a moment and then shook her by the shoulder. Ida uttered a shriek as though in pain.

"Ida! look up, Ida! I have something to tell you."

The little girl shook off his hand and sprang like a scared gazelle into the nearest thicket.

"I won't follow her," muttered the boy, drawing the corner of his jacket across his eyes, "it is too bad; and

they sha n't make me hurt her again—indeed they shall not. Poor little Ida !”

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per channels. And so, by degrees, the mother's influence was lost, and she grew afraid to take the child upon her knee, and draw out, as had been her wont, the charming little fancies which form the staple of the thoughts of childhood. She watched it tenderly and jealously, treasured up all its little sayings in her heart, gazed into its deep eyes with the far-reaching sight of Cassandra; but, like those of Cassandra, her prophecies were unheeded. To all but her mother Ida was a pretty, frolicsome child, with nothing to distinguish her from other children, except, perhaps, an unusual flow of spirits, and those strange fits of abstraction which even Ruth had not the art to cure.

"Ida! Ida! Ida!" shouted Phil Ravelin.

It was useless. Ida sat upon a mossed knoll, her hands clasped over her knee, and her bright face, with its parted lips and eager, weird eyes, looking out from the dark masses of hair which fell almost too luxuriantly for childhood, about her beautiful shoulders.

"Ida, are you asleep? look here, Ida!"

The boy waited a moment and then shook her by the shoulder. Ida uttered a shriek as though in pain.

"Ida! look up, Ida! I have something to tell you."

The little girl shook off his hand and sprang like a scared gazelle into the nearest thicket.

"I won't follow her," muttered the boy, drawing the corner of his jacket across his eyes, "it is too bad; and

they sha n't make me hurt her again—indeed they shall not. Poor little Ida !”

Half an hour afterward Ida had smuggled down in the deep grass with her brother, talking with him most confidentially, but not of her strange malady. At last Phil ventured to make mention of it. There had been a long silence, and he forgot that Ida's thoughts did not probably follow in the same channel with his.

“ What makes you do it, Ida ?”

The little girl was plucking away with tender care the leaves of a buttercup, and she answered without raising her eyes, “ I want to find the angel in it.”

“ In what ?”

“ This.”

“ Why angels are away beyond the blue, Ida. To think of an angel, with its great white wings, and may be its big harp, too, coming down from heaven to live in a poor little buttercup ! Whew !”

Ida smiled pityingly, as though she knew much more about these things than her brother could know, but did not care to enlighten his ignorance.

“ But what were you thinking of, Ida, when I came to you a little while ago ?”

“ I do n't know.”

“ You sat looking so,” and Phil mimicked his sister as well as he could. “ What did you see ?”

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“ Nothing, I guess.”

"Now, Ida!"

The little girl's cheek flushed, and her lips grew tremulous, but she made no answer.

"Tell *me*, Ida dear—just *me*—whisper, if you don't want to speak loud. Come, put your lips close. Won't you tell, Ida?"

Ida looked at her brother apprehensively, and seemed bewildered.

"You are not a good girl—and I will never love you any more—never—because—because—won't you tell, Ida?"

"I—I—sometimes I see a great world not like this, and hear—love me, Phil, love me; for it hurts me to tell. It is very strange—I have been there some time, long, long ago—and, Phil, I am not your little Ida there. Don't ask me any more, but you must love me, Phil!" and the child sank sobbing with excitement into the arms of her brother.

Phil repeated at home what his sister had said, and Ida was pronounced the victim of a temporary insanity. So she was carefully watched over, and the subject never mentioned to her again.

"Not like other children!" repeated little Ida Ravelin to herself. "I have heard that before. Oh! now I remember; *she* used to whisper it over me when I was a baby. I wonder how I differ." Ida carefully examined her feet, her hands, passed her fingers along her full,

white arms, bent the elbow, curved the wrist, folded the fingers in the palm, clapped her hands, shook them above her head, walked with head erect and foot firm, skipped, danced, tried her voice, first in a shout, then in laughter at the returning echoes, then in a gush of bird-like warblings, and, finally, knelt quietly beside a clear pool, which mirrored her bright face. Little Ida might well have been startled at the rare vision in the water. A connoisseur would not have pronounced her beautiful, but yet she was exquisitely so, and she knew it, and smiled at it. A sweet answering smile, like a visible echo, came up from the water, and Ida smiled again. But the innocent vanity lasted only a moment. Her next thought was, "How do I differ? My hair is dark and glossy and curling, just like Ruth's; my nose and chin and lips and cheeks—why, they are all like Phil's, only Phil's are a little darker, and not quite so soft; my forehead is like mamma's, and my eyes are like mamma's, too, not so large and handsome may be, but I am a little girl yet. I wonder how I differ? I can talk and—may be it is the thinking. But I do n't think much—I play most of the time. May be it is because I see—but she don't know that. Unlike other children! What can it mean?" And Ida shook her little head as though it were oppressed by the weight of a great mystery. The subject did not grow to be less important to the child by constantly pondering on it. Her laughing

eyes grew daily more thoughtful, but yet, as she had said, she loved her play.

Ida had crept from her bed and stood in her night-dress, her little figure all bathed in the golden-hued moonlight. How like a spirit she looked, poised so lightly on her tiny feet that she scarce seemed to touch the carpet, her arm half extended, and her lips parted as though in converse with things invisible. With a mother's inner sense, Mary Ravelin had discovered that her daughter was not sleeping, and she left her own couch to hover near her. Drawing toward the door, she lifted the latch, but paused, with suspended breath, on the threshold. Was that a mortal being, shrined so gloriously, or the spirit that nightly came to guard her daughter's pillow? The moonlight streamed through the open casement, and gathered about her in a flood of radiance, quivering along her white robe, striving to rest, and yet tremulous, as though drunk with its own glorious beauty, or agitated by the proximity of a yet more glorious, deathless spirit. Softly crept in the incense-laden breezes, dallying with the curls of the child, and, now and then, casting the shadow of a lifted leaf upon her. Softly and dreamily fell the shadows about the abandoned pillow; and far off, in another corner of the room, lay heavier, darker shadows, which Mary Ravelin *knew* were naturally produced, while yet she *felt* they had a deeper meaning.

"There is a glory about thee, my child," she whispered in her throbbing heart, "but the world is a dark, dark place for such as thou. Oh, my God! but for a talisman against this foreshadowed misery!" A sob of agony accompanied these last words which recalled Ida from heaven. She turned and sprang to the bosom of her mother.

"Oh, mamma! I am *so* glad you have come! there are things I want to say to you."

Mary lifted the beautiful head from her bosom, and holding it between her two hands gazed long and fixedly into the child's spiritual face.

"I will tell her what she is," she thought, "how rarely gifted, how angelic in her nature. I will tell her what she is, and warn her of the future, I will—"

The thread of thought was cut short by remembered words. "Do n't teach her any of your romantic notions." Mary shuddered, and her eyelids drooped. She could barely articulate, "What is it, my love?"

Ida felt the chill that had fallen on her mother's spirit, though she did not know the cause, and her voice became low and timid. The inspiration of a moment previous had been scared away.

"Did I ever, mamma—did I ever—do—we—come from heaven to live here a while, and then go back to heaven again?"

"Come from heaven!" Mary shook her head.

"Where then, mamma?"

"Men spring from the dust of the earth."

"The dust we walk on?"

"Yes."

Ida mused a few moments. Then raising her little hand she pressed back the blood till it looked white and dead, then turned it downward and allowed the red current to rush back again, and then looked up into her mother's face doubtingly. "It is very strange, mamma."

"Everything is strange in this world, my darling."

Ida was still examining the little hand that lay in her mother's. Finally, raising the other, she pressed it against her heart. "Not all of dust, mamma: what makes us live?"

"God gives the spirit."

"Where does he get it?"

"From himself, from—"

"Then," interrupted the child exultingly, "*it came from heaven*; it has lived there with Him before, and it was in heaven I saw all those beautiful things. I knew I had been with the angels—I knew I had, mamma."

Mary clasped the child closely in her arms and longed to encourage her to be still more communicative, but the charge, "Do n't teach her any of your romantic notions," rang in her ears, and she tried to calm her emotion, and act as her husband's superior judgment would have dictated.

"Ida, my darling, listen to me." Mary's voice was low and faltering, for she was not used to the cold part she was endeavoring to act. "Listen to me, Ida; for you are a very little girl, and must know that your mamma understands what is for your good better than you can. You must never have such fancies—"

"How can I help it?"

"You must not lie awake thinking at night—"

"How can I help it, mamma?"

"You must—you must—oh! my Ida, try to be like Ruth. Do as she bids you. Play with the children in the fields—"

"The angels come to me there, mamma."

"Run in the garden—"

"And there."

"Play with your dolls—fling the shuttlecock—skip the rope—"

"Oh! I do all those things, mamma. I love to play, but I can't play all the time—nobody does that."

"Well, talk with your papa and Ruth—"

"Is it wrong to *think*, mamma?"

"It is not best to think, unless—"

Ida waited long for the sentence to be finished, but Mary knew how incompetent she was to advise, and she scarce knew what to say. The child still gazed into her face, however, as though more than life hung upon her words.

"When you are older, my Ida, you will know what

thoughts to indulge, and what to repress, now strive to think only of the things about you—what you see—”

“What I see! Oh! I see every thing beautiful, every thing—”

“What you hear talked of I mean. Will you try, my darling?”

Ida looked bewildered.

“But do n’t think of it to-night. Now you must sleep, and to-morrow make yourself busy with your play and your lessons. Good-night, my love.”

Mary laid the head of her child upon the pillow, pressed kiss after kiss upon her lips and forehead, and with pain at her heart, though fully believing that she had acted wisely, went away to her own sleepless couch. As soon as she was gone a merry, half-smothered laugh burst from the parted rose-bud of a mouth resting against the pillow, and Ida clapped her little hands together and sprang out lightly upon the carpet.

“So it *was* heaven that I came from. I have found it all out now. I am glad I asked mamma. But,” and Ida’s lips drooped at the corners, “I mustn’t ask her any thing more. I wonder if I was an angel and had wings up there, and if the things I see now—I wonder—but mamma said I mustn’t think of these things. Why mustn’t I think? How can I help thinking?”

Ida pressed her hand successively on her forehead and against her heart; as though feeling after some secret

spring by the moving of which she might look away that flood of thought. "How can I help thinking?" she repeated. "When I am a woman may be I can, but now the thoughts *will* come."

Ah Ida! if the little germ fill the heart of childhood with its first swelling, what will it be in flowering and fruit-bearing to the nature which cherished it?

"When I am a woman—but—why should n't I think now? Is it *wrong* to think? Perhaps I am very foolish—perhaps I do n't—" Ida's face flushed, she stood for a moment as though perplexed, stunned, and then crouched by the bedside and buried her face in the drapery. For a long time she remained motionless, and if not sleeping she must have been in thought intense, perhaps painful thought, for memory is a traitor if it deny depth and intensity to the mental emotions of our childhood. At last she arose slowly, and with an expression of sadness which had never before overshadowed her young face.

"Unlike others!" she murmured. "I see it all now—it must be so. That is why they watch me so closely—they are *afraid* to leave me alone. That is why I must look at other people, and try to think as they talk. That is why every body is so kind to me, and all that look at me seem to say poor Ida!—they are just so to *her*. That is why mamma looks at me so sorrowfully, and the tears come into her eyes, and she breathes so hard, as though there was something strange about me, and she had

strange thoughts she was shutting in. Now I know why she always said I was unlike other children, and why she seems to love me so much better than she does Phil. I wonder if Phil knows it—he must—oh yes! he knows all about *her*. But *she* can't talk, and I can—that is, I think I can. May be I don't speak the words—she makes a sound, and I suppose she calls that talking—they seem to understand her too, and sometimes folks look at me as though they did n't understand me. Nobody seems very well to understand but mother and Phil—and Phil not always. Oh, yes! I know it all now—all—all—all! *I am like poor Cicely Doane.*"

Cicely Doane was an idiot!

Poor Ida's unemployed imagination had at last conjured up a phantom which it might be difficult to lay. Was it strange that she should? Why, the child had suddenly become a philosopher, and might by a very simple process of inductive reasoning arrive at the grand theory of Hume himself. She was only a little more modest than he—she denied simply the existence of her own mind, he of every body's. So a fallacy on which a mighty philosopher could waste years of time, a child of a few summers fished up from her fancy, just between dreams on a moonlit night. And the child would have been laughed at had she ventured to name her folly, while the man is followed by crowds of admiring disciples. So much for the boasted wisdom of sages, and the

gullibility of their followers! But there was a difference. The child unfortunately believed her theory and acted on it—the philosopher treated his as a brave man does the optical illusion which others might deem a supernatural visitor, *walking through it*.

From that night a change came over little Ida Ravelin. If she commenced speaking, she stopped in the middle of a sentence to wonder if she were understood. When with other children she looked on their amusements with interest, but never ventured to join them, for she was sure that they invited her only from pity. A touchingly sorrowful expression, mingled with traces of premature thought, crept over her face, and while she was as much in love with life and the things of life as ever, she moved about as a mere spectator. Thomas Ravelin thought the child improving wonderfully, Ruth joyed in the fruit of her somewhat laborious instructions, and even Mary regarded the timid, quiet child with something like a feeling of relief. Little did any one dream of the silent influence that was remoulding nature which God had fitted for high and noble purposes. To do as others did became little Ida's constant study. But still her *mind* was not an imitator—it refused to learn the lesson. She observed, and formed an independent opinion on every subject, but never dared express it, and when a different one was given she relinquished her own, certain that it must be wrong. She still *felt*, too, with as much free-

dom as ever. She loved and hated, hoped and desponded; but it seemed to her that she scarce had a right to feel, and so every thing was shut closely within her own bosom. Little Ida's cheek began to lose its roundness, and her eye its rare brilliancy; for the actual was receding from her, and she lived only in the ideal. A little world was built up within her bosom, a dear, charming, life-like world, peopled not with fairies and woodland deities, but with real flesh and blood beings, with whom the child held converse every day, when she shrank from the sight of her sister's visitors, with the firm belief that she, poor trembler, was a companion too humble for them.

"I am unlike them—all unlike them," would Ida whisper sadly to herself; and then she would smile and turn to her imaginary world, from which nothing that belongs to human nature was excluded, save the bad—turn to that and enact the queen, for which she was intended originally. So Ida's mind did not feed upon itself, but grew and expanded—grew wise and lofty, yet not too much etherealized for the world that lay before her, while she shrank from contact with that world, with a sensitiveness utterly incomprehensible to those who could not take a peep behind the veil. And there the child stood on the threshold of life, rare, glorious in her spirit's beauty, but, alas! crippled in every limb. So much for trying to amend what God has made perfect, oh ye quacks of the human soul!

THE MAIDEN'S SORROW.

BY WM. C. BRYANT.

SEVEN long years has the desert rain
Dropped on the clods that hide thy face ;
Seven long years of sorrow and pain
I have thought of thy burial-place.

Far on the prairies of the west,
None who loved thee beheld thee die ;
They who heaped the earth on thy breast
Turned from the spot without a sigh.

There, I think, on that lonely grave,
Violets spring in the soft May shower ;
There, in the summer breezes wave
Crimson phlox and moccasin flower.

There the turtles alight, and there
Feeds with the spotted fawn the doe ;
There, when the winter woods are bare,
Walks the wolf on the crackling snow.

Soon wilt thou wipe away my tears ;
Yesterday the earth was laid
Over my father, full of years,
Him whose steps I have watched and stayed.

All my work is finished here ;
Every slumber, that shuts my eye,
Brings the forms of the lost and dear,
Shows me the world of spirits nigh.

This deep wound that bleeds and aches,
This long pain, a sleepless pain—
When the Father my spirit takes
I shall feel it no more again.

THE MAGIC LUTE.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

CHAPTER I.

My beauty! sing to me and make me glad!
Thy sweet words drop upon the ear as soft
As rose-leaves on a well.—FESTUS.

On a low stool at the feet of the Count de Courcy sat his bride, the youthful Lady Loyaline. One delicate, dimpled hand hovered over the strings of her lute, like a snowy bird, about to take wing with a burst of melody. The other she was playfully trying to release from the clasp of his. At last, she desisted from the attempt, and said, as she gazed up into his proud “unfathomable eyes”—

“Dear De Courcy! how shall I thank you for this beautiful gift? How shall I prove to you my love, my gratitude, for all your generous devotion to my wishes?”

Loyaline was startled by the sudden light that dawned in those deep eyes; but it passed away and left them calmer, and prouder than before, and there was a touch of sadness in the tone of his reply—

“ Sing to me, sweet, and thank me so !”

Loyaline sighed as she tuned the lute. It was ever thus when she alluded to her love. His face would lighten like a tempest-cloud, and then grow dark and still again, as if the fire of hope and joy were suddenly kindled in his soul to be as suddenly extinguished. What could it mean ? Did he doubt her affection ? A tear fell upon the lute, and she said, “ I will sing

THE LADY'S LAY.”

The deepest wrong that thou couldst do,
Is thus to doubt my love for thee,
For questioning that, thou question'st, too,
My truth, my pride, my purity.

'T were worse than falsehood thus to meet
Thy least caress, thy lightest smile,
Nor feel my heart exulting beat
With sweet, impassioned joy the while.

The deepest wrong that thou couldst do,
Is thus to doubt my faith professed ;
How should I, love, be less than true,
When *thou* art noblest, bravest, best !

The tones of the Lady Loyaline's voice were sweet and clear, yet so low, so daintily delicate, that the heart caught them rather than the ear. De Courcy felt his soul soften beneath those pleading accents, and his eyes, as he

gazed upon her, were filled with unutterable love and sorrow.

How beautiful she was ! With that faint color, like the first blush of dawn, upon her cheek—with those soft, black, glossy braids, and those deep blue eyes, so luminous with soul ! Again the lady touched her lute—

For thee I braid and bind my hair
With fragrant flowers, for only thee ;
Thy sweet approval all my care,
Thy love—the world to me !

For thee I fold my fairest gown,
With simple grace, for thee, for thee!
No other eyes in all the town
Shall look with love on me.

For thee my lightsome lute I tune,
For thee—it else were mute—for thee !
The blossom to the bee in June
Is less than thou to me.

De Courcy, by nature proud, passionate, reserved and exacting, had wooed and won, with some difficulty, the young and timid girl, whose tenderness for her noble lover was blent with a shrinking awe, which all his devotion could not for a while overcome.

At the time my story commences, he was making preparations to join the Crusaders. He was to set out in a few days, and brave and chivalric as he was, there were

both fear and grief in his heart, when he thought of leaving his beautiful bride for years, perhaps for ever. Perfectly convinced of her guileless purity of purpose, thought and deed, he yet had, as he thought, reason to suppose that her heart was, perhaps unconsciously to herself, estranged from him, or rather that it never had been his. He remembered with a thrill of passionate grief and indignation, her bashful reluctance to meet his gaze—her timid shrinking from his touch—and thus her very purity and modesty, the soul of true affection, were distorted by his jealous imagination into indifference for himself and fondness for another. Only two days before, upon suddenly entering her chamber, he had surprised her in tears, with a page's cap in her hand, and on hearing his step, she had started up blushing and embarrassed, and hidden it beneath her mantle, which lay upon the couch. Poor De Courcy! This was indeed astounding; but while he had perfect faith in her honor, he was too proud to let her see his suspicions. That cap! that crimson cap! It was not the last time he was destined to behold it!

The hour of parting came, and De Courcy shuddered as he saw a smile—certainly an exulting smile—lighten through the tears in the dark eyes of his bride, as she bade him for the last time “farewell!”

A twelvemonth afterward, he was languishing in the dungeons of the East—a chained and hopeless captive.

CHAPTER II.

"Ah! fleeter far than fleetest storm or steed,
Or the death they bear,
The heart, which tender thought clothes, like a dove,
With the wings of care!"

THE sultan was weary ; weary of his flowers and his fountains—of his dreams and his dancing-girls—of his harem and himself. The banquet lay untouched before him. The rich chibouque was cast aside. The cooling sherbet shone in vain.

The Almas tripped, with tinkling feet,
Unmarked their motions light and fleet!

His slaves trembled at his presence ; for a dark cloud hung lowering on the brows of the great Lord of the East, and they knew, from experience, that there were both thunder and lightning to come ere it dispersed.

But a sound of distant plaintive melody was heard. A sweet voice sighing to a lute. The sultan listened. "Bring hither the minstrel," he said, in a subdued tone ; and a lovely, fair-haired boy, in a page's dress of pale green silk, was led blushing into the presence.

"Sing to me, child," said the Lord of the East. And the youth touched his lute, with grace and wondrous skill, and sang, in accents soft as the ripple of a rill,

THE VIOLET'S LOVE.

Shall I tell what the violet said to the star,
While she gazed through her tears on his beauty afar?
She sang, but her singing was only a sigh,
And nobody heard it but Heaven, Love, and I;
A sigh, full of fragrance and beauty, it stole
Through the stillness up, up, to the star's beaming soul.

She sang—"Thou art glowing with glory and might,
And I 'm but a flower, frail, lowly and light.
I ask not thy pity, I seek not thy smile;
I ask but to worship thy beauty a while;
To sigh to thee, sing to thee, bloom for thine eye,
And when thou art weary, to bless thee and die!"

Shall I tell what the star to the violet said,
While ashamed, 'neath his love-look, she hung her young head?
He sang—but his singing was only a ray,
And none but the flower and I heard the dear lay.
How it thrilled, as it fell, in its melody clear,
Through the little heart, heaving with rapture and fear!

Ah no! love! I dare not! too tender, too pure,
For me to betray, were the words he said to her;
But as she lay listening that low lullaby,
A smile lit the tear in the timid flower's eye;
And when death had stolen her beauty and bloom,
The ray came again to play over her tomb.

Long ere the lay had ceased, the cloud in the sultan's
eye had dissolved itself in tears. Never had music so
moved his soul. "The lute was enchanted! The youth

was a Peri, who had lost his way ! Surely it must be so !”

“ But sing me now a bolder strain !” And the beautiful child flung back his golden curls—and swept the strings more proudly than before, and his voice took a clarion-tone, and his dark, steel-blue eyes flashed with heroic fire as he sang

THE CRIMSON PLUME.

Oh ! know ye the knight of the red waving plume !
Lo ! his lightning smile gleams through the battle's wild gloom,
Like a flash through the tempest ; oh ! fly from that smile !
’Tis the wild-fire of fury—it glows to beguile !
And his sword-wave is death, and his war-cry is doom !
Oh ! brave not the knight of the dark crimson plume !

His armor is black, as the blackest midnight ;
His steed like the ocean-foam, spotlessly white ;
His crest—a crouched tiger, who dreams of fierce joy—
Its motto—“ Beware ! for I wake—to destroy !”
And his sword-wave is death, and his war-cry is doom !
Oh ! brave not the knight of the dark crimson plume !

“ By Allah ! thou hast magic in thy voice ! One more ! and ask what thou wilt. Were it my signet-ring, ’t is granted !”

Tears of rapture sprung to the eyes of the minstrel-boy, as the sultan spoke, and his young cheek flushed like a morning cloud. Bending over his lute to hide his emotion, he warbled once again—

THE BROKEN HEART'S APPEAL.

Give me back my childhood's truth !
Give me back my guileless youth !
Pleasure, Glory, Fortune, Fame,
These I will not stoop to claim !
Take them ! All of Beauty's power,
All the triumph of this hour
Is not worth one blush you stole—
Give me back my bloom of soul !

Take the cup and take the gem !
What have I to do with them ?
Loose the garland from my hair !
Thou shouldst wind the night-shade there ;
Thou who wreath'st, with flattering art,
Poison-flowers to bind my *heart* ;
Give me back the rose you stole !
Give me back my bloom of soul !

“ Name thy wish, fair child. But tell me first what good genius has charmed thy lute for thee, that thus it sways the soul ? ”

“ A child-angel, with large melancholy eyes and wings of lambent fire—we Franks have named him Love. He led me here and breathed upon my lute.”

“ And where is he now ? ”

“ I have hidden him in my heart,” said the boy, blushing as he replied.

“ And what is the boon thou wouldst ask ? ”

The youthful stranger bent his knee, and said in fal-

tering tones—"Thou hast a captive Christian knight; let him go free and Love shall bless thy throne!"

"He is thine—thou shalt thyself release him. Here, take my signet with thee."

And the fair boy glided like an angel of light through the guards at the dungeon-door. Bolts and bars fell before him—for he bore the talisman of Power—and he stood in his beauty and grace at the captive's couch, and bade him rise and go forth, for he was free.

De Courcy, half awake, gazed wistfully on the benign eyes that bent over him. He had just been dreaming of his guardian angel; and when he saw the beauteous stranger-boy—with his locks of light—his heavenly smile—his pale, sweet face—he had no doubt that this was the celestial visitant of his dreams, and, following with love and reverence his spirit-guide, he scarcely wondered at his sudden disappearance when they reached the court.

CHAPTER III.

"Pure as Aurora when she leaves her couch,
Her cool, soft couch in Heaven, and, blushing, shakes
The balmy dew-drops from her locks of light."

SAFELY the knight arrived at his castle-gate, and as he alighted from his steed, a lovely woman sprang through the gloomy archway, and lay in tears upon his breast.

"My wife! my sweet, true wife! Is it indeed thou!"

Thy cheek is paler than its wont. Hast mourned for *me*, my love?" And the knight put back the long black locks and gazed upon that sad, sweet face. Oh! the delicious joy of that dear meeting! Was it *too* dear, too bright to last?

At a banquet, given in honor of De Courcy's return, some of the guests, flushed with wine, rashly let fall in his hearing an insinuation which awoke all his former doubts, and, upon inquiry, he found to his horror that during his absence the Lady Loyaline had left her home for months, and none knew whither or why she went, but all could guess, they hinted.

De Courcy sprang up, with his hand on the hilt of his sword, and rushed toward the chamber of his wife. She met him in the ante-room, and listened calmly and patiently as he gave vent to all his jealous wrath, and bade her prepare to die. Her only reply was—"Let me go to my chamber; I would say one prayer; then do with me as you will."

"Begone!"

The chamber-door closed on the graceful form and sweeping robes of the Lady De Courcy. But in a few moments it opened again, and forth came, with meekly folded arms, a stripling in a page's dress and *crimson cap*!—the bold, bright boy with whom he had parted at his dungeon-gate! "Here! in her very chamber!" The knight sprang forward to cleave the daring intruder

to the earth. But the stranger flung to the ground the cap and the golden locks, and De Courcy fell at the feet, not of a minstrel-boy, but of his own true-hearted wife, and begged her forgiveness, and blessed her for her heroic and beautiful devotion.

THE TALISMAN.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

WHAT'S the brow,
Or the eye's lustre, or the step of air,
Or color, but the beautiful links that chain
The mind from its rare element ?

There lies
A Talisman in intellect, which yields
Celestial music, when the master hand
Touches it cunningly. It sleeps beneath
The outward semblance, and to common sight
Is an invisible and hidden thing ;
But when the lip is faded, and the form
Witches the sense no more, and human love
Falters in its idolatry, this spell
Will hold its strength unbroken, and go on
Stealing anew the affections.

A DESCENT INTO THE MAELSTROM.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

WE had now reached the summit of the loftiest crag. For some minutes the old man seemed too much exhausted to speak.

“Not long ago,” said he, at length, “and I could have guided you on this route as well as the youngest of my sons; but, about three years past, there happened to me an event such as never happened before to mortal man—or at least such as no man ever survived to tell of—and the six hours of deadly terror which I then endured have broken me up body and soul. You suppose me a *very* old man—but I am not. It took less than a single day to change these hairs from a jetty black to white, to weaken my limbs, and to unstring my nerves, so that I tremble at the least exertion, and am frightened at a shadow. Do you know I can scarcely look over this little cliff without getting giddy?”

The “little cliff,” upon whose edge he had so carelessly thrown himself down to rest, that the weightier por-

tion of his body hung over it, while he was only kept from falling by the tenure of his elbow on its extreme and slippery edge—this “little cliff” arose, a sheer unobstructed precipice of black shining rock, some fifteen or sixteen hundred feet from the world of crags beneath us. No consideration would have tempted me to within half a dozen yards of its brink. In truth so deeply was I excited by the perilous position of my companion, that I fell at full length upon the ground, clung to the shrubs around me, and dared not even glance upward at the sky—while I struggled in vain to divest myself of the idea that the very foundations of the mountain were in danger from the fury of the winds. It was long before I could reason myself into sufficient courage to sit up and look out into the distance.

“You must get over these fancies,” said the guide, “for I have brought you here that you might have the best possible view of the scene of that event I mentioned—and to tell you the whole story with the spot just under your eye.”

“We are now,” he continued, in that particularizing manner which distinguished him—“we are now close upon the Norwegian coast—in the sixty-eighth degree of latitude—in the great province of Nordland—and in the dreary district of Lofoden. The mountain upon whose top we sit is Helseggen, the Cloudy. Now raise yourself up a little higher—hold on to the grass if you feel giddy

—so—and look out beyond the belt of vapor beneath us into the sea.”

I looked dizzily, and beheld a wide expanse of ocean, whose waters wore so inky a hue as to bring at once to my mind the Nubian Geographer's account of the *Mare Tenebrarum*. A panorama more deplorably desolate no human imagination can conceive. To the right and left, as far as the eye could reach, there lay outstretched, like ramparts of the world, lines of horridly black and beetling cliff, whose character of irredeemable gloom was but the more forcibly illustrated by the surf which reared high up against it its white and ghastly crest, howling and shrieking forever. Just opposite the promontory upon whose apex we were placed, and at the distance of some five or six miles out at sea, there was visible a small, bleak-looking island; or, more properly, its position was discernible through the wilderness of surge in which it was enveloped. About two miles nearer the land, arose another of smaller size, hideously craggy and barren, and encompassed at various intervals by a cluster of dark rocks.

The appearance of the ocean, in the space between the more distant island and the shore, had something very unusual about it. Although, at the time, so strong a gale was blowing landward that a brig in the remote offing lay-to under a double-reefed trysail, and constantly plunged her whole hull out of sight, still there was here

nothing like a regular swell, but only a short, quick, angry, cross-dashing of water in every direction—as well in the teeth of the wind as otherwise. Of foam there was little, except in the immediate vicinity of the rocks.

“The island in the distance,” resumed the old man, “is called by the Norwegians, Vurrgh. The one midway is Moskoe. That a mile to the northward is Ambaaren. Yonder are Islesen, Hotholm, Kieldhelm, Suarven, and Buckholm. Farther off—between Moskoe and Vurrgh—are Otterholm, Flimen, Sandflesen, and Stockholm. These are the true names of the places—but why it has been thought necessary to name them at all, is more than either you or I can understand. Do you hear anything? Do you see any change in the water?”

We had now been about ten minutes upon the top of Helseggen, to which we had ascended from the interior of Lofoden, so that we had caught no glimpse of the sea until it had burst upon us from the summit. As the old man spoke I became aware of a loud and gradually increasing sound, like the moaning of a vast herd of buffaloes upon an American prairie; and at the same moment I perceived that what seamen term the *chopping* character of the ocean beneath us was rapidly changing into a current which set to the eastward. Even while I gazed, this current acquired a monstrous velocity. Each moment added to its speed—to its headlong impetuosity. In five minutes the whole sea, as far as Vurrgh, was

lashed into ungovernable fury ; but it was between Moskoe and the coast that the main uproar held its sway. Here the vast bed of the waters, seamed and scarred into a thousand conflicting channels, burst suddenly into phrensied convulsion—heaving, boiling, hissing—gyrating in gigantic and innumerable vortices, and all whirling and plunging on to the eastward with a rapidity which water never elsewhere assumes except in precipitous descents.

In a few minutes more, there came over the scene another radical alteration. The general surface grew somewhat more smooth, and the whirlpools, one by one, disappeared, while prodigious streaks of foam became apparent where none had been seen before. These streaks, at length, spreading out to a great distance, and entering into combination, took unto themselves the gyratory motion of the subsided vortices, and seemed to form the germ of another more vast. Suddenly—very suddenly—this assumed a distinct and definite existence, in a circle of more than a mile in diameter. The edge of the whirl was represented by a broad belt of gleaming spray—but no particle of this slipped into the mouth of the terrific funnel, whose interior, as far as the eye could fathom it, was a smooth, shining, and jet-black wall of water, inclined to the horizon at an angle of some forty-five degrees, speeding dizzily round and round with a swaying and sweltering motion, and sending forth to the

winds an appalling voice, half shriek, half roar, such as not even the mighty cataract of Niagara ever lifts up in its agony to Heaven.

The mountain trembled to its very base, and the rock rocked. I threw myself upon my face, and clung to the scant herbage in an excess of nervous agitation.

"This," said I, at length, to the old man—"this *can* be nothing else than the great whirlpool of the Maelström."

"So it is sometimes termed," said he. "We Norwegians call it the Moskoe-ström, from the island of Moskoe in the midway."

The ordinary accounts of this vortex had by no means prepared me for what I saw. That of Jonas Ramus, which is perhaps the most circumstantial of any, cannot impart the faintest conception either of the magnificence, or of the horror of the scene—or of the wild bewildering sense of *the novel* which confounds the beholder. I am not sure from what point of view the writer in question surveyed it, nor at what time—but it could neither have been from the summit of Helseggen, nor during a storm. There are some passages of his description, nevertheless, which may be quoted for their details, although their effect is exceedingly feeble in conveying an impression of the spectacle.

"Between Lofoden and Moskoe," he says, "the depth of the water is between thirty-six and forty fathoms; but

on the other side, toward Ver (Vurrgh) this depth decreases so as not to afford a convenient passage for a vessel, without the risk of splitting on the rocks, which happens even in the calmest weather. When it is flood, the stream runs up the country between Lofoden and Moskoe with a boisterous rapidity; but the roar of its impetuous ebb to the sea is scarce equaled by the loudest and most dreadful cataracts; the noise being heard several leagues off, and the vertices or pits are of such an extent and depth, that if a ship comes within its attraction, it is inevitably absorbed and carried down to the bottom, and there beat to pieces against the rocks; and when the water relaxes the fragments thereof are thrown up again. But these intervals of tranquillity are only at the turn of the ebb and flood, and in calm weather, and last but a quarter of an hour, its violence gradually returning. When the stream is most boisterous, and its fury heightened by a storm, it is dangerous to come within a Norway mile of it. Boats, yachts, and ships have been carried away by not guarding against it before they were within its reach. It likewise happens frequently, that whales come too near the stream, and are overpowered by its violence; and then it is impossible to describe their howlings and bellowings in their fruitless struggles to disengage themselves. A bear once attempting to swim from Lofoden to Moskoe, was caught by the stream and borne

down, while he roared terribly, so as to be heard on shore. Large stocks of firs and pine-trees, after being absorbed by the current, rise again broken and torn to such a degree as if bristles grew upon them. This plainly shows the bottom to consist of craggy rocks, among which they are whirled to and fro. This stream is regulated by the flux and reflux of the sea—it being constantly high and low water every six hours. In the year 1645, early in the morning of Sexagesima Sunday, it raged with such noise and impetuosity that the very stones of the houses on the coast fell to the ground.”

In regard to the depth of the water, I could not see how this could have been ascertained at all in the immediate vicinity of the vortex. The “forty fathoms” must have reference only to portions of the channel close upon the shore either of Moskoe or Lofoden. The depth in the centre of the Moskoe-ström must be immeasurably greater; and no better proof of this fact is necessary than can be obtained from even the sidelong glance into the abyss of the whirl which may be had from the highest crag of Helseggen. Looking down from this pinnacle upon the howling Phlegethon below, I could not help smiling at the simplicity with which the honest Jonas Ramus records, as a matter difficult of belief, the anecdotes of the whales and the bears; for it appeared to me, in fact, a self-evident thing that the largest ship of the line in ex-

istence, coming within the influence of that deadly attraction, could resist it as little as a feather the hurricane, and must disappear bodily and at once.

The attempts to account for the phenomenon—some of which, I remember, seemed to me sufficiently plausible in perusal—now wore a very different and unsatisfactory aspect. The idea generally received is that this, as well as three smaller vortices among the Ferroe islands, “have no other cause than the collision of waves rising and falling, at flux and reflux, against a ridge of rocks and shelves, which confines the water so that it precipitates itself like a cataract; and thus the higher the flood rises, the deeper must the fall be, and the natural result of all is a whirlpool or vortex, the prodigious suction of which is sufficiently known by lesser experiments.” These are the words of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Kircher and others imagine that in the centre of the channel of the Maelström is an abyss penetrating the globe, and issuing in some very remote part—the Gulf of Bothnia being somewhat decidedly named in one instance. This opinion, idle in itself, was the one to which, as I gazed, my imagination most readily assented; and, mentioning it to the guide, I was rather surprised to hear him say that, although it was the view almost universally entertained of the subject by the Norwegians, it nevertheless was not his own. As to the former notion, he confessed his inability to comprehend it; and here I agreed with

him—for, however conclusive on paper, it becomes altogether unintelligible, and even absurd, amid the thunder of the abyss.

“You have had a good look at the whirl now,” said the old man, “and if you will creep round this crag, so as to get in its lee, and deaden the roar of the water, I will tell you a story that will convince you I ought to know something of the Moskoe-ström.”

I placed myself as desired, and he proceeded.

“Myself and my two brothers once owned a schooner-rigged smack of about seventy tons burden, with which we were in the habit of fishing among the islands beyond Moskoe, nearly to Vurrgh. In all violent eddies at sea there is good fishing, at proper opportunities, if one has only the courage to attempt it; but among the whole of the Lofoden coastmen, we three were the only ones who made a regular business of going out to the islands, as I tell you. The usual grounds are a great way lower down to the southward. There fish can be got at all hours, without much risk, and therefore these places are preferred. The choice spots over here among the rocks, however, not only yield the finest variety, but in far greater abundance; so that we often got in a single day what the more timid of the craft could not scrape together in a week. In fact, we made it a matter of desperate speculation—the risk of life standing instead of labor, and courage answering for capital.

“ We kept the smack in a cove about five miles higher up the coast than this ; and it was our practice, in fine weather, to take advantage of the fifteen minutes’ slack to push across the main channel of the Moskoe-ström, far above the pool, and then drop down upon anchorage somewhere near Otterholm, or Sandflesen, where the eddies are not so violent as elsewhere. Here we used to remain until nearly time for slack-water again, when we weighed and made for home. We never set out upon this expedition without a steady side wind for going and coming—one that we felt sure would not fail us before our return—and we seldom made a miscalculation upon this point. Twice, during six years, we were forced to stay all night at anchor on account of a dead calm, which is a rare thing indeed just about here ; and once we had to remain on the grounds nearly a week, starving to death, owing to a gale which blew up shortly after our arrival, and made the channel too boisterous to be thought of. Upon this occasion we should have been driven out to sea in spite of every thing, (for the whirlpools threw us round and round so violently, that at length we fouled our anchor and dragged it,) if it had not been that we drifted into one of the innumerable cross-currents—here to-day and gone to-morrow—which drove us under the lee of Flimen, where, by good luck, we brought up.

“ I could not tell you the twentieth part of the difficulties we encountered ‘ on the grounds’—it is a bad spot

to be in even in good weather—but we made shift always to run the gauntlet of the Moskoe-ström itself without accident; although at times my heart has been in my mouth when we happened to be a minute or so behind or before the slack. The wind sometimes was not as strong as we thought it at starting, and then we made rather less way than we could wish, while the current rendered the smack unmanageable. My eldest brother had a son eighteen years old, and I had two stout boys of my own. These would have been of great assistance at such times, in using the sweeps, as well as afterward in fishing—but, somehow, although we ran the risk ourselves, we had not the heart to let the young ones get into the danger—for, after all is said and done, it *was* a horrible danger, and that is the truth.

“It is now within a few days of three years since what I am going to tell you occurred. It was on the 10th day of July, 18—, a day which the people of this part of the world will never forget—for it was one in which blew the most terrible hurricane that ever came out of the heavens. And yet all the morning, and indeed until late in the afternoon, there was a gentle and steady breeze from the south-west, while the sun shone brightly, so that the oldest seaman among us could not have foreseen what was to follow.

“The three of us—my two brothers and myself—had crossed over to the islands about two o’clock, P. M., and

had soon nearly loaded the smack with fine fish, which, we all remarked, were more plenty that day than we had ever known them. It was just seven, *by my watch*, when we weighed and started for home, so as to make the worst of the Ström at slack water, which we knew would be at eight.

“We set out with a fresh wind on our starboard quarter, and for some time spanked along at a great rate, never dreaming of danger, for indeed we saw not the slightest reason to apprehend it. All at once we were taken aback by a breeze from over Helseggen. This was most unusual—something that had never happened to us before, and I began to feel a little uneasy without exactly knowing why. We put the boat on the wind, but could make no headway at all for the eddies, and I was upon the point of proposing to return to the anchorage, when, looking astern, we saw the whole horizon covered with a singular copper-colored cloud that rose with the most amazing velocity.

“In the mean time the breeze that had headed us off fell away, and we were dead becalmed, drifting about in every direction. This state of things, however, did not last long enough to give us time to think about it. In less than a minute the storm was upon us—in less than two the sky was entirely overcast—and what with this and the driving spray, it became suddenly so dark that we could not see each other in the smack.

“Such a hurricane as then-blew it is folly to attempt describing. The oldest seamen in Norway never experienced anything like it. We had let our sails go by the run before it cleverly took us ; but at the first puff both our masts went by the board as if they had been sawed off—the mainmast taking with it my youngest brother, who had lashed himself to it for safety.

“Our boat was the lightest feather of a thing that ever sat upon water. It had a complete flush deck with only a small hatch near the bow, and this hatch it had always been our custom to batten down when about to cross the Ström, by way of precaution against the chopping seas. But for this circumstance we should have foundered at once—for we lay entirely buried for some moments. How my elder brother escaped destruction I cannot say, for I never had an opportunity of ascertaining. For my part, as soon as I had let the foresail run, I threw myself flat on deck, with my feet against the narrow gunwale of the bow, and with my hands grasping a ring-bolt near the foot of the foremast. It was mere instinct that prompted me to do this—which was undoubtedly the very best thing I could have done—for I was too much flurried to think.

“For some moments we were completely deluged, as I say, and all this time I held my breath, and clung to the bolt. When I could stand it no longer I raised myself upon my knees, still keeping hold with my hands,

and thus got my head clear. Presently our little boat gave herself a shake, just as a dog does in coming out of the water, and thus rid herself, in some measure, of the seas. I was now trying to get the better of the stupor that had come over me, and to collect my senses so as to see what was to be done, when I felt somebody grasp my arm. It was my elder brother, and my heart leaped for joy, for I had made sure that he was overboard—but the next moment all this joy was turned into horror—for he put his mouth close to my ear, and screamed out the word ‘*Moskoe-ström!*’

“No one ever will know what my feelings were at that moment. I shook from head to foot as if I had the most violent fit of the ague. I knew what he meant by that one word well enough—I knew what he wished to make me understand. With the wind that now drove us on, we were bound for the whirl of the Ström, and nothing could save us!

“You perceive that in crossing the Ström *channel*, we always went a long way up above the whirl, even in the calmest weather, and then had to wait and watch carefully for the slack—but now we were driving right upon the pool itself, and in such a hurricane as this! ‘To be sure,’ I thought, ‘we shall get there just about the slack—there is some little hope in that’—but in the next moment I cursed myself for being so great a fool as to

dream of hope at all. I knew very well that we were doomed, had we been ten times a ninety-gun ship.

“By this time the first fury of the tempest had spent itself, or perhaps we did not feel it so much, as we scudded before it, but at all events the seas, which at first had been kept down by the wind, and lay flat and frothing, now got up into absolute mountains. A singular change, too, had come over the heavens. Around in every direction it was still as black as pitch, but nearly overhead there burst out, all at once, a circular rift of clear sky—as clear as I ever saw—and of a deep bright blue—and through it there blazed forth the full moon with a lustre that I never before knew her to wear. She lit up every thing about us with the greatest distinctness—but, oh God, what a scene it was to light up!

“I now made one or two attempts to speak to my brother—but, in some manner which I could not understand, the din had so increased that I could not make him hear a single word, although I screamed at the top of my voice in his ear. Presently he shook his head, looking as pale as death, and held up one of his fingers as if to say ‘*listen!*’

“At first I could not make out what he meant—but soon a hideous thought flashed upon me. I dragged my watch from its fob—it was not going. I glanced at its face by the moonlight, and then burst into tears as I flung it far away into the ocean. *It had run down at seven*

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o'clock ! We were behind the time of the slack, and the whirl of the Ström was in full fury !

“ When a boat is well built, properly trimmed, and not deep laden, the waves in a strong gale, when she is going large, seem always to slip from beneath her—which appears very strange to a landsman—and this is what is called *riding*, in sea phrase. Well, so far we had ridden the swells very cleverly ; but presently a gigantic sea happened to take us right under the counter, and bore us with it as it rose—up—up—as if into the sky. I would not have believed that any wave could rise so high. And then down we came with a sweep, a slide, and a plunge, that made me feel sick and dizzy, as if I were falling from some lofty mountain-top in a dream. But while we were up I had thrown a quick glance around—and that one glance was all sufficient. I saw our exact position in an instant. The Moskoe-ström whirlpool was about a quarter of a mile dead ahead—but no more like the every-day Moskoe-ström, than a mill-race is like the whirl as you now see it. If I had not known where we were, and what we had to expect, I should not have recognized the place at all. As it was, I involuntarily closed my eyes in horror. The lids clenched themselves together as if in a spasm.

“ It could not have been more than two minutes afterward until we suddenly felt the waves subside, and were enveloped in a wilderness of foam. The boat made a

sharp half turn to larboard, and then shot off in its new direction like a thunderbolt. At the same moment the roaring noise of the water was completely drowned in a kind of shrill shriek—such a sound as you might imagine given out by the waste-pipes of many thousand steam-vessels, letting off their steam altogether. We were now in the belt of surf that always surrounds the whirl, and I thought, of course, that another moment would plunge us into the abyss—down which we could only see indistinctly on account of the amazing velocity with which we were borne along. The boat did not seem to sink into the water at all, but to skim like an air-bubble upon the surface of the surge. Her starboard side was next the whirl, and on the larboard arose the world of ocean we had left. It stood like a huge, writhing wall between us and the horizon.

“It may appear strange, but now, when we were in the very jaws of the gulf, I felt more composed than when we were only approaching it. Having made up my mind to hope no more, I got rid of a great deal of that terror which unmanned me at first. I suppose it was despair that strung my nerves.

“It may look like boasting—but what I tell you is truth—I began to reflect how magnificent a thing it was to die in such a manner, and how foolish it was in me to think of so paltry a consideration as my own individual life, in view of so wonderful a manifestation of God’s

power. I do believe that I blushed with shame when this idea crossed my mind. After a little while I became possessed with the keenest curiosity about the whirl itself. I positively felt a *wish* to explore its depths, even at the sacrifice I was going to make; and my principal grief was, that I should never be able to tell my old companions on shore about the mysteries I should see. These, no doubt, were singular fancies to occupy a man's mind in such extremity—and I have often thought since, that the revolutions of the boat around the pool might have rendered me a little light-headed.

“There was another circumstance which tended to restore my self-possession; and this was the cessation of the wind, which could not reach us in our present situation—for, as you saw yourself, the belt of surf is considerably lower than the general bed of the ocean, and this latter now towered above us, a high, black, mountainous ridge. If you have never been at sea in a heavy gale, you can form no idea of the confusion of mind occasioned by the wind and spray together. They blind, deafen, and strangle you, and take away all power of action or reflection. But we were now, in a great measure, rid of these annoyances—just as death-condemned felons in prison are allowed petty indulgences, forbidden them while their doom is yet uncertain.

“How often we made the circuit of the belt it is impossible to say. We careered round and round for per-

haps an hour, flying rather than floating, getting gradually more and more into the middle of the surge, and then nearer and nearer to its horrible inner edge. All this time I had never let go of the ring-bolt. My brother was at the stern, holding on to a small empty water-cask which had been securely lashed aft under the coop of the counter, and was the only thing on deck that had not been swept overboard when the gale first took us. As we approached the brink of the pit he let go his hold upon this, and made for the ring, from which, in the agony of his terror, he endeavored to force my hands, as it was not large enough to afford us both a secure grasp. I never felt deeper grief than when I saw him attempt this act—although I knew he was a madman when he did it—a raving maniac through sheer fright. I did not care, however, to contest the point with him. I knew it could make no difference whether either of us held on at all; so I let him have the bolt, and went, myself, astern to the cask. This there was no great difficulty in doing; for the smack flew round steadily enough, and upon an even keel—only swaying to and fro, with the immense sweeps and swelters of the whirl. Scarcely had I secured myself in my new position, when we gave a wild lurch to starboard, and rushed headlong into the abyss. I muttered a hurried prayer to God, and thought all was over.

“As I felt the sickening sweep of the descent, I had instinctively tightened my hold upon the barrel, and

closed my eyes. For some seconds I dared not open them—while I expected instant destruction, and wondered that I was not already in my death-struggles with the water. But moment after moment elapsed. I still lived. The sense of falling had ceased ; and the motion of the vessel seemed much as it had been before, while in the belt of foam, with the exception that she now lay more along, I took courage, and looked once again upon the scene.

“Never shall I forget the sensations of awe, horror, and admiration with which I gazed about me. The boat appeared to be hanging, as if by magic, midway down, upon the interior surface of a funnel, prodigious in circumference, immeasurable in depth, and whose perfectly smooth sides might have been mistaken for ebony, but for the bewildering rapidity with which they spun around, and for the gleaming and ghastly radiance they shot forth, as the rays of the full moon, from that circular rift amid the clouds which I have already described, streamed in a flood of golden glory along the black walls, and far away down into the inmost recesses of the abyss.

“At first I was too much confused to observe anything accurately. The general burst of terrific grandeur was all that I beheld. When I recovered myself a little, however, my gaze fell instinctively downward. In this direction I was able to obtain an unobstructed view, from the manner in which the smack hung on the inclined sur-

face of the pool. She was quite upon an even keel—that is to say, her deck lay in a plane parallel with that of the water—but this latter sloped at an angle of more than forty-five degrees, so that we seemed to be lying upon our beam-ends. I could not help observing, nevertheless, that I had scarcely more difficulty in maintaining my hold and footing in this situation, than if we had been upon a dead level; and this, I suppose, was owing to the speed at which we revolved.

“The rays of the moon seemed to search the very bottom of the profound gulf; but still I could make out nothing distinctly, on account of a thick mist in which everything there was enveloped, and over which there hung a magnificent rainbow, like that narrow and tottering bridge which Mussulmen say is the only pathway between Time and Eternity. This mist, or spray, was no doubt occasioned by the clashing of the great walls of the funnel, as they all met together at the bottom—but the yell that went up to the Heavens from out of that mist, I will not attempt to describe.

“Our first slide into the abyss itself, from the belt of foam above, had carried us a great distance down the slope; but our farther descent was by no means proportionate. Round and round we swept—not with any uniform movement—but in dizzying swings and jerks, that sent us sometimes only a few hundred yards—sometimes nearly the complete circuit of the whirl. Our progress

downward, at each revolution, was very perceptible, but slow.

“Looking about me upon the wide waste of liquid ebony on which we were thus borne, I perceived that our boat was not the only object in the embrace of the whirl. Both above and below us were visible fragments of vessels, large masses of building timber and trunks of trees, with many smaller articles, such as pieces of house furniture, broken boxes, barrels, and staves. I have already described the unnatural curiosity which had taken the place of my original terrors. It appeared to grow upon me as I drew nearer and nearer to my dreadful doom. I now began to watch, with a strange interest, the numerous things that floated in our company. I *must* have been delirious—for I even sought *amusement* in speculating upon the relative velocities of their several descents toward the foam below. ‘This fir-tree,’ I found myself at one time saying, ‘will certainly be the next thing that takes the awful plunge and disappears,’—and then I was disappointed to find that the wreck of a Dutch merchant ship overtook it and went down before. At length, after making several guesses of this nature, and being deceived in all—this fact—the fact of my invariable miscalculation—set me upon a train of reflection that made my limbs again tremble, and my heart beat heavily once more.

“It was not a new terror that thus affected me—but the dawn of a more exciting *hope*. This hope arose partly from memory, and partly from present observation. I called to mind the great variety of buoyant matter that strewed the coast of Lofoden, having been absorbed and then thrown forth by the Moskoeström. By far the greater number of the articles were shattered in the most extraordinary way—so chafed and roughened as to have the appearance of being stuck full of splinters—but then I distinctly recollected that there was *some* of them which were not disfigured at all. Now I could not account for this difference except by supposing that the roughened fragments were the only ones which had been *completely absorbed*—that the others had entered the whirl at so late a period of the tide, or, for some reason, had descended so slowly after entering, that they did not reach the bottom before the turn of the flood came, or of the ebb, as the case might be. I conceived it possible, in either instance, that they might thus be whirled up again to the level of the ocean, without undergoing the fate of those which had been drawn in more early, or absorbed more rapidly. I made, also, three important observations. The first was, that, as a general rule, the larger the bodies were, the more rapid their descent—the second, that, between two masses of equal extent, the one spherical, and the other of *any other shape*—the superiority in speed was with the

sphere—the third, that, between two masses of equal size, the one cylindrical, and the other of any other shape, the cylinder was absorbed the more slowly. Since my escape, I have had several conversations on this subject with an old school-master of the district; and it was from him that I learned the use of the words ‘cylinder’ and ‘sphere.’ He explained to me—although I have forgotten the explanation—how what I observed was, in fact, the natural consequence of the forms of the floating fragments—and showed me how it happened that a cylinder, swimming in a vortex, offered more resistance to its suction, and was drawn in with greater difficulty than an equally bulky body, of any form whatever.

“There was one startling circumstance which went a great way in enforcing these observations, and rendering me anxious to turn them to account, and this was, that, at every revolution, we passed something like a barrel, or else the yard or mast of a vessel, while many of these things, which had been on our level when I first opened my eyes upon the wonders of the whirlpool, were now high up above us, and seemed to have moved but little from their original station. I no longer hesitated what to do. I resolved to lash myself securely to the water-cask upon which I now held, to cut it loose from the counter, and to throw myself with it into the water. I attracted my brother’s attention by signs, pointed to

the floating barrels that came near us, and did every thing in my power to make him understand what I was about to do. I thought at length that he comprehended my design—but, whether this was the case or not, he shook his head despairingly, and refused to move from his station by the ring-bolt. It was impossible to reach him; the emergency admitted of no delay; and so, with a bitter struggle, I resigned him to his fate, fastened myself to the cask by means of the lashings which secured it to the counter, and precipitated myself with it into the sea, without another moment's hesitation.

“The result was precisely what I had hoped it might be. As it is myself who now tell you this tale—as you see that I *did* escape—and as you are already in possession of the mode in which this escape was effected, and must therefore anticipate all that I have farther to say—I will bring my story quickly to a conclusion. It might have been an hour, or thereabout, after my quitting the smack, when, having descended to a vast distance beneath me, it made three or four wild gyrations in rapid succession, and, bearing my loved brother with it, plunged headlong, at once and forever, into the chaos of foam below. The barrel to which I was attached sunk very little farther than half the distance between the bottom of the gulf and the spot at which I leaped overboard, before a great change took place in the character of the whirlpool. The froth and the rainbow disappeared. The slope of

the sides of the vast funnel became momentarily less and less steep. The gyrations of the whirl grew feeble and fluctuating—then ceased altogether—then finally reversed themselves with a gradually accelerating motion. And then the bottom of the gulf uprose—and its turgid aspect had in a great measure departed. The sky was clear, the winds had gone down, and the full moon was setting radiantly in the west, when I found myself on the surface of the ocean, in full view of the shores of Lofoden, and above the spot where the pool of the Muskoe-ström *had been*. It was the hour of the slack—but the sea still heaved in mountainous waves from the effects of the hurricane. I was borne violently into the channel of the Ström, and in a few minutes was hurried down the coast into the “grounds” of the fishermen. A boat picked me up—exhausted from fatigue—and (now that the danger was removed) speechless from the memory of its horror. Those who drew me on board were my old mates and daily companions—but they knew me no more than they would have known a traveller from the spirit-land. My hair had been raven-black the day before, and now it is white as you see. They say too, that the whole expression of my countenance had changed. I told them my story—they did not believe it. I now tell it to *you*—and you will put no more faith in it than did the merry fishermen of Lofoden.

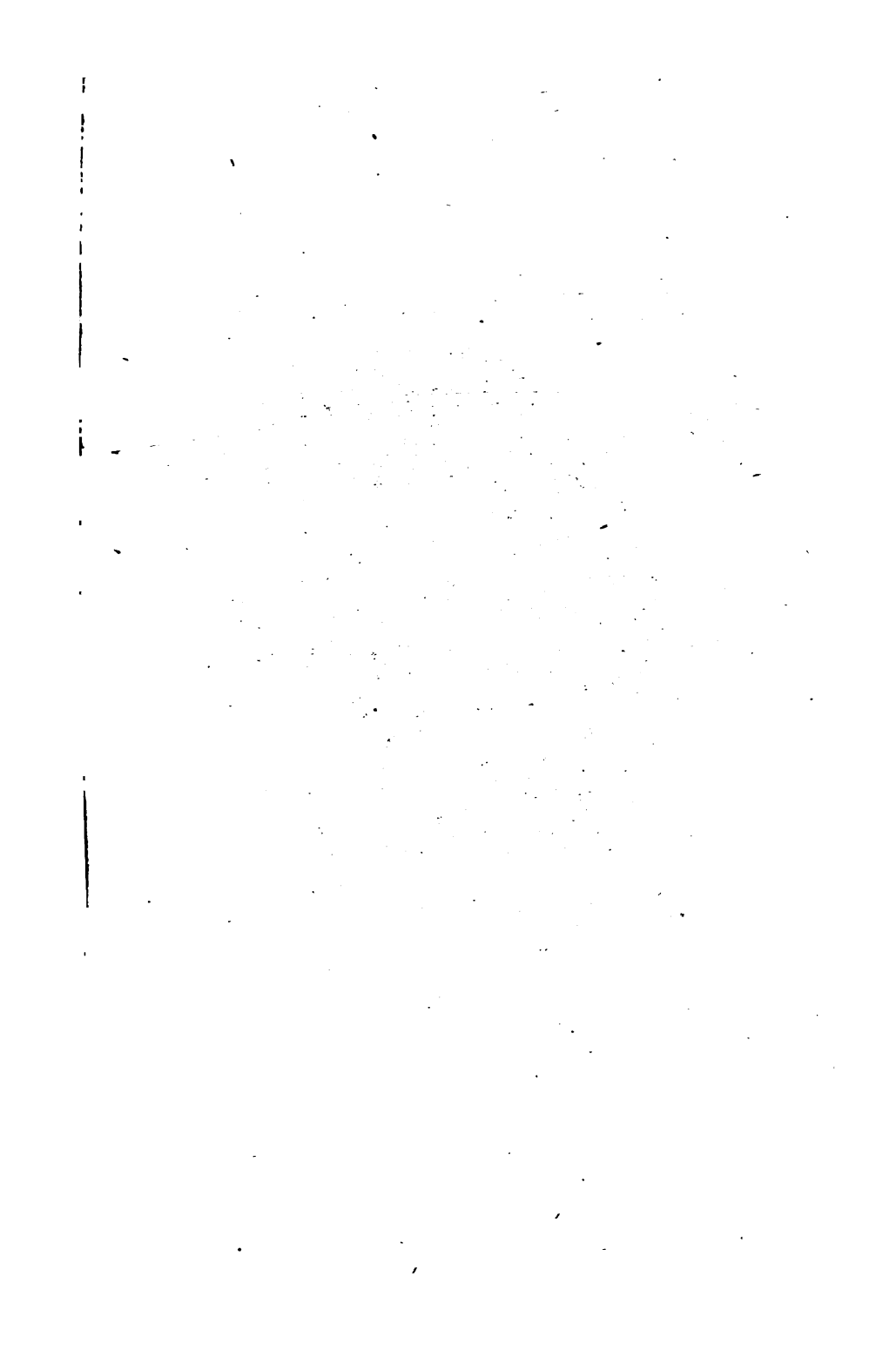
THE PASTOR'S DAUGHTER.

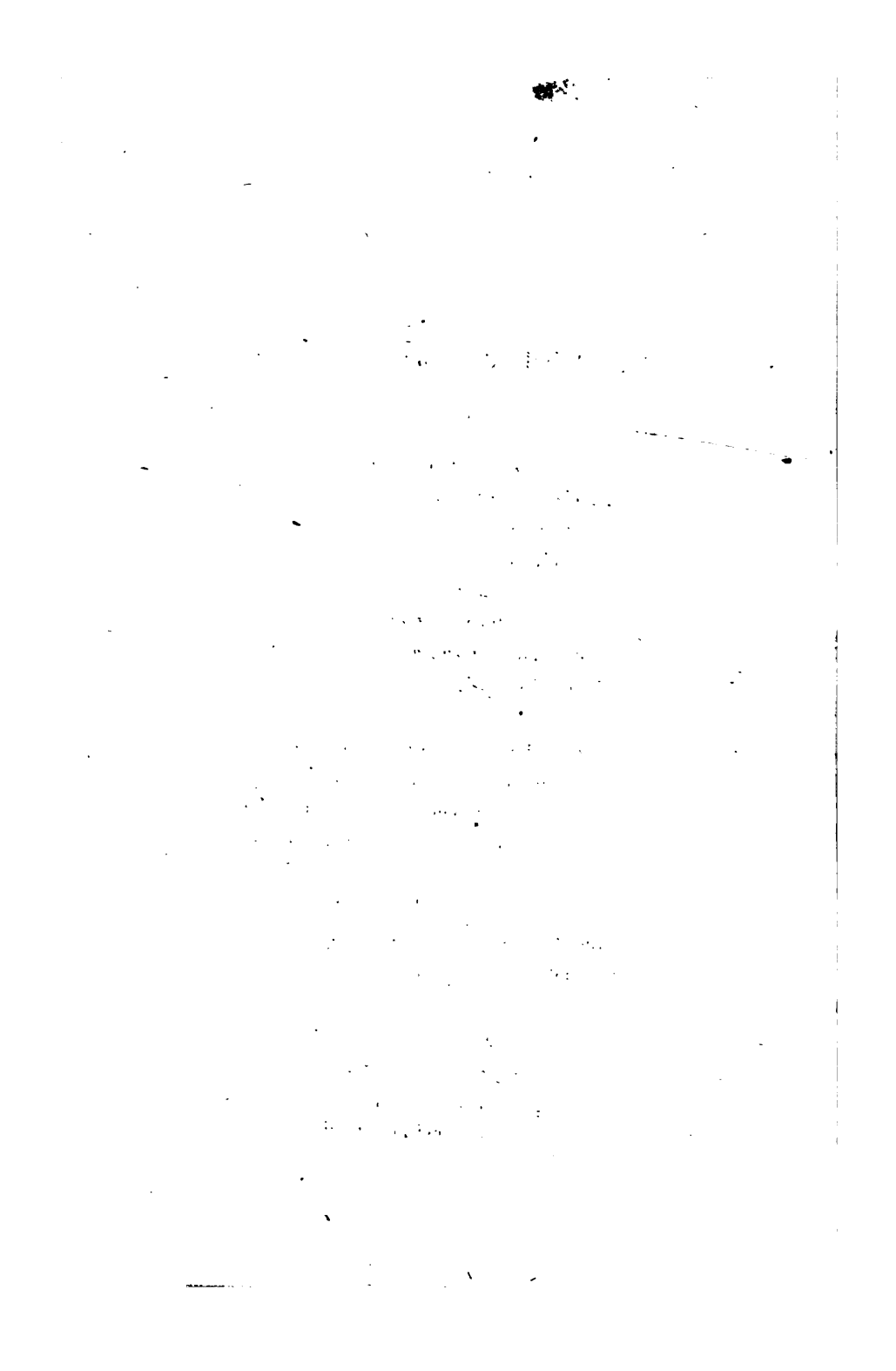
BY GEO. P. MORRIS.

AN ivy-mantled cottage smiled,
 Deep-wooded near a streamlet's side,
Where dwelt the village pastor's child,
 In all her maiden bloom and pride.
Proud suitors paid their court and duty
To this romantic sylvan beauty :
Yet none of all the swains who sought her,
Was worthy of the pastor's daughter.

The town-gallants cross'd hill and plain,
 To seek the groves of her retreat,
And many follow'd in her train,
 To lay their riches at her feet.
But still, for all their arts so wary,
From home they could not lure the fairy.
A maid without a heart they thought her,
And so they left the pastor's daughter.

One balmy eve in dewy spring
 A bard became her father's guest ;
He struck his harp, and every string
 To love vibrated in her breast.



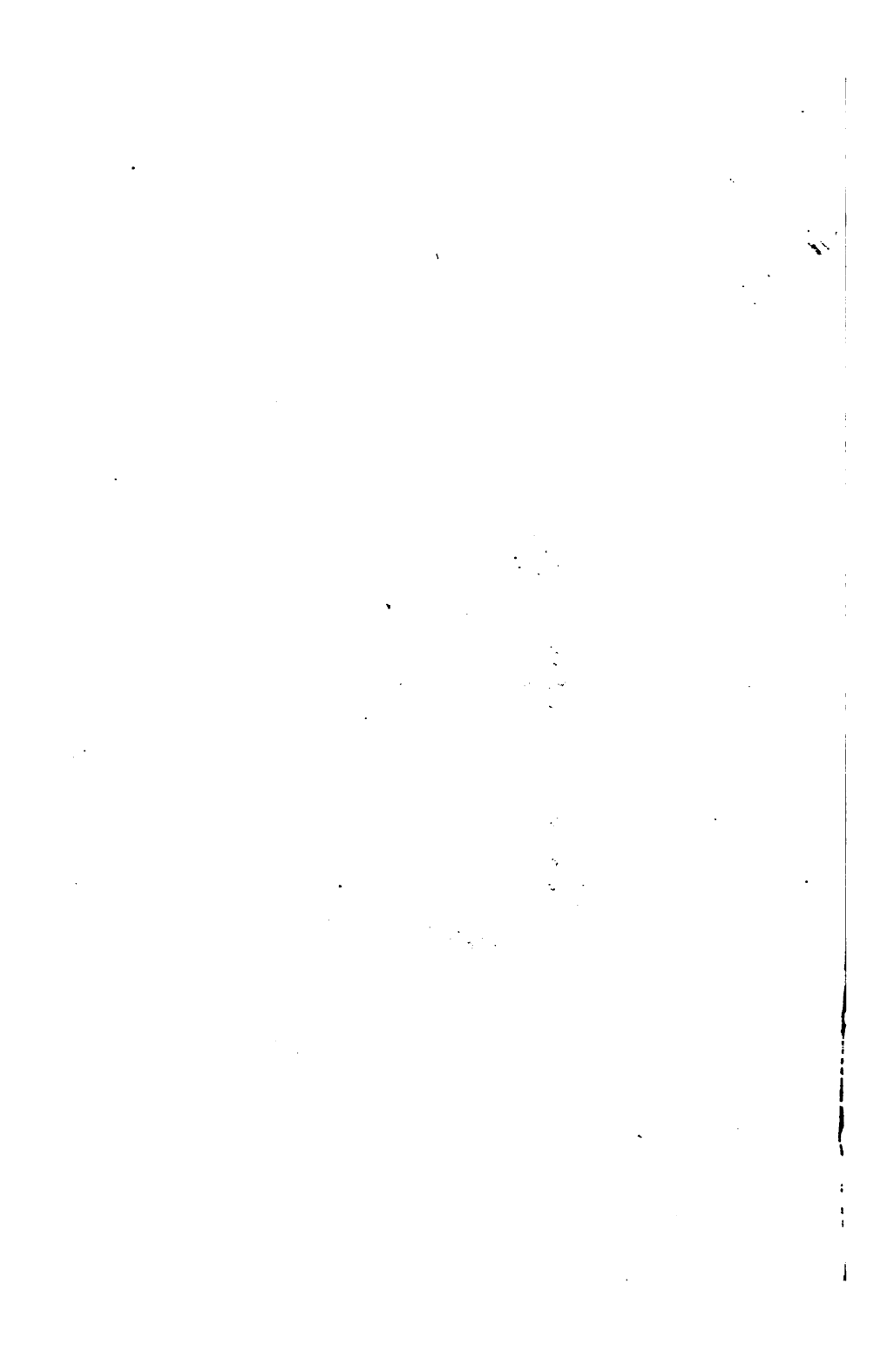




FRANCIS ROMAN, NEWCASTLE

PRINTED BY J. W. B. & CO. LONDON

The Pastor's Daughters



With that true faith which cannot falter,
Her hand was given at the altar,
And faithful was the heart he brought her
To wedlock and the pastor's daughter.

How seldom learn the worldly gay,
With all their sophistry and art,
The sweet and gentle primrose-way
To woman's fond, devoted heart :
They seek, but never find, the treasure,
Although revealed in jet and azure.
To them, like truth in wells of water,
A fable is the pastor's daughter.

THE FINISHING SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES.

BY PENNY PATCH, OF VIRGINIA.

PART I.

MISS ALMIRA JOHNSON was a tall lady—a lean lady—a high-capped lady—a precise lady—a wonderfully clever lady—and Miss Almira Johnson was also a celebrated school-mistress, known far and near, and revered and held in awe by all. To say that Miss Almira Johnson was a single lady—and from good reasons had chosen to remain so—would be to place her on a level with the scores of unmarried female teachers with which our country abounds, and would give but a faint idea to the reader of this lady's experience in all matters concerning the sex generally. But when I say that Miss Almira's maiden heart had gone through a vast deal more than most *married* ladies' hearts, I only repeat what Miss A. herself, with many ominous looks, said daily to her young ladies, and indeed to all who came within her reach. We will recur to this eventful period of the ladies life,

and relate it, as she was wont to tell it to her listening pupils, as an earnest of what they themselves must expect to encounter when entangled amid "the pain, the agony, the doubt," of the noblest of passions.

Away down in some dark unknown county, which Miss Almira chooses to leave blank, for fear her listeners might hunt him out, there lived a man—and oh! *such* a man! with romantic nose, eyes, mouth, and teeth, who, chancing to meet the lovely Almira in a woody glen, falls over head and ears in love with her upon first sight, and proceeds immediately to get down upon his knees, soiling his pants in the mud and mire in the most extravagant manner, and forthwith offers up his love at her immaculate shrine. The blushing Almira bids him rise, accompanied by a soft and gentle "Ah! do," whose magic is, of course, irresistible. He arises, walks with her homê, proposes to father and mother, who reject his overtures with disdain, calling him "the crazy gentleman."

This sends a barbed arrow to the lovely Almira's young heart, and so deeply wounds her delicate sensibilities, that she forsakes father, mother, sister, brother, and goes off—not with her ardent lover—ah, no! she could *not* do that, for in her folly she was wise—but to teach school—and in a manner take up her cross, and make it the business of her life to guard young ladies against young gentlemen.

Thus, the heroine of this adventure would, in fitful mood of tender confidence, relate her simple tale of woe, thereby bringing out as fine a moral as one need have to ponder and meditate upon, and thereby enlisting the sympathies, and the forbearance, and admiration, and love of mankind, for one who had, unfortunately, loved "not wisely but too well." For the date of this episode in her history, the preceptress generally referred them to a period as remote and obscure as the dwelling of our hero. Miss Almira never failing to conclude this romantic hinge, on which turned her future life, by assuring the listening damsels that this thing occurred during the tender years of her indiscreet youth—and that during her *present youth* of discretion, she had made it a point to refuse all suitors, however ardent, or to use her own expressive words, however "enthused."

To see Miss Almira's hopeful pupils in her immediate presence, one would fancy that they, like her former beau, loved her to distraction. They were so very affectionate, so emulous to do her slightest bidding, calling her, as she herself had taught them to call her, "Aunt Ally," or "Sweet Miss Ally," or by her favorite epithet, "our own charming Ally." But when the gay sunbeams of that lady's presence disappeared with her, a visible darkness came over her satellites. "The old soul's in fine spirits to-day," says one—"Hot cakes for supper

now, certain," says another—"Crazy man's interesting history over hot cakes, for seasoning," said a third—"With author's last additions and corrections," says a fourth. "Hush! here she comes:" buzz—buzz—buzz—are the only sounds now heard, the pupils suddenly becoming so studious that even their "charming Ally's" entrance is unheeded.

Miss A. Johnson, from step to step, had risen from the humble situation of assistant in a common day school, to principal in a fashionable boarding school, in the growing town of Clifton. A young lady, in this section of the country, could never venture to hold up her head, who had not received her last polish at this select seminary. The patronage of the rich and influential had enabled the principal to spare no expense in procuring valuable assistants. A native Frenchman taught her young ladies to speak and write French with fluency and ease. Dancing masters, music masters, Latin, Greek, and Italian masters, ladies who taught the airs and graces, ladies who taught the lower branches, and wise experimenting gentlemen, who came daily to dislocate Miss Johnson's valuable and costly apparatus. Thus, the young ideas of her pupils were taught to shoot in all possible directions, and to indulge in scientific research amid the "Heavens, the earth, and the waters under the earth," and if they were not learned in everything it was *not* Miss Almira's fault, certainly. Among the most

interesting pupils at this far-famed seminary, was one who would carry off the palm of beauty anywhere. Virginia Bellenger was an orphan girl of great wealth, but who, poor thing, had been sadly neglected by both guardian and friends : although many of the young ladies complained unceasingly of the bad fare, the poor fires, and hard thumps, received at this establishment, poor Jinny was never heard to murmur ; she took all these meekly and thankfully, being much kinder treatment than she had ever received before. The sweet girl was full of life and innocent glee—never seeing things darkly through her bright eyes—never complaining, never wounding the most delicate feelings, and yet ever as full of pranks and tricks, and frolic and fun, as a lamb on a summer's day.

Virginia Bellenger was a pretty blonde, with the fairest face, the rosiest cheek, the brightest curls, the clearest laugh, the lightest step, and the most beautifully rounded form. She possessed fine talents too—was very quick, and really charming in light conversation ; but if there was anything she hated on earth, it was a book. She would *not* study ; Miss Almira could not make her study ; she had tried every punishment in her category without the slightest effect. She had locked poor Jinny up in a dungeon, and called upon wild beasts and evil spirits to devour her there ; but the girl's face *would* come out of the darkness more bright and cheerful than ever. She

once made her spend a whole day in a dim cellar, where, according to Jinny's account, she had feasted like a princess. She told her classmates that while in the cellar she regaled on sugar-plums and brandied peaches, and all kinds of nice things, which were ranged on the shelves in great jars. This, though, the young ladies feigned not to believe, for they never suspected that Miss Almira kept such things. Poor Jinny was put to bed early one morning, for not knowing a knotty Bible lesson. At night, when the preceptress opened the door, expecting to find her naughty pupil in tears of repentance for her misconduct, what was her surprise to find her sitting at a window, in high chat with several old ladies in the street, with whom she had scraped a temporary acquaintance! In short, our young friend Jinny was of so elastic and buoyant a temperament that nothing could bend her, and after many futile attempts, of an extraordinary breakdown nature, Miss Almira gave her out as incorrigible, and let her go her own way. This young creature possessed a very fastidious and refined taste for music, dancing, singing, drawing, and all those light, frivolous, "airy nothings," for which Miss Almira had no respect, being ignorant of them herself. But, horrible to relate! in moral philosophy, astronomy, geometry, algebra, and chemistry, Jinny was a dunce, and actually fell asleep in her classes! In her person she was always neat and tidy, sometimes jaunty, or, as Miss Almira said, "horri-

bly Frenchified." She must have been "Frenchified" in more things than dress, for, according to Monsieur Guizot's report, she said her French lessons beautifully; was an ornament to her class, and a shame to her elders.

"How is Miss Bellenger progressing in her French, Monsieur?" inquired Miss Almira, bending her tall form to enter the door of the French school-room.

"Magnifique! ma'mselle," exclaimed the gentleman, rising and offering Miss Almira a seat with the most winning grace. "Ma'mselle Virgin-ie est une écolière *très belle et très joli*," continued Monsieur, looking at the beautiful girl, and speaking in an unknown tongue to Miss Almira.

"I am truly glad to hear you say so," replied that lady, walking across the room, having judged more from Monsieur's gestures than his words, what he had said. "Make out her report, if you please—I send her circular to her guardian to-day.

"Très bien, Mademoiselle, je suis à votre service," and Monsieur smiled admiringly on the tall preceptress, and gracefully bowed out that stately lady, with her shrewd questions.

At 10 o'clock the French room bell rang. Mademoiselle Bellenger must go to M. Guizot immediately. Accordingly, Jinny, laden with a formidable pile of books, obeyed the summons. Now, gentle reader, here is a

specimen of the young lady's French lessons, which she had the credit of repeating so beautifully. There was a jointed screen, which partitioned off Monsieur and his pupil from the room—Jinny, with her pile of books, enters the enclosure made by the screen.

“How is my pretty pupil to-day?”

“*Very* well,” replied the girl, emphasizing the first word.

“Better since yesterday?”

“Infinitely.”

“Eh, bien, toujours couleur de rose ; Je suis heureux ! Je suis content !” said the teacher, in an under tone, bending over the blushing girl, and taking her small hand—“When shall we meet again?”

“This evening, when Miss Ally goes to the baker's, and the girls are out walking.”

“Where, mon chere?”

“Here,” said the girl.

Monsieur puts Jinny down as perfect in his reports, and rings his bell again. One by one the trembling young ladies repeat their lessons, and none of them ever said that Monsieur was not a hard taskmaster.

This Monsieur Antonie Guizot was a splendid fellow—too young and too handsome for a teacher, Miss Almira said ; but then he was always so polite—had such nice morning compliments for her, and such irresistibly tender “*bon soirs*” for her, frequently brought her a choice

bouquet in the morning when he came, and was always so ready and willing to take charge of herself and scholars to concerts or pic-nics, or indeed everywhere—so Miss Almira wisely concluded that she might seek further, and never find a better, and so Monsieur Guizot remained.

PART II.

THE new session at this “*finishing*” seminary for young ladies had just commenced, and, of course, Miss Almira’s rules were more strict; her tasks longer; her keen eye more vigilant, which has been a custom with schools from time immemorial.

On Monday Miss Almira gave her scholars a few sums of the most puzzling nature to work out, while she superintended some little classes in the next room. The dutiful young ladies, with their heads leaning on their hands, ciphered away with might and main. Our friend Jinny was among these unfortunates; she, too, had a hard sum to do; and with her slate, completely hid by her long curls, she seemed intently obeying commands. At an unexpected moment Miss Almira returned, and quickly approached Virginia.

“Miss Bellenger, your slate, if you please.” No answer from the lips under the waving veil of curls. Miss Almira, somewhat offended, pushed aside the tangled tresses, and to her surprise found the long lashes

laying placidly on the rosy cheek, a few dimples playing around the faultless mouth, plainly showing that Jinny was off on a dreaming excursion, and was enjoying her ramble quite pleasantly. All this our preceptress could have forgiven — Virginia being a favorite — and moreover, it was a long summer's day, and Miss Almira felt drowsy herself, but she could *not* forgive the sum she had left on her slate. No ! no ! no ! What figures were there ? alas ! alas ! There stood Miss Almira, sketched to the life—her wrinkled visage, her skinny arm, her peaked cap, her ogling spectacles, her sharp chin, her screwed up mouth—faithfully portrayed.

There stood Miss Almira, up to her knees in water, and her gentle lover, on whom she loved to dwell even now, in pensive reverie—was represented by the wicked girl, as a creature, half horse, half alligator. Jinny had him down upon his knees in a mud-puddle ; his mouth crammed full of the sharpest looking teeth ; his visage distorted, while he seemed to be cavorting and kicking up dirt like mud, before his adorable Dulcinea. After viewing this rough sketch to her satisfaction, Miss Almira rudely shook the unconscious sleeper, who soon awoke to all the horrors of her condition. The preceptress, when offended, was a lady of few words and decided actions. She took the rosy culprit in hand — placed a tall dunce's cap upon her head, and lifted her upon a high stool in the centre of the room. Again Monsieur Gui-

zot's bell rung, and summoned Miss Bellenger; she did not obey orders as promptly as usual; what was the matter? he naturally thrust his head in Miss Almira's room to see. There he saw his "*écolière très joli*" perched upon a high stool—her long hair pushed under a towering fool's cap, and her sweet face bedewed with tears. Jinny stood sobbing and wiping her eyes with her apron.

"Bah! what do I see?" exclaimed the Frenchman.

"You see, sir," responded Miss Almira, "a young lady, lost to all sense of the respect due to her superiors. A young lady, sir, who is the pest of my school; who will neither study herself nor permit those around her to study in peace, and who is now receiving her just punishment."

"*Une bête*," said Monsieur, striking his forehead—then recollecting himself, he said, "Eh bien Ma'mselle Johnson, vous êtes right—mais mon pauvre enfant—must say de Française; I cannot go before she say dat; I mark her one *long* lesson—très bien—she must say *dat*; she behave outré, mais; she must say de Française, Ma'mselle."

"Go! Miss Bellenger—go to Monsieur—and then return here."

Poor Jinny with much difficulty endeavored to dismount from her elevated stool; in a moment Monsieur had gracefully helped her down—Miss Almira frowned—

but Monsieur looked very ferocious and severe upon his pupil, and Miss Almira secretly hoped that she would not know her lesson, and that *he* would also punish her. Monsieur Guizot angrily strode to the screen, followed by Jinny, and the tall fool's cap.

Here he repeated some odd sounding French to her, wiped away her tears—bid her cheer up—pressed her hand—in which he left a billet—gave her "*perfect*" again, and withdrew to his lodgings, leaving poor Jinny somewhat reconciled to her high standing in the school-room.

Composition day! Oh, this was a terrible day to the young ladies. It was the custom on Fridays to assemble all the teachers and scholars in Miss Johnson's room, where that lady presided at a tall desk, and read out the compositions of her pupils. All business was suspended when the important hour arrived for the "readings," and many trembling forms awaited the criticism of the assembled talent on their writing.

Miss Almira sat in stately grandeur before her awful desk—a huge pile of papers of all sizes and shapes lay before her, and many anxious faces looked up to her. She first read for their edification the composition of a very little girl, named Mary Baker, which was her first attempt.

Miss Almira had told her to write about a dog, thinking it a very familiar subject for a new beginner.

Little Mary had strictly obeyed her, and written out a glowing account of a dog, running thus :

“ THE DOG.

“ A dog is an animal that has got 2 ears 2 eyes 1 nose and 1 mouth and 4 legs and h^{is} tail hangs down behind.—MARY JANE BAKER.”

The girls tittered, but the teacher rebuked them with a frown.

“ Very well for a new beginner, little Mary ; write about a pussy-cat next time, my dear,” said Miss Almira, encouragingly.

She might have informed little Mary that her piece already written, would apply to almost any quadruped with which she chose to head it ; but she did not. Little Mary modestly walked up to the desk, and took the little bit of paper on which her first essay was written. Miss Almira bade her take good care of it, and show it to papa and mamma when they came, which delighted little Mary Baker very much. The next composition was written by a larger girl, whom Miss Almira was in the habit of punishing, even more severely than she did poor Jinny, and was headed “ *A Troublesome Animal*,” and went on to say, at some length, that there was an animal, she would not say *where*, who was very mean

and aggravating to somebody, she would not say *who*; and if this animal could be caught and choked, and packed up and sent to never, it would be the greatest blessing to suffering humanity.

Now this plainly described Miss Almira; but that lady feigned not to see herself as others saw her, and quietly took up another paper, written in a strange, zig-zag hand, very difficult to read. Miss Almira wiped her spectacles, and spelled the words over several times; at last she arrived at the conclusion that the strange title was

“A RECEIPT FOR A BURN.

“Take some molasses and pour it into something and set it on some coals and put some lard in it and let it stew and then take it off and put some mutton suet in it and some oil and put it on some cotton and tie it on.”

“Well,” exclaimed Miss Almira, “this is something quite refreshing. Who wrote this?”

“Jane Yate,” was the reply.

“Well, Jane Yate, where *did* you get this valuable recipe?”

“Miss Ally, please ma’am, I didn’t know what to write—so I told mother I didn’t know what to write, and so mother she told me.”

“Very well, Miss; this is not your composition, then,

it is your mother's. You must write for yourself next time."

"Come, Jinny, where is yours? I do not see it here?"

"Here it is," said Jinny, blushing, and handing up a piece of paper.

Miss Almira opened it and read :—

"THE ORPHAN GIRL.

"The world is bright to the orphan girl
Who has no friend, no home,
And the good sun shines on the orphan's path
Wherever she may roam.

"But the good sun shines on all alike,
The world is bright to all ;
Shall a father's words and a mother's tear,
On the orphan *never* fall !"

This simple little piece of poetry, so like poor Jinny, moved some of her friends to tears. Even Miss Almira felt rebuked for her severity to one so gentle, so rudely cast out upon the unfeeling world.

"You can do very well when you choose, Virginia," said the lady, "and it is a pity for one who *can* write so well when she will, to be wasting her time in making horrible figures on slates, and wearing a dunce's cap."

"I am very sorry for behaving so, dear aunt Ally," said Virginia, sweetly.

"Well, we are good friends, then, once more, my dear. Now, do not forget this, and go at your tricks again Monday morning."

After the "reading" was over the girls were at liberty. Mr. Guizot had neglected to mark Virginia's lesson, he said, and kept her a long time behind the screen.

Now it came to pass that Miss Almira Johnson began to open her eyes, and began to be wide awake. A stray letter from Monsieur to his pupil accidentally fell into her hands, from which she gathered that Monsieur Guizot was no Monsieur Guizot after all. She learned that Monsieur was Miss Bellenger's cousin, Fred. Hadly, who had followed her all the way from New Orleans. She learned, moreover, that Jinny's guardian had refused to let Fred. marry her, and that the ardent lover had determined, in spite of guardians, or argus-eyed assistants, to carry off his beautiful prize; and before Miss Johnson could turn about and put her veto upon the whole proceeding, the happy couple had left their adieus for her, and were off to Washington.

Of course Miss Almira put off in great haste for the capital. Having arrived at Gadsby's, she was met by the smiling Jinny, who demurely expressed her regret that dear Aunt Ally did not come in time to see her married.

Miss Bellenger's immense estate, which was destined

by her guardian for his only son, is now in Fred. Hadly's hands, and he is the happiest of men, while little Jinny is the sweetest, the merriest, the drollest of wives.

And thus ends the great lesson which Miss Almira Johnson taught her pupil at her celebrated "*Finishing Seminary for Young Ladies.*"

THE FIRST MORNING OF SPRING.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

BREAK from your chains, ye lingering streams ;
Rise, blossoms, from your wintry dreams ;
Drear fields, your robes of verdure take ;
Birds, from your trance of silence wake ;
Glad trees, resume your leafy crown ;
Shrubs, o'er the mirror-brooks bend down ;
Bland zephyrs, wheresoe'er ye stray,
The Spring doth call you,—come away.
Thou too, my soul, with quicken'd force
Pursue thy brief, thy measur'd course ;
With grateful zeal each power employ ;
Catch vigor from Creation's joy ;
And deeply on thy shortening span
Stamp *love to God and love to man.*

But Spring, with tardy step, appears,
Chill is her eye, and moist with tears ;
Still are the founts in fetters bound,—
The flower-germs shrink within the ground.

Where are the warblers of the sky ?
I ask—and angry blasts reply.
It is not thus in heavenly bowers :—
Nor ice-bound rill, nor drooping flowers,
Nor silent harp, nor folded wing,
Invade that everlasting Spring
Toward which we look with wishful tear,
While pilgrims in this wintry sphere.

THE JURYMAN.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

PETER BARKER belonged to that numerous class who are neither better nor worse than other men. Left an orphan in his infancy, the paths of life were rough and lonely at the outset. He had a violent temper and a good heart. The first was often roused into activity, and punished with energy kindred to its own ; the last remained almost undeveloped, for want of genial circumstances and reciprocated affection. One softening gleam fell upon his early path, and he loved it like the sunshine, without comprehending the great law of attraction that made it so very pleasant. When he attended school in the winter months, he always walked home with a little girl named Mary Williams. On the play-ground he was with her, always ready to do battle with anybody who disobliged her. Their comrades laughed, and called him Mary's beau ; and they blushed and felt awkward, though they had no idea what courting meant. Things had arrived at this state of half-revealed consciousness, he being fourteen years old and Mary twelve, when her friends removed to the West, and the warm, bright influence passed out of

his life. He never rightly knew whether he was in love with Mary, but years afterward, when people talked to him about marrying, he thought of her, wondering where she was, and whether she remembered him. When he drove his cows home from pasture, the blackberry bushes on the way brought up visions of his favorite school-mate, with her clean cape-bonnet thrown back, her glossy brown hair playing with the winds, and her innocent face smiling upon him with friendly greeting. "She was the best and prettiest child I ever saw," he often said to himself; "I wonder whether she would be as pleasant now." Sometimes he thought of going to the West and seeking her out. But he knew not where to find her; his funds were small, and his courage fell at the thought, "Oh, it is many years ago since we were children together. Perhaps I should find her married." Gradually this one ray of poetry faded out of his soul, and all his thoughts fell into the common, prosaic mould. His lot was cast with rough people, who required much work, and gave little sympathy. The image of his little mate floated farther and farther away, and more and more seldom her clear blue eyes smiled upon him through the rainbow-mists of the past, or from the air-castles of the future. In process of time he married, after the same fashion that a large proportion of men do; because it was convenient to have a wife, and there was a woman of good character in the neighborhood, willing to marry whoever first offered

her a respectable home. Her character bore the stamp of harmless mediocrity. She was industrious and patient, but ignorant, dull, and quietly obstinate. The neighbors said she was well suited to him, he was so rough and passionate; and in the main he thought so himself; though her imperturbable calmness sometimes fretted him, as the rock chafes the lashing ocean into foam. The child that was born to them they both loved better than they had ever loved; and according to their light, they sincerely strove to do their duty. His bodily wants were well supplied, often at the cost of great weariness and self-sacrifice; but their own rude training had given them few good ideas concerning the culture of an immortal soul. The infant did more for them than they for him. Angelic influences, unseen and unheard amid the hard struggles of their outward life, became visible and audible through the unconscious innocence of their little one. For the second time in his life a vision of beauty and love gleamed across the rugged path of the honest, laborious man. Vague impressions of beauty he had constantly received from the great panorama of the universe. His heart sometimes welcomed a bright flower in the sunshine, or a cluster of lilies on the stream; he marveled at the splendor of the rainbow, and sometimes gazed reverently at the sun sinking to rest in his rich drapery of purple and gold. But these were glimpses of the Infinite; their beauty did not seem to appertain to

him ; it did not enter like a magic charm into the sphere of his own existence, as did the vision of Mary Williams and his own little Joe. The dormant tenderness there was in him leaped up at the smile of his babe, and every pressure of the little fingers made a dimple in the father's heart. Like the outbursts of spring, after a long, cold winter, was this revelation of infancy to him. When he plodded home, after a hard day's work, it rested him body and soul to have the little one spring into his arms for a kiss, or come toddling along, tilting his little porringer of milk, in eagerness to eat his supper on father's knee.

But though this new influence seemed to have an almost miraculous power over his nature, it could not quite subdue the power of temperament and habit. As the darling babe grew into boyhood, he was sometimes cherished with injudicious fondness, and sometimes repelled by bursts of passion, that made him run and hide himself from the over-indulgent father. Mr. Barker had himself been educated under the dispensation of punishment, rather than attraction, and he believed in it most firmly. If his son committed a fault, he thought of no other cure than severity. If a neighbor did him an ill turn, he would observe, in presence of the boy, "I will watch my chance to pay him for it." If the dog stole their dinner when they were at work in the woods, he would say, "Run after him, Joe, and give the rascal a sound beat-

ing." When he saw the child fighting with some larger lad, who had offended him, he would praise his strength and courage, and tell him never to put up with an insult. He was not aware that all these things were education, and doing far more to form his son's character than anything he learned at school. He did not know it, because his thoughts had never been directed toward it. The only moral instruction he received was from the minister of the parish ; and he usually preached about the hard-heartedness of Jews two thousand years ago, rather than the errors and temptations of men and boys, who sat before him.

Once he received an admonition from his neighbor Goodwin, which, being novel and unexpected, offended him as an impertinent interference with his rights. He was riding home with Joe, then a lad of thirteen when the horse took fright at a piece of white paper, that the wind blew across the road. Mr. Barker was previously in an ill humor, because a sudden squall of rain had wet some fine hay, all ready for the barn. Pursuing the system on which he had himself been educated, he sprang to the ground and cudgelled the poor beast unmercifully. Mr. Goodwin, who was passing by, inquired the cause of so much severity, and remonstrated against it ; assuring him that a horse was never cured of bad habits by violence. He spoke mildly, but Mr. Barker was irritated, and having told him to mind his own business, he con-

tinued to whip the poor, frightened animal. The humane neighbor turned away, saying, "That is a bad lesson for your son, Mr. Barker."

"If you say much more, I will flog you, instead of the horse," muttered the angry man. "It is n't *his* horse. What business is it to *him*?"

He did not reflect in what a narrow circuit he was nailing up the sympathies of his child, by such words as those. But when he was re-seated in the wagon, he did not feel altogether pleased with himself, and his inward uneasiness was expended on the horse. The poor bewildered animal, covered with foam, and breathing short and hard, tried his utmost to do his master's will, as far as he could understand it. But, nervous and terrified, constantly in expectation of the whip, he started at every sound. If he went too fast, he was reined in with a sudden jerk, that tore the corners of his mouth; if he went too slow, the cruel crack of the whip made him tear over the ground, to be again restrained by the violent jerk.

The sun was setting, and threw a radiant glow on every tree and little shrub, jeweled by the recent shower. Cows grazed peacefully in verdant hollows, birds sang, a little brook rippled cosily by the wayside, winds played gently with the flowers, and kissed the rain-drops from their faces. But all this loveliness passed unheeded by human hearts, because they had at the moment no inward

beauty to harmonize with nature. Perhaps the familiar landscape seemed quite otherwise to the poor horse, than it would have done, had he travelled along those pleasant paths guided by a wise and gentle hand.

Had Joseph continued to be little Joe, his eager welcome and loving prattle might soon have tamed the evil spirit in his father's soul that night. But he was a tall lad, who had learned to double up his fists, and tell other boys they had better let him alone, if they knew what was good for themselves. He still loved his father better than anything else in the world, but the charm and the power of infancy was gone. He reflected back the vexed spirit like a too faithful mirror. He was no longer a transparent, unconscious medium for the influence of angels.

Indeed, paternal affection gradually became a hardening, rather than a softening influence. Ambition for his son increased the love of accumulation; and the gratification of this propensity narrowed his sympathies more and more. Joseph had within him the unexpanded germs of some noble qualities; but he inherited his father's passionate temperament, with his mother's obstinacy; and the education of such circumstances as I have described, turned his energies and feelings into wrong channels. The remark, "It isn't *his* horse; what business is it to *him*?" heard in his boyhood, expressed the views and habits of his later years. But his mental growth,

such as it was, pleased his father, who often said exultingly, "There is no danger of Joe. He knows how to fight his own way through the world."

Such was their mutual product of character, when Mr. Barker was summoned to a jury, in a case involving life or death. He was vexed to be called away from his employments, and had never reflected at all upon the fearful responsibility of a juryman. James Lloyd, the prisoner, was a very young man, and his open, honest countenance gave no indication of capacity for crime; but he was accused of murder, and circumstantial evidence was strong against him. It was proved that a previous quarrel had existed between him and the murdered man, and that they had been seen to take the same road, the prisoner in a state of intoxication, the night the violent deed was committed. Most people thought there was no doubt of his guilt; others deemed the case by no means certain. Two of the jury were reluctant to convict him, and *wished* to find the evidence insufficient; the penalty was so dreadful, and their feelings were so much touched by the settled misery of his youthful countenance. Others talked sternly of justice, and urged that the Scripture demanded blood for blood. Of this number was Peter Barker. From the beginning, he was against the prisoner. The lawyer who pleaded for him had once been employed in a law-suit against Mr. Barker, and had gained the cause for his client. The juryman cherished a grudge against

him for his sarcastic eloquence on that occasion. Moreover, it so happened that neighbor Goodwin, who years ago had reproved his severity to the horse, took compassionate interest in the accused. He often consulted with his lawyer, and seemed to watch the countenances of the jury anxiously. It was a busy season of the year, and the jury were impatient to be at their workshops and farms. Mr. Barker would not have admitted it, even to himself, but all these circumstances helped to increase his hardness against the prisoner. By such inconceivably slight motives is the conduct of men often swayed on most important occasions.

“If the poor young fellow really did commit the act,” said one of the jury, “it seems likely that he did it in a state of intoxication. I was once drunk myself; and they told me afterward that I had quarreled with a man, and knocked him down a high flight of steps; but I had no recollection of it. If I had killed him, and they had hung me for it, what an awful thing it would have been for my poor father and mother! It taught me a good lesson, for I was never again intoxicated. Perhaps this poor youth might profit by his dreadful experience, if a chance were allowed him. He is so young; and there is nothing bad in his countenance.”

“As for his womanly face,” replied Mr. Barker, “there is no trusting to that. The worst villains are not always the worst-looking. As for his being intoxicated,

there is no telling whether it is true or not. That cunning lawyer may have made up the story for the sake of exciting compassion, and the witnesses may be more than willing enough to believe everything strange in the prisoner's conduct was the result of intoxication. Moreover, it won't do to admit that plea in extenuation; for then, don't you see, a man who wants to kill his enemy has only to get drunk in the first place? If anybody killed my Joe, drunk or not drunk, I should want him to swing for it."

By such remarks, urged in his vehement way, he swayed minds more timid and lenient than his own, without being fully aware of what he was doing. He was foreman of the jury; and when the awful moment arrived on which depended the life of a fellow-being, he pronounced the word "Guilty," in a strong, firm voice. The next instant his eye fell on the prisoner, standing there so pale, and still looking at him with such fixed despair. There was something in the face that moved him strongly. He turned quickly away, but the vision was before him, always and everywhere before him. "This is weakness," he said to himself. "I have merely done my duty. The law required it. I have done my duty." But still the pale young face looked at him; always and everywhere it looked at him.

He feared to touch a newspaper, for he wished not to know when the day of execution would arrive. But

officious neighbors, ignorant of his state of mind, were eager to talk upon the subject; and when drawn into such discourse, he strove to fortify his own feelings by dwelling on all the worst circumstances of the case. Notwithstanding all his efforts, the night preceding the execution he had troubled dreams, in which that ghastly young face was always conspicuous. When he awoke, he saw it in the air. It walked beside him as he ploughed the fields, it stood before him on the threshold of his own door. All that the merciful juryman had suggested came before him with painful distinctness. Could there be a doubt that the condemned had really committed murder? Was he intoxicated? Might he have happened to be intoxicated for the first time in his life? And he so young! But he drove these thoughts away; saying ever to himself, "The law required it. I merely did my duty." Still everything looked gloomy to him. The evening clouds seemed like funeral palls, and a pale, despairing face gazed at him for ever.

For the first time in his manhood, he craved a companion in the darkness. Neighbors came in, and described the execution; and while they talked, the agitated juryman beat the firebrands into a thousand pieces, and spoke never a word. They told how the youth had written a long letter to his mother, and had died calm and resigned. "By the way, perhaps you knew his mother, Mr. Barker," said one; "they tell me she used to live in this

neighborhood. Do you remember a girl by the name of Mary Williams?"

The tongs dropped from Mr. Barker's hand, as he gasped out, "Mary Williams! Was he *her* son? God forgive me! Was he *her* son?" And the strong man laid his head upon the table and wept.

There was silence in the room. At last the loquacious neighbor said, in a subdued tone, "I am sorry I hurt your feelings. I didn't know she was a friend of yours."

The troubled juryman rose hastily, walked to the window, looked out at the stars, and, clearing his choked voice, said, "It is many years since I knew her. But she was a good-tempered, pretty girl; and it seems but yesterday that we used to go together to pick our baskets full of berries. And so she was *his* mother? I remember now there was something in his eye that seemed familiar to me."

Perhaps the mention of Mary's beauty, or the melting mood, so unusual with her husband, might have excited a vague feeling of jealousy in Mrs. Barker. Whatever might have been the motive, she said, in her demure way, without raising her eyes from her knitting, "Well, it was natural enough to suppose the young man *had* a mother; and other mothers are likely to have hearts that can feel, as well as this Mary Williams."

He only answered by shaking his head slowly, and repeating, as if to himself, "Poor Mary! and so he was *her* son."

Joseph came in, and the details of the dreadful scene were repeated and dwelt upon, as human beings are prone to dwell on all that excites strong emotion. To him the name of Mary Williams conjured up no smiling visions of juvenile love ; and he strove to fortify his father's relenting feelings, by placing in a strong light all the arguments in favor of the prisoner's guilt. The juryman was thus glad to be fortified, and replied in a firm, reassured voice, " At all events, I did my duty." Yet, for months after, the pale young face looked at him despairingly from the evening air, and came between him and the sunshine. But time, which softens all things, drifted the dreary spectre into dim distance ; and Mr. Barker's faculties were again completely absorbed in making money for his son.

Joseph was called a fine, promising young man ; but his conduct was not altogether satisfactory to his parents. He was fond of dress and company, and his impetuous temperament not unfrequently involved him in quarrels. On two or three of these occasions, they feared he had been a little excited by drink. But he was, in reality, a good-hearted fellow, and like his rough father had undeveloped germs of deep tenderness within him. His father's life was bound up within his ; his mother loved him with all the energy of which her sluggish nature was capable ; and notwithstanding the inequalities of his violent and capricious temper, the neighbors loved him also.

What, then, was their consternation, when it was rumored that on his twenty-fourth birth-day he had been arrested for murder! And, alas! it was too true that his passions had thus far overmastered his reason. He wished to please a young girl in the vicinity, and she treated him coolly, because a rival had informed her that he was seen intoxicated, and in that state spoke overboldly of being sure of her love. He drank again, to drown his vexation, and while the excitement of the draught was on him he met the man who informed against him. Unfortunately an axe was at hand, and, in the double fury of drink and rage, he struck with it again and again. One hour after, he would have given all he ever hoped to possess, nay, would gladly have died, could he have restored the life he had so wantonly destroyed.

Thus, Mr. Barker was again brought into a court of justice, on an affair of life and death. How differently all questions connected with the subject presented themselves now! As he sat beside that darling son, the pride of his life, his only hope on earth, oh, how he longed for words of fire, to plead that his young existence might be spared for repentance and amendment! How well he remembered the juryman's plea for youth and intoxication! and with what an agony of self-reproach he recalled his own hard answer! With intense anxiety he watched the countenances of the jury for some gleams of

compassion. But ever and anon, a pale young face loomed up between him and them, and gazed at him with fixed despair. The vision of other years returned to haunt him ; and Joseph, his best-beloved, his only one, stood beside it, pale and hand-cuffed, as he had been. The voice that pronounced his son guilty sounded like an awful echo of his own ; and he seemed to hear Mary Williams whisper, "And *my* son also was very young."

That vigorous off-shoot from his own existence, so full of life and feeling, and, alas, of passion, which misguides us all—he must die ! No earthly power can save him. May the ALL MERCIFUL sustain that poor father, as he watches the heavy slumber of his only son in that dark prison ; and while he clasps the cold hand, remembers so well the dimpled fingers he used to hold in his, when little Joe sat upon his knee and prattled childish love.

And the ALL MERCIFUL *was* with him, and sent influences to sustain him through that terrible agony. It did not break his heart ; it melted and subdued him. The congealed sympathies of his nature flowed under this ordeal of fire ; and for the first time, he had a realizing sense that every human being is, or has been, somebody's little Joe.

"How kind you are to me," said the prisoner, in answer to his soothing words and affectionate attentions.

He replied meekly, "Would I had always been so!" Then turning his face away, and earnestly pressing Jo-

seph's hand, he said, in an agitated voice, "Tell me truly, my son, does it ever occur to you, that I may have been to blame for this great misfortune that has befallen you?"

"*You*, dear father!" he exclaimed. "I do not understand what you mean."

Still keeping his face turned away, and speaking with effort, Mr. Barker said, "Do you remember once, when I was beating my horse cruelly (you were a boy of twelve then), neighbor Goodwin remarked to me, that I was giving a bad lesson to my son? I was angry with him at the time; and perhaps that resentment helped to make me hard toward a poor young fellow who is dead and gone; but his words keep ringing in my ears now. May God, in his mercy, forgive me, if I have ever done or said anything to lead you into this great sin. Tell me, Joseph, do you ever think it might have happened otherwise, if you had had a less violent father?"

"My poor father!" exclaimed the prisoner, pressing his hand convulsively, "it almost breaks my heart to hear you thus humble yourself before me, who so little deserve it at your hands. Only forgive me *my* violent outbreaks, dear father! for in the midst of them all, I always loved you. You have always sought to do me good, and would rather have died than have led me into any harm. But since I have been here in prison, I have thought of many things that never occurred to me before.

The world and all things in it are placed before me in a different light. It seems to me, men are all wrong in their habits and teachings. I see now that retaliation and hatred are murder. I have read often, of late, the exhortation of Jesus to forgive our brother his offences, not only seven times, but seventy times seven; and I feel that thus it ought to be with human beings in all their relations with each other. What I have done cannot be undone; but if it will be any satisfaction to you, rest assured that I did not intend to kill him. I was wretched, and I was fool enough to drink, and then I knew not what I did. Violent as my temper has been, I never conceived the thought of taking his life."

"I know it, my son, I know it," he said; "and that reflection consoles me in some degree. While I have a loaf of bread I will share it with the mother and sister of him you" ——— he hesitated, shuddered, and added in a low, deep tone—"you murdered."

"I was going to ask that of you," replied the prisoner; "and one thing more, dear father; try to bear up bravely under this terrible blow, for the sake of my poor, patient mother."

"I will, I will," he answered; "and now, my dear misguided boy, say you forgive your poor father for the teachings of his violent words and actions. I did not foresee the consequences, my child. I did it in my ignorance. But it was wrong, wrong, all wrong."

The young man threw himself on his father's bosom, and they had no other utterance but tears.

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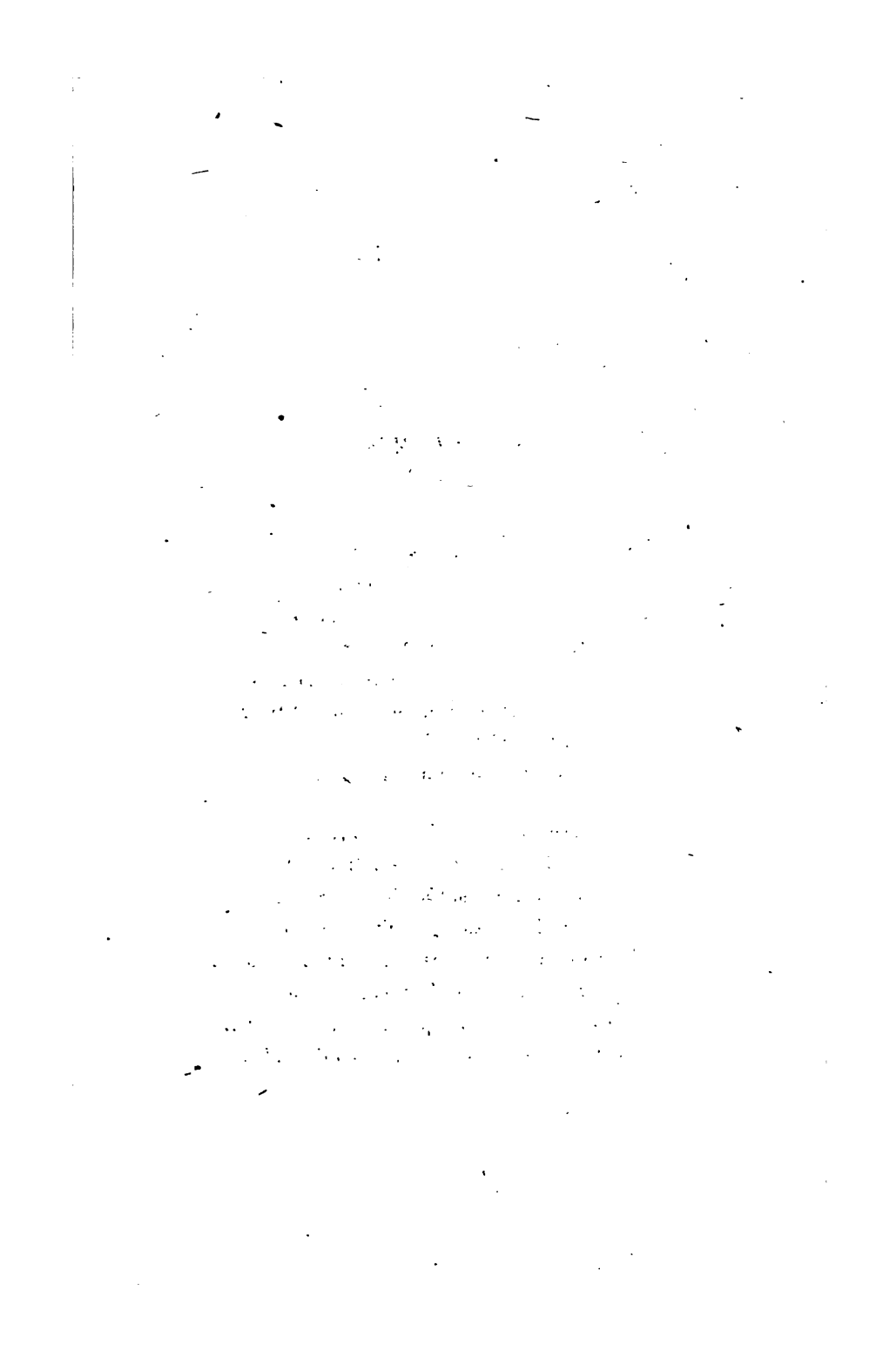
After his only strong link to life was broken by the violent arm of the law, Mr. Barker was a changed man ; silent, and melancholy, patient, gentle, and forgiving to all. He never complained of the great sorrow that wasted away his life ; but the neighbors saw how thin and sad he looked, and the roughest natures felt compassion for him.

Every year, she who had been Mary Williams received a hundred dollar note. He never whispered to any mortal that it was sent by the juryman who helped to condemn her son to death ; but when he died, a legacy of a thousand dollars to her showed that he never forgot the pale, despairing face, that for years had haunted his dreams.





The welcome and farewell



THE WELCOME AND FAREWELL. .

BY GEO. P. MORRIS.

To meet and part, as we have met and parted,
One moment cherished and the next forgot,
To wear a smile when almost broken-hearted,
I know full well is hapless woman's lot;
Yet let me, to thy tenderness appealing,
Avert this brief but melancholy doom—
Content that close beside the thorn of feeling,
Grows memory, like a rose, in guarded bloom.

Love's history, dearest, is a sad one ever,
Yet often with a smile I've heard it told!
Oh, there are records of the heart which never
Are to the scrutinizing gaze unrolled!
Mine eye to thine may scarce again aspire;
Still in thy memory, dearest, let me dwell;
And hush, with this hope, the magnetic wire
Wild with our mingled welcome and farewell.

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

BY MISS CATHARINE M. SEDGWICK.

I WAS on a visit, not long since, to a friend of mine who, still in the unimpaired maturity of life, is surrounded by grown and growing children. Her summer residence is in the neighborhood of a thickly populated village, and being a "most gracious ladye," she is sometimes rather over-visited by her social neighbors. We had one of those occurrences, which in June give such an out-door freshness and fragrance and always an indoor sweet security—a rainy day. Days of rural dissipation, of rides, drives, walks and pic-nics, had preceded it, and an immense batch of sewing had accumulated in my friend's work-basket. She called us all about her and gave to each one an appropriate task. I took a pile of stockings, whose "windowed raggedness" was to me a storied record of our scrambles through the rocky beds of brooks and up the tangled mountain sides. On Clara devolved the task of "hook and eyeing," as she called it, and little Lilly was to replace the missing strings.

"You are good for nothing at the needle, Anne," said her mother.

"Least in mamma's kingdom of heaven," interposed Anne Reyburn, with an arch smile.

The mother returned a smile, as she said, "You don't deserve for that the pleasure I had allotted to you ; but it does not signify ; people seldom get their deserts in this world ; so, Miss Anne, you may read to us while we work. There is Boswell's Johnson on the table—a delightful book for social reading. Open it where you may, you cannot fail to fall on something agreeable."

We were soon arranged for our morning's business, and a lovelier household group than the mother and her girls I have seldom seen. That compendious and trite description of matrons, "fair, fat and forty," might be applied to my friend, but in her case the fortunate physical circumstances were symbols of moral wealth and beauty. That "fair and fat" indicated health produced by a wise simplicity of living, by the most beneficent disposition and the sweetest serenity of temper ; and the "forty" was forty years of sunshine with only just so much of clouds as is necessary to keep frail human virtue alive and vigorous. Mrs. Reyburn sat, generously filling her commodious sewing-chair, with her huge work-basket on the table before her ; Anne gracefully lounged on the sofa with her book ; and the younger girls, their faces "bright with thoughtless smiles," sat on their low chairs with their pretty work-boxes and sewing implements beside them. The door opened into the gar-

den, fresh and flowery in its young June beauty ; the rain pattered musically on the door step, and the sweet-briar, honeysuckle and mignonette sent in to us their exquisite odors. When the sky brightened for a moment the robins swelled their throats ; but the clouds dropping down the distant mountain's side insured the continuance of the morning's rain, and we began our business with that placid contentment which comes of having no thought, project, temptation or desire beyond the present moment.

Anne Reyburn was just nineteen. Hardly any one saw her for the first time without exclaiming " how like her mother ! " and to a slight observation there was little difference but that of age—in the daughter, the fervid and startling charm of the morning—in the mother, the more subdued beauty of the advancing day ; but on a study, Anne revealed feelings of greater depth than her mother's and a more impulsive gush, liable too to find their way in more uncertain and more devious channels—a character better fitted to modify circumstances than to be modified by them.

My friend influenced the formation of her children's characters rather by the atmosphere of affection and kindness with which she surrounded herself, than by any direct bearing of authority upon them. This is an admirable and sufficient agent with gentle and pliable materials. Anne has one of those strong characters that

must do for itself the hardest work of education: the training of feeling, the subduing of passion, the maturing of reason, must for itself fight the battle of life.

I am tempted to draw Anne's character, which is curious enough in these days of task-work education and regular training, (dwarfing she calls it,) but her portrait in all its unframed luxuriance would fill more than the space we have now assigned to other matter, so we leave her to be guessed at by a few glimpses of her heart through her words.

She began to read to us, but she read rather dreamingly. Her poetic eyes often wandered to the mist floating over the mountains, and finally, coming upon Dr. Johnson's saying that he believed marriages would be full as happy as they are if matches were made by the lord chancellor, she threw down the volume, saying, "What a detestable old goose he is! What did he know about happy marriages?"

"Doctor Johnson an old goose!" said one of the little younger girls: "Well, Anne, I wonder what discovery you will make next!"

"I dare say, Clara, you would like a husband of the chancellor's choosing, and would take him with a 'thank you, sir!' and 'if you like him, sir, I am sure I shall.' Now heaven save me even from our dear chancellor, M——s, choosing a husband for me!"

"And yet, Anne," said her mother, "I am not sure

that you would not in the end be happier with a husband of any wise man's selection than with one of your own choosing."

"I don't care about the 'end,' mamma; I wish to be happy in the beginning."

A light laugh, which Anne felt to be against her, ran round the circle. She waited till it was past, and then said, very earnestly, "You may all laugh, but is there one of you, from Miss —— down to Lilly, that would not think it a disgrace to marry any man but him of your own heart's election?"

"Certainly not, Anne," replied her mother, "but you, my dear child, I presume would have that election decided by love alone."

"Assuredly, for that alone influences the heart. Reason and judgment, which weigh heavily in the lord chancellor's balance, are not of a feather's weight in the heart's scale."

"But utterly worthless as reason and judgment are in themselves, Anne," said Mrs. Reyburn, with a grave smile, "may they not be allowed to sanction or influence, or even to decide an insufficient love?"

"No, no—oh no, mamma! An insufficient love is no love at all; is good for nothing. The man that I marry I must love with a love that doubts nothing, fears nothing, hopes all things and believes all things. The whole world's favor would not advance him one jot in my affection, nor its disfavor throw one shadow over him."

“The ‘whole world!’ That is talking in very general terms; but suppose a case. If you had a lover whom you liked extremely, but did not love, according to your extravagant notions of love”——

“Extravagant, mamma!”

“Do not interrupt me, Anne. Suppose that your father and I approved him; would choose him from all the world for you; that your brothers were his warm friends; that the children loved him”——

“You need not suppose anything more, mamma. It would not all have the slightest influence on me—it could not. Love comes and goes whither it will. If reasons were as thick as blackberries they could not create love; and marriage is disgraceful without love—that

‘Most sacred fire, that burneth mightily
In living breasts.’”

“I grant you, Anne; but remember that same poetic oracle whom you have quoted, also says——

‘Wonder it is to see in diverse minds,
How diversely love doth his pageants play,
And shows his power in variable kinds.’

“Now I believe that an affection far short of—or rather far different from what you would call love, may make the basis of the happiest marriage. Do not you?” said

my friend, appealing to me, and trusting that as her contemporary I had arrived at her more sober point of view.

I confess my sympathies were with the daughter ; but I compromised between the opposing parties so far as to say, that I deemed love without reason perilous, reason without love inadmissible ; and the only sure basis, love sanctioned by reason.

Mrs. Reyburn admitted that in theory I was right, but she contended that there were many modifications and aspects of love ; that characters were so various, and that life was so different in reality from what youth pictured it ; that she had seen so many different loves that ‘ hoped all things and believed all things ’ wrecked in the first year of marriage ; that, for her part, she would rather her girls would trust to a more rational and calmer sentiment than that which made the inspiration of poetry and the basis of romance.

“ I will tell you a true story, girls,” she said ; “ a ‘ love-story,’ I call it. Perhaps it will rectify some of your opinions. My heroine was a friend of Miss ——’s as well as of mine. She knew as well as I, the parties and circumstances, and will vouch for their truth, though indeed there is nothing in them so incredible as to require a voucher.

“ A Mr. Ewing, the friend of our parents, died immediately after some reverses in his business, and left his wife with a large young family and an impaired fortune.

Mrs. Ewing took a small house, and let her two best rooms to a single gentleman who boarded with her and paid her liberally—Mr. John Sheafe. He was a singular man this Mr. John Sheafe, but his singularities were graceful and pleasing. He was about thirty when he first took possession of his rooms. Dear Mrs. Ewing! she used to say he gave her no more trouble than a kitten, and yet he had his particularities. Though his rooms were furnished with every convenience and elegance, he did not scruple to let in all the little Ewings—a perfect menagerie of wild young things they were—and they might wrap themselves in the bed-clothes, pull down the curtains, pile up the chairs, rattle down the shovel and tongs, any thing but touch his pictures and books, and the little sinners, like their unhappy progenitors, were very apt to seize on the forbidden things, and then they were driven forth from their paradise and the doors shut upon them. Sheafe would try his best to look like a thunder-storm, but the sun always shone through the clouds, and the little wretches were weather-wise enough to know that no storm could gather there, and though Sheafe had told them they never should enter his room again, and Mrs. Ewing with her sternest face, (poor Mrs. Ewing! it was as difficult for her as for her lodger to counterfeit wrath,) assured them Mr. Sheafe was very angry ‘indeed,’ before twenty fours passed away they had one by one stolen in, and were as lawless and up-

roarious and as welcome as ever. Sheafe had one peculiarity that puzzled Mrs. Ewing to the day of her death. Though of a spirit so social, that in every relation in life he felt and made felt what has been happily called fellow-being-ism, he had an aversion to being included in social arrangements. He prized above every thing else his individual independence, and when Mrs. Ewing would say 'Mr. Sheafe, our friends so and so, are going to have a pic-nic on Staten Island,' or 'are going to Long Island,' or wherever the party of pleasure might be, 'and I have promised you will join us'—or 'we are going to have such a pleasant little party this evening, all your friends—do come home,' he invariably replied 'no—don't count on me—it is not probable I can be there'—or 'be here,' and finally perhaps at the very moment they began to recover from their disappointment of his not being with them, he appeared among them, the very soul of all their pleasures."

"Mamma," interrupted Clara Reyburn, "you said you were going to tell a love story!"

"So I am, my dear, and I am just introducing you to one of the parties."

"That Mr. Sheafe, mamma? Why you said he was *thirty* years old!"

"Yes, Clara, and he was thirty-five, before I come to the love part of my story."

"Oh horrid, mamma!"

Mrs. Reyburn proceeded :

“ Mr. Sheafe was not rich, but he had an easy fortune and few wants, and he continued to let it fall, like the quiet and plentiful dews of heaven, on the right and on the left. There was no burden in his favors. For five years he managed to make Mrs. Ewing live in a house rent free, of which he said he had taken a lease for a bad debt, that he had long ago given up as hopeless. He kept a servant, and secretly paid him double wages for doing Mrs. Ewing’s work. He had always some poor friend in the shape of a French dancing or music-master that he wanted to give a little money to, and Mrs. Ewing would particularly oblige him if she would allow the children to take lessons of them, as he did not like to ask them to take money without an equivalent. This was something like reversing the old adage of ‘killing two birds with one stone.’

“ You will easily perceive that such a man, in the course of four or five years, would so involve himself with the concerns of a family, as to become indispensable to their happiness. In this five years Catharine or Kate Ewing, as we used to call her, had passed from the awkward age of her fourteenth to her nineteenth year.”

“ Oh, now the love story is coming,” cried Clara Reyburn.

“ And reason versus love,” said Anne.

Her mother smiled, and went on :—

“Kate was a light-hearted, happy-tempered young creature. She had been from the beginning a prime favorite of Sheafe’s, but for the last two or three years he had appeared rather more reserved toward her. While she was a child he was unlimited in his beneficence to her. Her room was filled with his gifts, books and pictures. All her books—the prettiest of rose-wood book-cases—all were his gifts. All her expensive masters had been employed by him. Now, he ceased to be her open benefactor, some good earthly providence seemed still watching over her, and showering favors upon her. If a new book worth buying appeared, she was the first to possess it, and never had she occasion for a bouquet but a bouquet of the choicest flowers appeared at the door. Kate was not very far-sighted in such matters. She did not see why if Mr. Sheafe continued to give, he could not give openly as he had always done. Her simple-hearted mother was easily eluded.

“‘I knew very well, Mr. Sheafe,’ she said, soon after these anonymous gifts began, ‘where Kate’s presents come from. I may thank the giver if she cannot.’

“Mr. Sheafe looked grave and displeased. A rare look for him, for of all the men I ever knew he was the most cheerful, the most joyous, as he had a right to be, for he was the best. He said, ‘I perceive you mean your thanks for me, Mrs. Ewing. You are wasting them; whoever the giver of these trifles to Kate may be, he should be allowed the secrecy he chooses.’

“ ‘Well, I assure you,’ replied Mrs. Ewing, completely baffled, ‘I have not the smallest notion who it is. I never once thought of any one but you. To be sure I ought to have remembered that you never in years past made any secret of your gifts.’ A smile that in spite of him, played over Mr. Sheafe’s lips, and a blush that deepened his rather deep colored cheek, would have told the truth to a more suspicious person than dear Mrs. Ewing. But she, as you know, Miss —, always took the sense that met the ear.”

“But, mamma,” interrupted Anne Reyburn, “I trust Mr. Sheafe was not a rosy bachelor. I can imagine a girl of Miss Ewing’s age, falling desperately in love with a man, even if he were forty, if he were tall, with a pale, marble complexion, and fine large dark eyes and plenty of black hair.”

“Oh Anne, my dear,” replied her mother, laughing, “nothing can be more unlike your possible lover than my real one. Mr. Sheafe was not above the middle stature; a little inclined to the rotund and the ruddy; and as to his hair, once, alas! of the softest, lightest brown, it had retreated so far from his forehead that he wore —”

“Oh, not a scratch, mamma; don’t say he wore a scratch!”

“Not quite a scratch, Anne, but a small nicely fitted patch to hide the ravages of time. Plenty of black hair indeed! You will hardly find that on a man’s head of thirty-five from Maine to Georgia.”

"But a patch, mamma! Baldness is better than that. My father's head now is beautiful; rather bald, to be sure, but the little hair that he has, is soft, bright, and curly."

"Oh, father's head is lovely!" cried Clara Reyburn.

"Oh yes, I guess it is!" exclaimed in chorus half a dozen young voices.

Mrs. Reyburn and I exchanged smiles: she proceeded:

"Even the patch, Anne, did not conceal or deform the fine classic shape of his head, which with its moral and intellectual developments would have charmed a phrenologist. I am sure no large dark eye ever so expressed, as his beaming gray one did, the kindling and discharging of feeling. His lips between humor, kindness, tenderness, and sympathy, were always in a sort of graceful movement, and in short, though he had none of your requisites of beauty, he was the most agreeable-looking man I ever saw."

"Agreeable looking! Well, was Miss Kate Ewing *agreeable* looking too?"

Till now I had listened to what was to me an old story, with as much interest as the young people, but now I interposed; and with enthusiasm, at the recollection of my charming cotemporary, I described her in terms that made all my young hearers exclaim:

"Oh, she must have been beautiful, and so interesting."

And Clara Reyburn said :—

“ I hope that ‘ *old* bachelor’ didn’t dare to fall in love with her ?”

“ Not, perhaps, what you would quite call falling in love,” resumed her mother, “ but the love he felt for her as a child, grew insensibly into a strange sentiment, and one bright day he was suddenly betrayed into a disclosure for which Kate was totally unprepared. She burst into tears, and frankly told him she had never thought of him as a lover, and never could ; but that she loved him so dearly she would rather have died than told him so. A total change came over him—in place of his perpetual good-humor and sunny cheerfulness, an immovable gravity and occasional melancholy. Poor Mrs. Ewing could not divine what it meant. She first thought his affairs must be embarrassed, and then she fancied it was an incipient fever, and begged him to take advice. She told him all the house would be wretched, if an evil overtook him, and called his observation to Kate, who, she said, had not smiled for a week. He made no reply to her, but the next morning she was astonished by the information that he was going abroad, and that he and his servant were packing up his furniture to be removed to a place of storage.

“ It was a wretched day at the Ewings. Poor Mrs. Ewing walked up and down her room, wringing her hands, and wiping her eyes, and wondering and wonder-

ing (till Kate wished herself deaf that she might not hear) what could have happened to Mr. Sheafe. Kate went to her worsted work, but her eyes were so blinded with tears, that she could not see it ; she took up a book, but she did not know whether she read backward or forward. She sat down to her piano and played so false, that even Mr. Sheafe heard and noted it.

“ Mrs. Ewing saw the carpenters bringing in empty boxes.

“ ‘ Dear me,’ she said ; ‘ it seems just as if a coffin was coming into the house.’

“ ‘ Oh,’ thought Kate, in the impatience of her first misery ; ‘ I wish it were me, and that I were to be carried away dead in it !’

“ ‘ Ma’am !’ said the chambermaid, rushing in, ‘ you never saw such an awful change as there is in Mr. Sheafe’s room : it’s day changed into night—it’s as solitary as the tomb.’

“ ‘ Is he gone, Jane ?’ said Kate, starting up.

“ ‘ Oh no, Miss—Lord, how pale you look—but dismal like a tomb, I mean. The wardrobe is emptied—the books are all in boxes—the pictures, every one of them, even that pretty likeness of Mr. Sheafe that a body can never look at without feeling that he is just going to speak something pleasant—that is in a box, and it looked up at me somehow sorrowful, it did ma’am ; and his dressing-gown, that always hung there—always with

the red cords and tassels hanging down by the bed-post, so lively and like Mr. Sheafe, that is packed up too.'

" 'Jane, do go away,' said Kate, petulantly ; 'you make my head ache.'

" 'Why, Miss Kate !' said Jane, and as she shut the door after her, she murmured to herself, 'her heart ache more like, and it's good enough for her, for I know she is at the bottom of it.'

" A few moments after, in flounced Sophy, the cook, and after turning her eye from Mrs. Ewing to her daughter, 'It's true, ma'am,' she said ; 'I see it's true ; I could not believe Jane. Well, how things does turn topsy-turvy in this world. I shall have to go too. I can't stand it. He never kept the dinner waiting, and never came too soon, and fretted for it. Who'll regulate the clock, now ? I shall never take no more satisfaction in roasting a goose. He always said I did it to a turn.' The tears actually rolled over her round black cheeks. She continued : 'With most every body, the scum will rise sometimes, but he's as clear as spring water. He knows what is what, Mr. Sheafe does. He says I'm the only one short of old England that can cook a Christian beef-steak, and he always has something funny to say. Oh he's sugar and spice too !'

" A poor humble widow, who served the house from her thread and needle basket, opened the door gently at this moment, and asked :

“ ‘Is it true, ma’am? is Mr. Sheafe going?’

“ ‘Yes.’

“ ‘The Lord have mercy, then, on the poor.’

“ Every new voice brought forth a fresh shower of tears from Mrs. Ewing. While matters were at this point, the door was opened a crack, and Mr. Sheafe said in a broken voice, ‘I am going out for an hour; when the carpenter calls, Mrs. Ewing, be kind enough to tell him the boxes are ready to nail up.’

“ Half an hour after, when the carpenter did call, Kate sprang up and said, ‘I will speak to him, mamma.’ An hour or two more passed away, when Mr. Sheafe came in. He had a pass-key to the street door, and as he opened it and shut it very gently, no one was apprized of his entrance.

“ Of all the men I ever knew, he had the greatest repugnance to scenes. He dreaded dear Mrs. Ewing’s ingenuous demonstrations, so he stole stealthily up the back stairs, and first entered his lodging-room. The door communicating with his parlor was wide open, and through it he saw his books were replaced in his book-case; he advanced a little farther, the pictures were rehung in their places—a little farther still, and he saw Kate Ewing standing on a chair before his picture which she had that moment replaced, and he heard her say:

“ ‘Dear, dear Mr. Sheafe—never, never shall you leave this house if I can help it.’ ”

My friend paused. Smiles were on her lips and tears in her eyes. It could no longer be concealed that she was the heroine of her own story. I looked round upon her children. Surprise and discovery were flashing from Anne Reyburn's bright eyes.

The younger girls cried, "Go on, go on, mamma," and "what did Mr. Sheafe say?" and, "what could Miss Kate say?"

"I do not remember, my dear children. It was one of those rich moments of life when much more is felt than said; but this I know very well, that from that time to this, I have never repented the repentance of that morning——"

My friend was interrupted by the entrance of her husband. He had been into the village and brought home a basket of fruit and flowers which he threw among the children. His face had that expression of beaming, paternal happiness, which came from the consciousness that his footstep once over his threshold, was the welcomest sound ever heard there.

I think there was a slight struggle in Anne Reyburn's bosom, as there will be when old ideas are giving place to new ones, but it was soon over. A joyous light flashed from her soul as her eye fell on her father, and kissing her mother, she said, in a subdued voice, "Nobody but yourself, mamma, would have made me believe that yours was not a love-match in the beginning as it is

in the end. Well, well, I have had many a dream of love; if I ever have such a reality as yours, I shall be quite content."

The light just dawned on Clara. "Why, Anne!" she exclaimed: "Goodness, mamma! Mr. *Sheafe*, indeed! Dear, dear Mr. Sheafe! If you had shabbed him, mamma, I never would have forgiven you!"

A pretty family scene followed; a chorus of exclamations, a few tears, many questions, some jokes on the discarded patch, and a ringing of laughing voices——but here the curtain falls.

PILGRIM FATHERS.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

WHAT led the pilgrims through the wild
On, to this stranger land,
Matron and maid, and fragile child,
An uncomplaining band ?
Deep streams their venturous course oppos'd,
Dark wastes appall'd their eye ;
What fill'd them on that trackless way,
With courage bold and high ?

What cheer'd them when dire winter's wrath
A frosty challenge threw,
And higher than their trembling roofs
The mocking snow-drift grew ?
When in its wasted mother's arms,
To famine's ills, a prey,
The babe bereft of rosy charms
Pin'd like a flower away ?

And when the strong heart-sickness came,
And memory's troubled stream,
Still imag'd forth fair England's homes,
That lull'd their cradle-dream—

When no lone vessel ploughed the wave,
News from her clime to bear,
What nobly bore the stricken soul,
Above that deep despair?

What gave them strength, 'mid all their toil,
In every hour of need
To plant within this sterile soil
A glorious nation's seed?
The same that nerved them when they sank
To rest, beneath the sod—
That rais'd o'er death, the triumph-song—
Prayer, and the faith of God.

THE MISTAKEN CHOICE;
OR, THREE YEARS OF MARRIED LIFE.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY

"So you are really going to be married, Charles?"

"Yes, uncle; and I hope you will agree with me in thinking that I have made a very prudent choice."

"That remains to be seen yet," said Mr. Waterton.

"In the first place, who is the lady?"

"Miss Laura Tarleton."

"I know her *name* well enough, for you have scarcely uttered any other one these six weeks," was the crusty reply; "but I want to know something of her family."

"Her father was a southern merchant, and died four or five years since, leaving only two daughters to inherit his large estate; one of these daughters married about two years since, and is now in Europe; the other I hope to introduce to your affections as my wife."

"Has she no mother?"

"Her mother died while she was yet very young."

"Where was she educated?"

"At the fashionable boarding-school of Madame Finesse, and I can assure you no expense has been spared in her education."

"I dare say not: these new-fangled establishments for the manufacture of man-traps don't usually spare expense. How old is your intended wife?"

"Just nineteen."

"Where has she lived since she left school, for I suppose she was '*finished*,' as they style it, some years since?"

"She has resided lately at the Astor House, under the protection of a relative who boards there."

"Then she cannot know much about housekeeping."

"I dare say not," replied Charles, with a slight feeling of vexation, "but all that knowledge comes by practice, uncle."

"If her time has been divided between a boarding-school and a hotel, where is she to learn anything about it?"

"Oh, women seem to have an intuitive knowledge of such things."

"You are mistaken, my boy," said the old man; "if a girl has been brought up in a good home, and sees a regular system of housekeeping constantly pursued, she will become unconsciously familiar with its details, even

though she may not then put such knowledge in practice ; the consequence will be that when she is the mistress of a house, her memory will assist her judgment—a quality, by the way, not too common in girls of nineteen. But how is a poor thing who has seen nothing but the *skimble-skamble* of a school-household, or the clockwork regularity of a great hotel, to know any of the machinery by which the comfort of a home is obtained and secured ?”

“ Oh, I am not afraid to trust to Laura,” replied Charles with animation, “ she is young, good-tempered, and, I believe, loves me ; so I have every security for the future. When there’s a will, there’s always a way.”

“ True, true, Charles, and I only hope your wife may have the will to find the right way ; what is her fortune ?”

“ Reports vary respecting the amount—some say eighty, others, one hundred thousand dollars.”

“ Don’t *you know* anything about it ?”

“ I know that her fortune is very considerable, especially for a poor devil like me, who can barely clear two thousand a year by business,” answered Charles, with some irritation.

“ When your father married, Charles, he was master of only three hundred dollars in the world.”

“ That may be, and the consequence was that my

father's son has been obliged to work like a dog all his life."

"The very best thing that could have happened to you, my dear boy."

"How do you make that out? For my part, I see nothing very desirable in poverty."

"Nor do I, Charles; poverty is certainly an evil, but it is an evil to which you have never been exposed; competence was the reward of your father's industry, and he was thus enabled to bestow a good education and good habits upon his son. The limited range of your own experience will convince you of the danger of great riches. Who are the persons in our great city most notorious for vice and folly? Who are the horse-jockies, the gamblers, the rowdies, and the fools of high life? Why, they are the sons of our rich men, and how can we expect better things from those who from their very childhood are pampered in idleness and luxury? I know you will tell me there are exceptions to this sweeping censure, and this I am willing to allow, for there are some minds which even the influence of wealth cannot injure; but how few are they, compared with the number of those who are ruined in their very infancy by the possession of riches. Depend upon it, Charles, that learning, industry, and virtue form the best inheritance which any man can derive from his ancestors."

"It is a pity the world would not think so, uncle."

"So it is, boy; but the fact is such as I have stated, whatever the majority of people may think. You have not now to learn that the wise and good are always in the *minority* in this world. But tell me one thing, my dear boy; if Miss Tarleton was poor and friendless, instead of being rich and fashionable, would you have fallen in love with her?"

"Why, yes—certainly—I don't know—" stammered Charles, confusedly, "but that is supposing so improbable a case that I cannot determine."

"Suppose she were suddenly to be deprived of her fortune," said the persevering old man, "would you still be so desirous of wedding her?"

"Why, to tell you the honest truth, uncle, I do not think I should, and for an excellent reason. Laura has been brought up as a rich man's daughter, and therefore can scarcely be expected to have had proper training for a poor man's wife. If I were compelled to support a family on my paltry business, it would be necessary to have a more prudent and economical companion than Laura is likely to prove; but, thank heaven, that is not the case."

"All are liable to reverses of fortune, Charles, and should such befall you in future, you might chance to find that a prudent wife without money is a better companion in misfortune than an extravagant one who brought a rich dowry."

“My dear uncle, do not imagine all kinds of unpleasant contingencies ; the idea of what you call a *prudent woman* is shocking to my notions of feminine character ; it always conjures up in my mind an image of a sharp-voiced, keen-eyed creature, scolding at servants, fretting at children, and clattering slip-shod about the house to look after candle-ends and cheese-parings. Before a woman can become parsimonious, she must in a measure unsex herself, since the foible most natural to the sex is extravagance—the excess of a liberal spirit.”

“You are mistaken, Charles ; that there are such women as you describe, bustling, notable housewives, who pride themselves on their ability to *manage*, as they term it, and who practice cunning because unable to use force, I acknowledge ; but they are chiefly to be found among those who have been placed in an unnatural position in society,—women who, having neither father, brother, nor husband to protect them, have been obliged to struggle with the world, and have learned to *jostle* lest they should be *jostled* in the race of life. But, bachelor as I am, I have had many opportunities of studying the sex, and I can assure you that economy, frugality, and industry are by no means incompatible with feminine delicacy, refinement of thought, and elegant accomplishments.”

“Well, it may be all true, uncle,” replied Charles,

utterly wearied of the old man's lecture, "but it is too late to reflect upon the matter now, even if I were so disposed. I am to be married next week, and I hope when you see Laura, you will think with me, and give me credit for more prudence than you seem to believe I possess."

Charles Waterton possessed good feelings, and, as he believed, good principles; yet, seduced by the ambition of equaling his richer neighbors, he had persuaded himself into choosing a wife, less from affection than from motives of interest. Had Laura Tarleton been poor, he certainly would never have thought of her, since, pretty as she was, she lacked the brilliancy of character which he had always admired. But there was a sin upon his conscience, known only to himself and *one* other, which often clouded his brow, even in the midst of his anticipated triumph. There was a young, fair, and gifted girl, whom he had loved with all the fervor of sincere attachment, and *he knew* that she loved him, although no word on the subject had been uttered by either. He knew that his looks, and tones, and actions had been to her those of a lover, and he had little reason to doubt the feeling with which he had been met. He had looked forward to the time when he should be quietly settled amid the comforts of a peaceful home, and the image of *that fair girl* was always the prominent object in his pictures for the future. But a change came over

the spirit of the whole nation. Wealth poured into the country—or at least what was then considered wealth—and with it came luxury and sloth. The golden stream came to *some* like a mountain torrent, and others began to repine at receiving it only as the tiny rivulet. People “made haste to be rich,” and Charles Waterton was infected with the same thirst after wealth. He met with Laura Tarleton, learned that she was an orphan heiress, and instantly determined to secure the glittering prize. Ambition conquered the tenderness of his nature ; he forsook the lady of his love, and after an acquaintance of six weeks succeeded in becoming the husband of the wealthy votary of fashion.

Not long after his marriage, he discovered one *slight* error in his calculations, and found that his wife’s hundred thousand dollars had in reality dwindled down to thirty thousand. But even this was not to be despised, and Charles, conscious that he had nothing but talents and industry when he commenced life, felt that he had drawn a prize in the lottery. Grateful to his wife for her preference of him, and conscious that he had not bestowed on her his full affection, he determined to make all the amends in his power, by lavishing every kindness upon her, and submitting implicitly to her wishes. Having intimated to him that she should prefer boarding during the first year of their married life, he accordingly

engaged a suite of apartments at the Astor House, where they lived in a style of splendor and ease exceedingly agreeable to the taste of both. Mrs. Waterton was extremely pretty, with an innocent, child-like face, and a graceful figure, and Charles felt so much pride in the admiration which she received in society, that he forgot to notice her mental deficiency. Their time was passed in a perpetual round of excitement and gayety. During the hours when the counting-room claimed the husband's attention, the young wife lounged on a sofa, read the last new novel, dawdled through a morning's shopping, or paid fashionable visits. The afternoon was spent over the dinner-table, while the evening soon passed in the midst of a brilliant party, or amid the pleasures of some public amusement. But living in the bustle of a hotel, with a large circle of acquaintances always ready to drink Mr. Waterton's wine and flirt with his pretty wife, they were rarely left to each other's society; and at the termination of the first twelvemonth, they knew little more of each other's tempers and feelings than when they pledged their vows at the altar. Charles had learned that his placid Laura was somewhat pertinacious and very fond of dress, while she had been deeply mortified by the discovery that Charles's deceased mother had, during her widowhood, kept a thread and needle store ; but this was all that they had ascertained of each other. There had been no studying of each

other's character—no opportunity of practicing that *adaptation* so necessary to the comfort of married life. They had lived only in a crowd, and were as yet in the position of partners in a quadrille, associated rather for a season of gayety than for the changeful scenes of actual life.

The commencement of the second year found the young couple busily engaged in preparing for house-keeping. A stately house, newly built and situated in a fashionable part of the city, was selected by Mrs. Waterton, and purchased by her obsequious husband in obedience to her wishes, though he did not think it necessary to inform her that *two thirds* of the purchase money was to remain on mortgage. They now only awaited the arrival of the rich furniture which Mrs. Waterton had directed her sister to select in Paris. This came at length, and with all the glee of a child she beheld her house fitted with carpets of such turf-like softness that the foot was almost buried in their bright flowers; mirrors that might have served for walls to the palace of truth; couches, divans and fauteuils, inlaid with gold and covered with velvet most exquisitely painted; curtains, whose costly texture had been quadrupled in value by the skill of the embroideress; tables of the finest mosaic; lustres and girandoles of every variety, glittering with their wealth of gold and crystal; and all the thousand expensive toys

which serve to minister to the frivolous tastes of fashion. The arrangement of the sleeping apartments was on a scale of equal magnificence. French dressing tables, with all their paraphernalia of Sevres china and crystal; Psyche glasses, in frames of ivory and gold; beds of rosewood, inlaid with ivory, and canopied with gold and silver, were among the decorations. But should the reader seek to ascend still higher—the upper rooms—the servants' apartments, uncarpeted, unfurnished, destitute of all the comforts which are as necessary to domestics as to their superiors, would have been found to afford a striking contrast to the splendors of those parts of the mansion which were intended for display.

With all his good sense, Charles Waterton was yet weak enough to indulge a feeling of exultation as he looked around his magnificent house, and felt himself “master of all he surveyed.” His thoughts went back to the time when the death of his father had plunged the family almost into destitution—when his mother had been aided to open a little shop, of which he was chief clerk, until the kindness of his old uncle had procured for him a situation in a wholesale store, which had finally enabled him to reach his present eminence. He remembered how often he had stood behind a little counter to sell a penny ball of thread or a piece of tape—how often he had been snubbed and scolded at when

subject to the authority of a purse-proud employer—and, in spite of his better reason, Charles felt proud and triumphant. His self-satisfaction was somewhat diminished, however, by the sight of a bill drawn upon him by his brother-in-law in Paris, for the sums due on this great display of elegance. Ten thousand dollars—one third of his wife's fortune—just sufficient to *furnish* their new house. Thus seven hundred dollars was cut off from their annual income, to be consumed in the wear and tear of their costly gewgaws; another thousand was devoted to the payment of interest on the mortgage which remained on his house; so that, at the very outset of his career, Charles found himself, notwithstanding his wife's estate, reduced to the "*paltry two thousand a year*," which he derived from his business. But he had too much false pride to confess the truth to his wife, and at once to alter their style of living. Each had been deceived in their estimate of the other's wealth. Laura's income had been large enough, while she remained single, to allow her indulgence in every whim, and Charles, ambitious of the reputation of a man of fashion, after slaving all the morning in his office, had been in the habit of driving fast-trotting horses, or sporting a tilbury and tiger in Broadway, every afternoon, spending every cent of his income, and giving rise to the belief among the young men that he was very rich, while the old merchants only looked upon him as very imprudent. They

were now to learn that their combined fortunes would not support the extravagances of a household, but Laura, accustomed to the command of money from childhood, knew not its value, because she had never known its want, and her husband shrunk from the duty of enlightening her on the subject, by informing her of their real situation.

By the time the arrangements of their house were completed, and had been admired, envied and sneered at by her "dear five thousand friends," the season arrived for Mrs. Waterton's usual visit to Saratoga. Her husband of course accompanied her, though with rather a heavy heart, for he knew that only by close attention to business he could hope to provide the necessary funds for all such expenditures, although he had not sufficient moral courage to confess that he was so closely chained to the galley of commerce. The usual round of gayety was traversed—the summer was spent in lounging at different watering-places—and the autumn found them returning, heartily wearied, to their splendid home. With the assistance of some kind *suggestors*, Mrs. Waterton now planned a series of entertainments for the coming winter, and Charles listened with ill-dissembled anxiety to the schemes for balls, parties, soirées, musical festivals and suppers. There was but one way to support all this. Charles determined to extend his business, and instead of confining himself to a regular cash trade, he resolved

to follow the example of his neighbors, and engage in speculation. Accordingly, he sold his wife's stock in several moneyed institutions, and, investing the proceeds in merchandise, commenced making money on a grander scale. This was in the beginning of the year '36, and every one knows the excitement of that momentous season; a season not soon to be forgotten by the bankrupt merchants, the distressed wives and the beggared children, who can date their misfortunes from the temporary inflation of the credit system, by which that fatal year was characterized. Mr. Waterton's books soon showed an immense increase of business, and, upon the most moderate calculation, his profits could scarcely be less than from eight to ten thousand dollars within six months. This was doing pretty well for a man who had formerly been content with a "paltry two thousand a year," but as avarice, like jealousy, "grows by what it feeds on," Charles began to think he might as well make money in more ways than one. He therefore began to buy real estate, and *pine lands* in Maine, *wild tracts* in Indiana, *town lots* in Illinois, together with the thousand schemes which then filled the heads of the sanguine and the pockets of the cunning, claimed his attention and obtained his money; while, at the same time, the fashionable society of New York were in raptures with Mrs. Waterton's splendid parties, her costly equipage, and her magnificent style of dress.

"Have you counted the cost of all these things, Charles?" said his old uncle, as he entered the house one morning, and beheld the disarray consequent upon a large party the previous night.

"Yes, uncle, I think I have," said Charles, smiling, as he sipped his coffee at the old man's simplicity. "The fellows who manage these affairs soon compel us to count the cost, for when I came down this morning, I found on the breakfast-table this bill for nine hundred and fifty-four dollars."

"Nine hundred dollars, Charles! You don't mean to say that your party last night cost that sum?"

"I do, my dear sir, and considering that the bill includes every thing but the wines, I do not consider it an exorbitant one; however, the elegant colored gentleman who takes all this trouble for me does not charge me quite so much as he would if I employed him less frequently."

The old man looked round and sighed. The apartments were in sad disorder, for the servants, overcome by the fatigues of the previous day, had followed the example of their master, and stolen from the morning the sleep they had been denied at night. A bottle lay shivered in one corner of the supper-room, the champagne with which it had been filled soaking into the rich carpet—a piece of plum cake had been crushed by some heedless foot into the snow-white rug which lay before the

drawing-room fire—the sweeping draperies of one of the curtains was still dripping with something which bore a marvelous resemblance to melted ice cream, and the whole suite of apartments wore that air of desolation which usually characterizes a “banquet hall deserted.”

“Do you calculate the destruction of furniture in counting the cost of your parties, Charles?” asked Mr. Waterton.

“Oh no—that of course is expected; furniture, you know, becomes old-fashioned and requires to be renewed about every three years, and therefore one may as well have the use of it while it is new.”

“You must have a vast addition to your fortune if you expect to pay for all these things.”

“My dear sir,” replied the nephew, with a most benignant smile at his uncle’s superlative ignorance of his affairs, “my dear sir, you do not seem to know that, in the course of about three years, I shall be one of the richest men in New York.”

“Do you sell on credit?” asked the old man, significantly.

“Certainly; everybody does so now.”

“Well, then, my boy, take an old man’s advice, and don’t count your chickens before they are hatched; don’t live on ten thousand a year when that sum only exists in your ledger. Call in your debts, and when your cus-

tomers have *paid*, then tell me how *much* you have *gained*."

"My dear uncle, you are quite obsolete in your notions. I wish I could induce you to enter with me into a new scheme ; it would make your fortune."

"I am content with my present condition, Charles ; my salary of eight hundred a year is quite sufficient for the wants of a bachelor, and leaves me a little for the wants of others ; nor would I sacrifice my peace of mind and quiet of conscience for all the fortunes that will ever be made by speculation."

"It is not necessary to sacrifice either peace or principle in making a fortune, uncle."

"You have not seen the end yet, my dear boy ; I have lived long enough to behold several kinds of *speculative mania*, and all terminated in a similarly unfortunate manner. It is a spirit of gambling which is abroad, and I am old-fashioned enough to believe that money thus obtained never does good to any one. It is like the price of a soul : the devil is sure to cheat the unhappy bargainer."

"How I hate to hear people talk about business," lisped Mrs. Waterton, as she sate listlessly in her loose wrapping-gown at the breakfast-table ; "I think no one ought to mention the word before ladies."

The old man looked at her with ill-disguised contempt.

"It will be well for you, young lady," said he, "if

you never have to learn the necessity of a knowledge of business."

Laura put up her pretty lip, but was silent, for she was much too indolent, or rather too well bred, to get angry.

Charles Waterton had given his uncle what he believed to be an accurate view of his circumstances. Excited beyond the bounds of sober sense by his seeming success, he was as sanguine a dupe as ever bled beneath the leech-craft of speculation. His real estate, which he *very moderately* estimated at *quintuple* its cost, formed, *at such prices*, an immense fortune. His book debts were enormous, for his money was scattered east, west, north and south, and in consequence of giving long credits, he was enabled to obtain exorbitant profits. But the Eldorado whose boundaries seemed so accurately defined on paper, became exceedingly indistinct as he fancied himself about to approach its shores. The following year began to afford tokens of coming trouble. Credit was still good, but money had entirely disappeared from the community, and men who had learnt to make notes in order to *acquire fortunes*, were now obliged to continue their manufacture in order to *avoid ruin*. Rumors of approaching distress arose in the money-market; men began to look with distrust upon their fellows, and as unlimited confidence in each other had been the foundation of the towering edifice of unstable prosperity, the mo-

ment that was shaken the whole structure fell crumbling to the earth. As soon as doubts arose, destruction was at hand, and at length one wild crash of almost universal bankruptcy startled the dreamers from their golden visions.

* * * * *

One fine morning in the spring of 1838, the doors of one of the most stately houses in ——— street, were thrown open to the public, and the auctioneer's flag waving from the window gave a general invitation to every passer-by. That ominous red flag! no less significant of evil than the black banner of the rover of the seas; for it is ever the signal of the disruption of household ties. That ominous red flag! sometimes betokening the instability of fortune—sometimes the work of death—sometimes telling of blighted fortunes—sometimes of broken hearts, but *always* of discomfort and disquiet. And yet few things will so readily collect a concourse of people as that scarlet harbinger of destruction. There may be found the regular auction-haunters, men of idleness, bachelors, perhaps, glad to find an hour or two killed beneath the auctioneer's hammer—single ladies of small fortunes, who have nothing to do for themselves, and have not yet learned the luxury of doing something for their neighbors—notable housewives, actuated by a sense of duty and a love of economy, who waste *nothing but time* in their hunt after bargains—young ladies who come to

see how such persons furnished their houses and perhaps some would-be connoisseur in search of old pictures, which, if they have only hung long enough over a smoky fire-place, may be classed with the works of the old masters. On the morning in question, however, unusual attractions were offered to the visitors of such places, for it was the abode of wealth, and luxury, and taste which was thus desecrated—the mansion of the Watertons! The rich carpets were disfigured by many a dirty foot-step,—the velvet couches bore the impress of many a soiling touch, and many a rude hand was laid upon the delicate and costly toys which had once been the admiration of the fashionable visitants of the family. Among the crowd were two of that *numerous tribe* found in the very midst of fashionable life, who have learned the trick of combining meanness and extravagance—women who will spend hundreds upon a shawl, and at the same time beat down the wages of a poor sempstress until she is almost compelled to purchase with life itself the bread which ought to sustain life. Such were the two who now seated themselves in the drawing-room of the ruined family, in order to be in the *right place* when certain articles were put up for sale.

“I want nothing here,” said one, with a half-scornful air, “except those mosaic tables; the carpets and curtains are ruined by carelessness, and no wonder, for Mrs. Waterton was a wretched housekeeper.”

“And I only mean to buy that workbox,” said the other; “Mrs. Waterton told me it cost a thousand francs in Paris, and I am sure it will not sell for one-fourth its cost.”

“By the way, have you seen her since her husband’s failure?”

“Oh no, I shouldn’t think of calling upon her when in so much distress; besides, I am told she has refused to see any one. Did you hear how she behaved when she heard of Mr. Waterton’s reverses?”

“No, I know nothing about her since she gave her last grand party, which was followed in a few days by his bankruptcy.”

“Why I was told she raved like a mad woman, reproached her husband in the vilest terms for thus reducing her to poverty, taunted him with his low origin, and accused him of the basest deception.”

“I can easily believe it, for these mild, placid, milk-and-water women have got the temper of demons when once aroused.”

“I have not told you all yet; she refused to give up her jewels, which were known to be of great value, and having secretly employed a person to dispose of them for her, she took passage for France, and actually set sail a few days since; merely informing her husband *by letter* that such was her purpose. This letter she placed in such hands that she knew he would not receive it until

the vessel was under-weight, and he thus learned that she had deserted him forever. She pretends to have gone to join her sister ; but there is a whisper of a certain black-whiskered foreigner who is the companion of her voyage. At any rate, whether he goes with her or not, he is a fellow-passenger."

"Where is Mr. Waterton?"

"At the house of his old uncle, who will probably be obliged to transfer him to a lunatic asylum before long ; but hush, the auctioneer is coming."

I have told you the *denouement* as related by the heartless women of the world, but like most of their species, they were only *half right*. Mrs. Waterton *did* go with the intention of seeking her sister's protection, but ere she arrived there, she was persuaded to travel farther under the protection of her fascinating friend. Mr. Waterton did not enter a lunatic asylum, but recovered his senses so fully that he obtained a divorce from his wife, and is now a fellow-clerk with his uncle ; enjoying as much tranquillity as a remembrance of his former follies, his imprudent choice, and his three years of wedded life will allow.

BROOKLYN, N. Y. `

AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THE day is ending,
The night is descending,
The marsh is frozen,
The river dead ;

Through clouds like ashes
The red sun flashes
On village windows,
That glimmer red.

The snow recommences,
The buried fences
Mark no longer
The road o'er the plain ;

While through the meadows,
Like fearful shadows,
Slowly passes
A funeral train.

AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY.

The bell is pealing,
And every feeling
Within me responds
To the dismal knell ;

Shadows are trailing,
My heart is bewailing,
And tolling within
Like a funeral bell.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

BY JAMES K. PAULDING.

WHEN a man has passed all those stages in the journey of life, through which he continues to be cheered on by anticipations of something yet to come, some new and untried enjoyment of whose fallacious promises he has not yet become aware by experience, he naturally turns back upon the past, and exchanges the pleasures of hope for those of memory. It is then, when youth is fled, and its enjoyments no longer within reach of the senses, that he reviews his past life, and if the prospect is not blurred and darkened by the shadows of remorse, that he reverts to past pleasures in order to supply in some measure the deficiencies of the present.

Much of my leisure time is passed in this manner ; and though my conscience tells me that the review is not altogether so satisfactory as I could wish, yet the prospect is not altogether a desert. I catch, at distant intervals, a glance at many a flowery mead and fairy prospect, and thus, in the sober season of autumn, enjoy

the bloom and freshness of returning spring, which, though viewed through the long vista of departed years, are only the more soft and seducing from being seen at a distance ; for memory is almost as great a deceiver as hope.

Among these precious relics of the past, those which afford me by far the most pleasure are the recollection of country scenes and country life. The brooks, the meadows, the woods, the warbling birds, and the careless sports of boyhood, appeal to the recollection of every man of threescore and upward, who is not inextricably coiled up in the cobweb of eternal worldly strife, with new fascinations ; and if he so will it, he may serve out the residue of his life in a paradise of his own creation, woven by memory from the materials of the past.

At this moment I have before me a picture which I will sketch in the hope that the reader may derive from it a portion of the pleasure I enjoy in the recollection. In my youth, I was accustomed to pass a portion of my summers in the Highlands of the Hudson, where, in truth, I still love to nestle sometimes, among the rocks, the woods, and the towering mountains. I had an old friend, a sort of highland chieftain, who was the proprietor of large landed estates along the river and in the interior, and who, though not a bachelor, was absolutely his own master, his wife being long since dead, and his family

grown up and established elsewhere. He was a right worthy, warm-hearted, and convivial person, who, though much given to killing time, never, I believe, committed a downright cold-blooded murder on the old scytheman. He luxuriated in the company of us young fellows ; was gay without being noisy or licentious, and, though a perfect gentleman, his laugh was the most infectious I ever heard. It was a treat to hear him on a bright sunny morning, cheering the echoes with an explosion of honest hilarity, which roused us like the crowing of chanticleer. There was an old turkey cock, the vainest and most noisy of the tribe, who, as my old friend said, drilled his company of young turkeys every morning in the great walk in front of the piazza, and carried them through the manual. The scene was indeed irresistibly ludicrous. The old veteran strutted and shook his head, and scolded, and gobbled, at the awkwardness with which the young recruits strove to imitate his lofty bearing, majestic strut, sonorous voice, and most especially that indescribable manœuvre of suddenly expanding the wings and skirring them on the ground with a noise altogether alarming. Our host would stand in his morning-gown on the piazza every morning before breakfast enjoying this rare exhibition, laughing the honest laugh of a blameless conscience, and insisting that the field-marshal, as he called him, was worthy of being a brigadier-general of militia.

I could relate a thousand scenes and incidents of our summer campaigns ; but at present my business is with a rural specimen of the genus *picara*, whose history is so intimately associated with that of my old friend, that it may be truly said they are one and indivisible. If ever man had a decent excuse for being something of a rogue, it was Tom Wheeler, for he had a face which nobody would trust, and his lot was cast in a region where it was next to impossible to earn an honest livelihood. It was one of those places where land could be had for nothing, and was very dear at that. In a deep gorge of the mountain there luxuriated a narrow vale, which nature had judiciously provided as a receptacle for the rocks that tumbled from the sides of the incumbent hills. Here Tom's grandfather had originally located himself, apparently from that mysterious affinity which I have observed to subsist between barren land and lazy rogues, who thus have the best possible excuse for idleness, in the fact that labor would be vain. Tradition said that Tom's father and grandfather had been both arrant rogues, and I myself can answer for Tom, who regularly cheated my old friend at least once a week, and sometimes a great deal oftener, if the season happened to be fruitful in opportunities. Such is the force of situation and circumstances ; for I think it cannot be doubted that if Tom and his ancestors had fallen on a fruitful soil, instead of among barren rocks, they might have

borne good fruit, and lived an honest life, like their more fortunate neighbors.

My first recollection of Tom commenced about the time my old friend was building himself a new house, and had collected a number of mechanics from the city, to whom he paid so much per day, and found—as the technical phrase is—there being no boarding-houses in the neighborhood. They were fed and lodged in a temporary building erected for their accommodation by their employer. Tom was driving a bargain with my friend, and I was at once irresistibly attracted by his appearance. His form was almost gigantic, being upward of six feet high, a circumstance which Tom was accustomed to ascribe to his having been a great hunter of squirrels from his youth, and spending much of his time standing on tiptoe, stretching his neck upward toward the trees in search of game. He had a broad, flat face, a pug nose, a wide mouth, and the most rascally pair of little, cunning, twinkling black eyes I ever remember to have seen, which sparkled at that moment with the anticipation of taking in the worthy old gentleman. I might have been mistaken, but I thought at the time that the old spaniel which followed my friend everywhere had a sort of instinctive perception of what was going forward, for he eyed Tom with an expression of peculiar hostility.

A bargain was struck for eight sheep, to feed the workmen employed on the new house; though it is proper

here to premise, that according to both tradition and ocular testimony, neither Tom, his father, nor his grandfather, ever owned a sheep in their whole lives that they came by honestly. The next day Tom was seen driving his flock down the side of the mountain, but on coming into the presence met with rather a cavalier reception, in the words following :

“ Why, you blockhead—why, d—ee, do you take me for a butcher? I wanted dead sheep, not live ones.”

Tom’s great platter face, as the country people say, “ kindly wilted up all into a pucker,” and his little rascally eyes glistened like those of a snake charming a bird, which I afterward found was always the case whenever he saw a little prosperous roguery in perspective.

“ Well, now, squire ”—after a pause of profound reflection, as he partly lifted his weather-beaten hat and scratched his head—“ Well, now, squire, I don’t like butchering any more than the squire. But I’ll tell the squire what I’m willing to do to accommodate. If the squire will allow me the skins and wool, why, I don’t much care if I butcher the animals for him, though, as I observed before, I do n’t much take to the business.”

The squire readily assented. Tom killed the sheep, received about thrice as much as they were worth, and carried off the wool in triumph. And well he might, for the next day the workmen sent a deputation to the squire, to let him know his mutton was, so lean and tough that

unless he gave them something better they would be under the unpleasant necessity of making a strike, and decamping. At first the squire was exceeding wroth, blustered a great deal, swore a little, and threatened sore vengeance against Tom ; but it all ended in a hearty laugh at the admirable skill with which Tom had twice cheated him in one and the same bargain.

After this Tom fought shy for some time, and though he occasionally worked at little jobs for the squire, for which he always managed to be paid double, took good care to keep out of his way. I say jobs, by which is meant small speculations, out of which, by a little shuffling and cutting, he could make something more than by days' work. As for a regular series of labor, Tom scorned it with both hands and heels. It happened, however, that one fine morning, as the squire and I were strolling over a part of his wide domains, he came to a full stop, and planted his stick firmly on the ground—the signal for a long talk—on coming up to where a number of his people were employed with teams removing stones. Among these I quickly detected Tom, whose broad face, Herculean figure, and rascally little eyes I well recollected. Never shall I forget Tom's manœuvres to elude the notice of the squire, and never was man so intensely busy as Tom. He was stooping down tugging at a rock that weighed at least a ton, at the same time that I could see he was intently watching the movements

of the squire. He had an art exceedingly convenient, if not indispensable, to his craft, that of seeing behind him, which I have never known philosophically explained. I verily believe he would have escaped had not one of his companions cried out—

“Why, Tom Wheeler, what are you about there, working at that rock? You might as well try to lift Anthony’s Nose.”

At that portentous name the squire lifted his stick from the ground, faced to the right about, and looked daggers at Tom, who continued indefatigable in his efforts at the rock, with his face almost touching the ground. At last, however, the squire recognized his old friend, and, placing himself exactly opposite Tom, proceeded to reprimand him severely—

“Why, you cheating rascal—why, d—ee, have you the impudence to show your face again, after first cheating me in your sheep, and next out of their skins? Why—why—d—ee—sir—why—” and here the squire stopped short, either for want of words, or that his anger had suddenly evaporated. It was worth while to see Tom during this harangue. He gradually straightened his tall bony figure, as if with a mighty effort, and put on such an inimitable, indescribable expression of mingled compunction, sly roguery, and triumphant humor, that the squire could stand it no longer, but burst into a loud, long laugh that repaid him both for sheep and wool.

"You cheating rascal," said he, at length, "if I were to serve you right, I should prosecute you for swindling"—and then he fell to laughing again.

"Why, Lord-a-marcy, squire," answered Tom. "What does the squire care for a few dollars to a poor feller like me, that lives on land that would starve a grasshopper, much more a sheep? I pledge the squire my honor"—this was a favorite phrase of Tom's—"I pledge the squire my honor, I fed them on mullins and dry leaves till they could hardly stand on all-fours, and so I brought them to the squire, for fear they would die of themselves, and I lose the butchering job, you know, squire. The squire should not bear hard on a poor feller like me, who is excusable, as a body may say, for living by his wits, because he has nothing else to live on."

Tom's logic was irresistible. The squire had his laugh, and I heard him say afterward that a good honest laugh was worth more than the amount of his loss by Tom's bargain.

Being thus restored to favor, Tom had frequent opportunities of exercising his ingenuity at the expense of the squire, who, though possessed of ample estates, was very frequently in want of the common comforts of life, which he purchased of his tenants and others, as occasion might be. Here Tom luxuriated in his vocation, and not a week passed in which he did not signalize himself by what he called "working a traverse on the squire," that

is to say, taking him in. On one occasion, which I particularly remember, he sold the squire a barrel of hickory-nuts, of which those on the surface, near the head, were excellent, and the others no better than naught, having been gathered before they were ripe. Unfortunately for Tom, the barrel was opened at the wrong end, and his roguery thus suddenly brought to light. Not being aware of this, Tom made his appearance a few days afterward, to know whether the squire did not want another barrel of nuts. The rogue had met the squire just before, at a distance from the house, and hoped to work a traverse on the old housekeeper, who, however, reproached him with his deception, and told him she did not want any more.

"But," said Tom—"I saw the squire just now."

"O, if the squire said he wanted any more, I have nothing to say."

"Why," replied Tom—"I must say that I can't positively say that the squire said so, but *judging by his actions*, I should say he sartinly wanted another barrel."

Tom's gesture and emphasis when he came to "*judging by his actions*," were inimitable, and carried conviction to the heart of the housekeeper. I must do him the justice to say, that, with all his roguery, he never told a direct lie, though he grazed it ten times a day. But somehow or other he managed to evade committing himself, by a system of circumlocution that was truly wonderful; and he was accustomed to boast with great com-

placency that nobody could say they had ever caught him in an untruth. In one way or other he managed to work a traverse on the squire so frequently, that he was sometimes reproached by his associates. But he always defended himself in the most candid and serious manner, by the following unanswerable arguments—"Well, you know the squire is mighty rich, and I'm mighty poor. The squire don't mind a hundred dollars half as much as I do one; and what I get from him does me ten times as much good as it does him harm. So my conscience is quite clear on the subject, and there is no use talking about it." He might have farther justified himself by the pleasure he afforded the squire in return, by his humorous, bare-faced rogueries; for whenever he saw Tom coming he began to laugh and rub his hands, exclaiming, "Here comes Tom Wheeler to work another of his traverses."

About once a month, or so, he generally came to the squire with a story about the discovery of a mine on some part of the estate, that indeed abounded in iron ore, of which Tom always brought a sample for inspection. The squire was not much of an adept in the mysteries of mineralogy, and always ready to nibble at a bait of this sort. Tom had somehow or other learned a smattering of a few of the common-place terms of the science, and frequently interlarded his discourse with pyrites and oxide—which he called ox-hide—nay, he had got as far as rhom-

boidal corundum, which he dubbed rumboidal conundrum. It is a great pity he had not been sent to college, for I have no doubt he would have turned out a phenomenon.

At one time it was an iron mine ; at another, a lead or copper mine ; and occasionally, though rarely, he dealt in the precious metals. It was odd enough to see the squire the almost willing dupe of these traverses of Tom, whom he knew to be a most pestilent rogue, and in whose word he had not the least confidence. Tom, at the head of a dozen sturdy fellows, would be set digging, and blasting among the rocks for a whole summer, without discovering any mine but the squire's pocket, which never failed to yield Tom a seasonable supply of the precious metals. I must, however, do Tom the justice to say, he did actually discover a mine of plumbago, which cost the squire some thousand dollars, before he came to the conclusion at which most people arrive, in their search after that wealth in the bowels of the earth which is only to be certainly found near the surface.

At length the worthy old gentleman departed this life ; and though many years have since passed away, he is still gratefully and affectionately remembered by his young companions, some of whom have figured in the walks of life, as members of Congress, judges and plenipotentiaries. He died just as Tom was about to work a grand traverse, having actually discovered a rock richly im-

pregnated with particles of gold, or something as bright as gold. His death was an irreparable loss to Tom, who never flourished afterward in his pristine glory, but often displayed a grateful heart, by taking every opportunity of doing justice to the liberality of the squire. "I call him a real gentleman," would he say, "for he didn't skin flints like some of your rich old codgers, and never disputed with a poor feller about pennies. Now there's that young chap we've got in his place—I'll be shot if I can make any thing out of *him*. He always gets to windward of me in working a traverse."

The course of Tom Wheeler ran very rough, and always down hill, after the loss of the squire. Though he grew more cunning and roguish every day, others became more wary and circumspect in their dealings with him; and it sometimes happened that they got to windward of Tom in working a traverse; for experience shows, that let a man be ever so great a rogue, he sooner or later always meets with a greater. He had succeeded in establishing a character, which, whether good or bad, never fails to stick to a man for life. An honest man may become a rogue by the force of temptation, or a rogue grow honest from conviction of his faults, but the character of either once established, and it takes a long course of opposite conduct to remove the impression, if it can ever be done. He was gradually thrown upon strangers for a livelihood, being now so well known that he could only

work a traverse with those who were unaware of his propensities. In this he sometimes succeeded to admiration; but strangers were scarce, at that time, in this sequestered region, and Tom was often reduced to great extremity, insomuch that he was once, as he declared, actually driven to the necessity of hiring himself out for a whole month to make stone fences.

The last I heard of Tom, he was an inmate of the county poor-house, from which, although against the rules of the establishment, he emerges whenever he pleases, occasionally working a traverse in a small way, such as passing off stale eggs or an antediluvian gander. I am told it is quite melancholy to hear him talk of the ups and downs of life, and of the days of his glory, when he cracked jokes with the squire and was always admitted to the parlor to bargain with the lady of the house, whereas now he is palmed off on the maids in the kitchen. And then he observes, "Well, never mind, every dog has his day, and it's a long lane that has never a turning."

And now for the moral of my story, for in this most scrupulous and enlightened age, a story without a moral is worse than venison without sauce. Had Tom Wheeler exercised the same sagacity, dexterity and perseverance in any reputable calling, or taken half the pains to earn a livelihood by honest means, that he did in his rogueries, he would, in all probability, have become a respect-

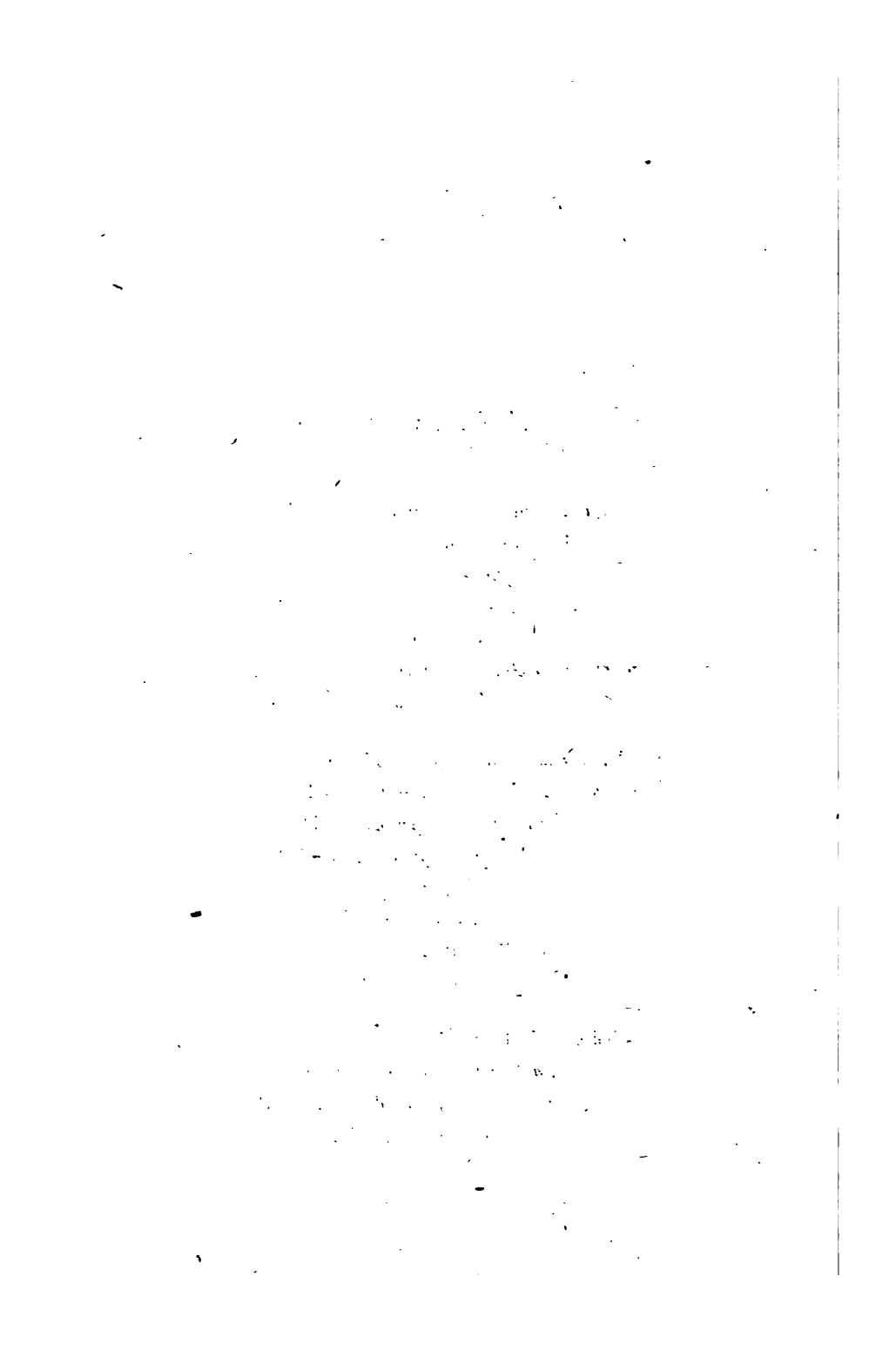
able man instead of ending his days in the poor-house. He might, peradventure, have presided over such an institution, and, like some people of my acquaintance, grown rich by managing the concerns of the poor.

L I S E T T E .

WHEN Love in Myrtle shades reposed,
His bow and darts behind him slung,
As dewy twilight round him closed,
Lisette these numbers sung :
“ Oh, Love ! thy sylvan bower
I'll fly while I've the power ;
Thy primrose way leads maids where they
Love, honor, and obey ! ”

“ Escape,” the boy-god said, “ is vain ! ”
And shook the diamonds from his wings :
“ I'll bind thee captive in my train,
Fairest of earthly things ! ”
“ Go, lovely archer, go !
I freedom's value know :
Then hence away, to none I'll say
Love, honor, and obey ! ”

“ Speed, arrow, to thy mark ! ” he cried —
Swift as a ray of light it flew !
Love spread his purple pinions wide,
And faded from her view !





Lisette

Joy fill'd that maiden's eyes —
Twin load-stars from the skies !—
And she *did* say, on bridal day,
“ Love, honor, and obey ! ”

TWO PERIODS IN THE LIFE OF HAYDN.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLETT.

I.

It was about noon of a day in the spring of 175—, that a man of low stature and pale and sallow complexion might have been seen entering a mean-looking house in one of the narrow streets of Vienna. Before he closed the door, the sound of a sharp female voice, speaking in shrill accents, was quite audible to the passers-by. As the person who entered ascended the stairs to his lodgings, he was greeted by a continuance of the same melody from the lips of a pretty but slovenly-dressed young woman, who stood at the door of the only apartment that seemed furnished.

“A pretty mess is all this!” she exclaimed. “Here the printers have been running after you all the morning for the piece you promised to have ready for them, and I nothing to do but hear their complaints and send them away one after the other!”

“My good Nanny——”

"But, my good Joseph, is not my time as precious as yours, pray? What have you from this morning's work?"

"Seventeen kreutzers," sighed he.

"Ay, it is always so—and you spend all your time in such profitless doings. At eight, the singing desk of the brothers de la Merci; at ten, the Count de Haugwitz's chapel; grand mass at eleven—and all this toil for a few kreutzers."

"What can I do?"

"Do? What would I do in your place? Give up this foolish business of music, and take to something that will enable you to live as well as a peasant, at least. There is my father, a hair-dresser, did not he give you shelter when you had nothing but your garret and skylight?—when you had to lie in bed and write for want of coals to warm you? Yes, in spite of your boasted genius and the praises you received, you were forced to come to him for bread!"

"He gave me more, Nanny," said her husband, meaningly.

"Yes—his daughter, who had refused half the gallants in Vienna—for whom half a dozen peruke-makers' apprentices went mad. Yes—and had he not a right to expect you would dress her as well as she had been used at home, and that she should have servants to wait upon her as in her father's house? A fine realizing of his hopes

and schemes for his favorite child, this miserable lodging, with but a few sous a day to keep us from starving !”

“ You should not reproach me, Nanny. Have I not worked incessantly till my health has given way ? And if fortune is still inexorable——”

“ Ah, there it is, fortune !—as if fortune did not always wait, like a handmaid, upon industry in a proper calling ! Your patrons may admire and applaud, but they will not *pay* ; and yet you *will* drudge away your life in this ungrateful occupation. I tell you, Joseph, music is not the thing.”

“ Alas !” sighed Haydn, “ I once dreamed of fame.”

“ Fame—pshaw ! And what were that worth if you had it ? Would fame clothe you or change these wretched walls to a palace ? Believe me for once, and give up these idle fancies.”

Here a knock was heard at the door, and the wife, with exclamations of impatience, flounced away. The unfortunate artist threw himself on a seat, and leaned his head on a table covered with notes of music—works of his own, began at various times, which want of health, energy or spirits, had prevented him from completing. So entirely had he yielded himself to despondency, that he did not move, even when the door opened, till the sound of a well-known voice close at his side startled him from his melancholy revery.

"How now, Haydn, what is the matter, my boy?"

The speaker was an old man, shabbily dressed, but with something striking and even commanding in his noble features. His large, dark, flashing eyes, his olive complexion and the contour of his face, bespoke him a native of a sunnier clime than that of Germany.

Haydn sprang up and welcomed him with a cordial embrace. "And when, my dear Porpora, did you return to Vienna?" he asked.

"This morning only; and my first care was to find you out. But how is this? I find you thin and pale, and gloomy. Where are your spirits?"

"Gone," murmured the composer, and dropped his eyes on the floor. His visitor regarded him with a look of affectionate interest.

"There is something more in this than there ought to be," said he, at length. "You are not rich, as I see; but that you were not when we last parted, nor when I first found—in the youthful, disinterested friend, the kind companion of a feeble old man—a genius such as Germany might be well proud of. Then you were buoyant, full of enthusiasm for art, and of hope for the future."

"Alas!" replied Haydn, "I was too sanguine. I judged more favorably of myself——"

"Did I not say you were destined to something great?"

"Your friendship might deceive you."

"And think you I had lost my judgment because I am old?—or am a fool, to be blinded by partiality?"

"Nay, dear Porpora ——"

"Or that, because you were fain to serve me like a lacquey from your love, I rewarded you with flattering lies, eh?"

"Caro, you mistake me. I know you clear-sighted and candid—yet I feel that I shall never justify your kind encouragement. I have toiled till youth is passing away in vain. I have no heart to bear up against the crushing hand of poverty—I succumb."

"You have lost, then, your love of our art?"

"Not so. What your valuable lessons, dear master, have opened to me, forms the only bright spot in my life. O that I could pursue—could grasp it!"

"Why can you not?"

"I am chained!" cried Haydn, bitterly—and giving way to the anguish of his heart, he burst into tears.

Porpora shook his head, and was silent for a few moments. At length he resumed—"I must, I see, give you a little of my experience; and you shall see what has been the life of a prosperous artist. I was, you know, the pupil of Scarlatti; and from the time I felt myself capable of profiting by the lessons of that great master, devoted myself to travel. I was more fortunate than you, for my works procured me, almost at once, a wide-spread

fame. I was called for not only in Venice, but in Vienna and London."

"Ah, yours was a brilliant lot!" cried the young composer, looking up with kindling eyes.

"The Saxon court," continued Porpora, "which has always granted the most liberal protection to musical art, offered me the direction of the chapel and of the theatre at Dresden. Even the princesses received my lessons—in short, my success was so great, that I awakened the jealousy of Hasse himself."

"That was a greater triumph still," observed Haydn, smiling.

"So I thought; and still greater when I caused a pupil of mine, the young Italian Mengotti, to dispute the palm of song with the enchantress Faustina—aye, to bear it away upon more than one occasion. All this you know, and how I returned to London upon the invitation of amateurs in Italian music."

"Where you rivaled Handel!" said Haydn, enthusiastically.

"Ah, that was the turning-point in my destiny. Farinelli, the famous singer, gloried in being my scholar. He turned all his splendid powers to the effort of assuring the triumph of my compositions. I could have borne that these should fail in commanding popularity; I could have borne the defeat by which Handel was elevated at my expense to an idol shrine among the English—but it

grieved me to see that Farinelli's style, so really perfect in its way, was unappreciated by the most distinguished connoisseurs. I did justice to the strength and grandeur of my rival—should he not have acknowledged the grace, finish, and sweetness of Italian song? But he despised Farinelli, and his friends made caricatures of him."

"Handel, with all his greatness, had no versatility," observed Haydn.

"I wished to attempt another style, for this repulse had somewhat cooled my zeal for the theatre. I set myself to cultivate what was new—what was not born with me. I published my sonatas for the violin—the connoisseurs applauded, and I was encouraged to hope I could face my rival on his own ground. I composed sacred music ——"

"And that," interrupted his auditor, "will live—pardon me for saying so—when your theatrical compositions have ceased to enjoy unrivaled popularity."

"When they are forgotten, say rather—for such, I feel, will be their fate. My sacred compositions may survive and carry my name to posterity—for taste in such things is less mutable than in the opera. After all, the monks may claim me," and he smiled pensively. "You see now, dear Haydn," he resumed after a pause, "for what I have lived and labored. I was once renowned and wealthy—what did prosperity bring me? Envy, discontent, rivalry, disappointment! And did art flourish

more luxuriantly on such a soil? With me the heavenly plant languished, and would have died but that I had some energy within me to save it. I repine when I look back on those years."

"You?" repeated Haydn, surprised.

"Would you know to what period I *can* look back with self-approbation, with thankfulness? To the toil of my early years; to the struggle after an ideal of greatness, goodness, and beauty; to the self-forgetfulness that saw only the glorious goal far, far before me; to the undismayed resolve that sought only its attainment. Or to a time still later, when the visions of manhood's impure and selfish ambition had faded away; when the soul had shaken off some of her fetters, and roused herself to a perception of the eternal, the perfect, the divine; when I became conscious of the delusive vanity of earthly hopes and earthly excellence, but at the same time awakened to the revelation of that which cannot die!

"You see me now seventy-three years old, and too poor to command even a shelter for the few days that yet remain to me in this world. I have lost the splendid fame I once possessed; I have lost the riches that were mine; I have lost the power to win even a competence by my own labors—but I have not lost my passion for our glorious music, nor enjoyment of the reward, more precious than gold, she bestows on her votaries; nor my confidence in Heaven. And you, at twenty-seven, you—more greatly

endowed—to whom the world is open—you despair ! Are you worthy to succeed, O man of little faith ?”

“ My friend—my benefactor !” cried the young artist, clasping his hand with deep emotion.

“ Cast away your bonds ; cut and rend, if your very flesh is torn in the effort ; and the ground once spurned, you are free. Come, I am pledged for your success—for if you do not rise, I am no prophet ! What have you been doing ?” and he turned over rapidly the musical notes that lay on the table. “ Here, what is this—a symphony ? Play for me, if you please.”

So saying, with a gentle force he led his young friend to the piano, and Haydn played from the piece he had nearly completed.

“ So, this is excellent, admirable !” cried Porpora, when he rose from the instrument. “ This suits me exactly. And you could despair while such power remained to you ? When can you finish this, for I must have it at once ?”

“ To-morrow, if you like,” answered the composer, more cheerfully.

“ To-morrow, then—and you must work to-night. I see you are nervous and feverish ; but seize the happy thought while it flies—once gone, you have no cord to draw it back. I will go and order you a physician ;—not a word of remonstrance ;—he will come to-morrow morning :—how madly your pulse throbs—and when your work

is done, you may rest. Adieu for the present," and pressing his young friend's hands, the eccentric but benevolent old man departed—leaving Haydn full of new thoughts, his bosom fired with zeal to struggle against adverse fortune. In such moods does the spiritual champion wrestle with the powers of the abyss and mightily prevail.

When Haydn, late that night, threw himself on his bed, weary, ill, and exhausted, his frame racked with the pains of fever, after having worked for hours in the midst of reproaches from her who ought to have lightened his task by her sympathy, he had accomplished the first of an order of works destined to endear his name to all succeeding time. Who that listened to its clear and beautiful melody could have divined that such a production had been wrought out in the gloom of despondency, poverty, and disease ?

While the artist lay on a sick bed, attended only by the few friends whom compassion more than admiration of his genius called to his side, and forgotten by the great and gay to whose amusement so many years of his life had been devoted, a brilliant fête was given by Count Mortzin, an Austrian nobleman of immense wealth and influence, at which the most distinguished individuals in Vienna were present. The musical entertainments given by these luxurious patrons of the arts were, at that time

and for some years after, the most splendid in Europe, for the most exalted genius was enlisted in their service—and talent, as in all ages, was often fain to do homage to riches and power.

When the concert was over, Prince Antoine Esterhazy expressed the pleasure he had received, and his obligations to the noble host. “Chief among your magnificent novelties,” said he, “is the new symphony, St. Maria. One does not hear every day such music. Who is the composer?”

The count referred to one of his friends. The answer was—“Joseph Haydn.”

“I have heard his quartettos—he is no common artist. Is he in your service, count?”

“He has been employed by me.”

“With your good leave, he shall be transferred to ours; and I shall take care he has no reason to regret the change. Let him be presented to us.”

There was a murmur among the audience, and a movement, but the composer did not appear; and presently word was brought to his highness that the young man on whom he intended to confer so great an honor was detained at home by indisposition.

“So, let him be brought to me as soon as he recovers; he shall enter my service—I like his symphony vastly. Your pardon, count, for we will rob you of your best man.”

And the great prince, having decided the destiny of a greater than himself, turned to those who surrounded him to speak of other matters.

News of the change in his fortune was brought to Haydn by his friend Porpora ; and so renovating was the effect of hope, that he was strong enough on the following day to pay his respects to his illustrious patron. Alas ! the value of such protection had been taught him when, poor, destitute, and friendless, he lodged under the same roof with the court poet, Metastasio, and felt even obliged by his condescending manner toward him, so incomparably superior in the gifts of nature, if not of fortune.

Accompanied by a friend who offered to introduce him, Haydn drew near the dwelling of the prince, and was so fortunate as to find admittance. His highness was just preparing to ride, but would see the composer ; and he was conducted through a splendid suite of rooms to the apartment where the proud head of the Esterhazy's deigned to receive to his presence an almost nameless artist. What wonder that Haydn blushed and faltered as he approached this impersonation, as he felt it, of human grandeur ?

The prince, in the splendid array suited to his rank, glanced somewhat carelessly at the low, slight figure that stood before him, and said, as he was presented—"Is

this, then, the composer of the music I heard last night?"

"This is he—Joseph Haydn," was the reply.

"So—a Moor, I should judge by his dark complexion."

The composer bowed in some embarrassment.

"And you write such music? You look not like it, by my faith! Haydn—I recollect the name; and I remember hearing, too, that you were not well paid for your labors, eh?"

"I have not been fortunate, your highness——"

"Why have you not applied to me before?"

"Your highness, I could not presume to think ——"

"Eh? Well, you shall have no reason to complain in my service. My secretary shall fix your appointments; and name whatever else you desire. Understand me, for all of your profession find me liberal. Now, then, sir Moor, you may go; and let it be your first care to provide yourself with a new coat, a wig and buckles, and heels to your shoes. I will have you respectable in appearance as well as in talents; so let me have no more of shabby professors. And do your best, my little duskey, to recruit in flesh—'t will add to the stature; and to relieve your olive with a shade of the ruddy. Such spindle masters would be a walking discredit to our larder, which is truly a spendthrift one."

So saying, with a laugh, the haughty nobleman dis-

missed his new dependent. The artist chafed not at the imperious tone of patronage, for he felt not yet the superiority of his own vocation. It was the bondage-time of genius; the wings were not yet grown which were to bear his spirit up, when it brooded, like the Spirit of the Eternal, over a new world.

The life which Haydn led in the service of Prince Esterhazy, to which service he was permanently attached by Nicolas, the successor of Antoine, in the quality of chapel-master, was one so easy, that, says his biographer, it might have proved fatal to an artist more inclined to luxury and pleasure, or less devoted to his art and the love of glory. Now, for the first time relieved from care for the future, he was enabled to yield to the impulse of his genius, and create works worthy of the name—works not only pleasing to himself and his patron, but which gradually extended his fame over all the countries of Europe.

II.

On the evening of a day in the beginning of April, 1809, all the lovers of music in Vienna were assembled in the theatre to witness the performance of the oratorio of the "Creation." The entertainment had been given in honor of the composer of that noble work, the illustrious Haydn, by his numerous friends and admirers. He

had been drawn from Gumpendorf—his retreat in the suburbs, the cottage surrounded by a little garden, which he had purchased after his retirement from the Esterhazy service, and where he had spent the last years of his life—to be present at this species of triumph. Three hundred musicians assisted at the performance. The audience rose en masse, and greeted with rapturous applause the white-haired man, who, led forward by the most distinguished nobles in the city, was conducted to the place of honor. There seated, with princesses at his right hand, beauty smiling upon him, the centre of a circle of nobility, the observed and admired of all, the object of the acclamation of thousands, who would not have said that Haydn had reached the summit of human greatness?—had more than realized the proudest visions of his youth? His serene countenance, his clear eye, his air of dignified self-possession, showed that prosperity had not overcome him, but that amid the smiles of fortune he had not forgotten the true excellence of man.

“I can never hear this oratorio,” remarked one of his friends, whom we shall call Manuel, to another beside him, “without rejoicing for the author. None but a happy spirit could have conceived—only a pure, open, trustful, buoyant soul could have produced such a work. His, like the angels, is ever fresh and young.”

“I agree,” replied his friend, “in your judgment of the mind of Haydn. All the harmony and grace of

nature, in her magnificent and beautiful forms, in her varied life, breathe in his music. But I like something deeper, even if it be gloomy. There is a hidden life, which the outward only represents; a deep voice, the echo of that which we hear. The poet, the musician, should interpret and reveal what the ordinary mind does not receive."

"Beethoven's symphonies, then, will please you better?"

"I acknowledge that I am more satisfied with them, or rather I am not satisfied, which is precisely what I want. The longings of a human soul are after the ineffable, the unfathomable; and to awaken those longings is the highest triumph of the artist. We are to be lifted above the joys of earth; out of this sunny atmosphere, where trees wave and birds fly, though we rise into a region of cloud and storm, chilly and dark, and terrific."

"You are more of a philosopher than I am," returned Manuel, laughing. "You may find consolation for your clouds and storms in the thought that you are nearer heaven; but give me the genial warmth of a heart imbued with love of simple nature. I will relinquish your loftier ideal for the beauty and blessing of reality and the living present. For this reason is Haydn, with his free, bright, child-like, healthful spirit, bathing itself in enjoyment, so dear to me. I desire nothing when I hear his

music ; I feel no apprehension ; I ask for no miracles. I drink in the bliss of actual life, and thank Heaven for its rich bestowments."

"I thought our great composer, on the verge of life, would have looked beyond in his last works," said the other, thoughtfully ; "but I see plainly he will write no more."

"He has done enough, and now we are ready for the farewell of Haydn."

"The farewell?"

"Did you never hear the story? I have heard him tell it often myself. It concerns one of his most celebrated symphonies. The occasion was this:—Among the musicians attached to the service of Prince Esterhazy, were several who, during his sojourn upon his estates, were obliged to leave their wives at Vienna. At one time his highness prolonged his stay at the Esterhazy Castle considerably beyond the usual period. The disconsolate husbands entreated Haydn to become the interpreter of their wishes. Thus the idea came to him of composing a symphony in which each instrument ceased one after the other. He added, at the close of every part, the direction, 'here the light is extinguished.' Each musician, in his turn, rose, put out his candle, rolled up his notes, and went away. This pantomime had the desired effect; the next morning the prince gave orders for their return to the capital."

"An amiable thought ; I have heard something of it before."

"As a match story, he used to tell us of the origin of his Turkish or military symphony. You know the high appreciation he met-with in his visits to England?"

"Where, he maintains, he acquired his continental fame—as we Germans could not pronounce on his claims till they had been admitted by the Londoners."

"True ; but notwithstanding the praise and homage he received, he could not prevent the enthusiastic audience from falling asleep during the performance of his compositions. It occurred to him to devise a kind of ingenious revenge. In this piece, while the current is gliding softly, and slumber beginning to steal over the senses of his auditors, a sudden and unexpected burst of martial music, tremendous as a thunder peal, startles the surprised sleepers into active attention. I should like to have seen the lethargic islanders, with their eyes and mouths thrown open by such an unlooked-for shock !"

Here a stop was suddenly put to the conversation by the commencement of the performance. The "Creation," the first of Haydn's oratorios, was regarded as his greatest work, and had often elicited the most heartfelt applause. Now that the aged and honored composer was present, probably for the last time to hear it, an emotion too deep for utterance seemed to pervade the vast au-

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dience. The feeling was too reverential to be expressed by the ordinary tokens of pleasure. It seemed as if every eye in the assembly was fixed on the calm, noble face of the venerated artist ; as if every heart beat with love for him ; as if all feared to break the spell of hushed and holy silence. Then came, like a succession of heavenly melodies, the music of the " Creation," and the listeners felt as if transported back to the infancy of the world.

At the words, "*Let there be light, and there was light,*" when all the instruments were united in one full burst of gorgeous harmony, emotion seemed to shake the whole frame of the aged artist. His pale face crimsoned ; his bosom heaved convulsively ; he raised his eyes, streaming with tears, toward heaven, and lifting upward his trembling hands, exclaimed—his voice audible in the pause of the music—"Not unto me—not unto me—but unto Thy name be all the glory, O Lord !"

From this moment Haydn lost the calmness and serenity that had marked the expression of his countenance. The very depths of his heart had been stirred, and ill could his wasted strength sustain the tide of feeling. When the superb chorus at the close of the second part announced the completion of the work of creation, he could bear the excitement no longer. Assisted by the prince's physician and several of his friends, he was carried from the theatre, pausing to give one last look of gratitude, expressed in his tearful eyes, to the orchestra.

who had so nobly executed his conception, and followed by the lengthened plaudits of the spectators, who felt that they were never to look upon his face again.

Some weeks after this occurrence, Manuel, who had sent to inquire after the health of his infirm old friend, received from him a card on which he had written, to notes of music, the words "*Meine kraft ist dahin*," (my strength is gone.) Haydn was in the habit of sending about these cards, but his increased feebleness was evident in the handwriting of this; and Manuel lost no time in hastening to him. There, in his quiet cottage, around which rolled the thunders of war, terrifying others, but not him, sat the venerable composer. His desk stood on one side, on the other his piano, and he looked as if he would never approach either again. But he smiled, and held out his hand to greet his friend.

"Many a time," he murmured, "you have cheered my solitude, and now you come to see the old man die."

"Speak not thus, my dear friend," cried Manuel, grieved to the heart; "you will recover."

"But not here," answered Haydn, and pointed upward.

He then made signs to one of his attendants to open the desk and reach him a roll of papers. From these he took one and gave it to his friend. It was inscribed in his own hand—"Catalogue of all my musical compositions, which I can remember, from my eighteenth year.

Vienna, 4th December, 1805." Manuel, as he read it, understood the mute pressure of his friend's hand, and sighed deeply. That hand would never trace another note.

"Better thus," said Haydn, softly, "than a lingering old age of care, disease, perhaps of poverty ! No—I am happy. I have lived not in vain ; I have accomplished my destiny ; I have done good. I am ready for thy call, O Master !"

A long silence followed, for the aged man was wrapt in devotion. At length he asked to be supported to his piano ; it was opened, and as his trembling fingers touched the keys, an expression of rapture kindled in his eyes. The music that answered to his touch seemed the music of inspiration. But it gradually faded away ; the flush gave place to a deadly pallor ; and while his fingers still rested on the keys, he sank back into the arms of his friend, and gently breathed out his parting spirit. It passed as in a happy strain of melody !

Prince Esterhazy did honor to the memory of his departed friend by the pageant of funeral ceremonies. His remains were transported to Eisenstadt, in Hungary, and placed in the Franciscan vault. The prince also purchased, at a high price, all his books and manuscripts, and the numerous medals he had obtained. But his fame belongs to the world ; and in all hearts sensible to the music of truth and nature, is consecrated the memory of HAYDN.

THE FIRST THOUGHTS OF A YEAR.

BY HENRY MORFORD.

THE New Year's page is spotless yet,
Still waiting to be soiled
By thoughts of passion early met
By passion's wayward child ;
And I am laggard to begin
The records of a year
That must be so much grief and sin,
Not worth recording here.

And yet it must be—there are none
Of all the friends I claim
Who brighten at my noonday sun,
Or sadden at my shame ;
So truly as this lettered page,
None who will keep so well
The secrets that, at every age,
Man must bend down to tell.

Oh, records of departing time,
Shadows of every hour
Flung out in wild and idle rhyme,
With heedless, careless power—

How may I look at you, when years
Have silvered o'er my hair,
And think how dim and dull appears
The light ye used to wear !

Oh, records of departing love
That lights a trackless way,
Bright yesterday with rays above,
And soiled and dark to-day ;
How may I wonder, when my blood
Is chilled with age's frost,
That through my veins, so like a flood,
E'er ran the tide I've lost !

It may not be so—how the eyes
Of those I love to-day,
From these may bid my image rise
When I am far away,
Calling me upward from the shroud
Where they have laid my youth,
And hoping that a heart so proud
Had not outlived its truth.

And how, perchance, those very eyes
May bend them here to learn,
That stars grow dim in cloudless skies,
And suns to darkness turn ;
That on an open brow may yet
Be graven death and sin,
And eyes with seeming tears be wet,
When all is dry within.

I know not how it may be—some
May read to scoff and jeer,
And some be gayer when they come,
And some grow pale with fear ;
One dreaming that the seeker found,
One that he missed, the goal,
And one, perchance, in all the round,
Low breathing for his soul.

The page is stained already—up,
Proud heart, the course is on !
For feast on high with Faith and Hope,
Or die and sleep alone :
No shrinking from the sacrifice
Because the hour is dark ;
Virtue bends not to open Vice,
Nor Pride forgets his mark !

MISS ALBINA McLUSH.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

I HAVE a passion for fat women. If there is anything I hate in life, it is what dainty people call a *spirituelle*. Motion—rapid motion—a smart, quick, squirrel-like step, a pert, voluble tone—in short, a lively girl—is my exquisite horror! I would as lief have a *diable petit* dancing his infernal hornpipe on my cerebellum as to be in the room with one. I have tried before now to school myself into liking these parched peas of humanity. I have followed them with my eyes, and attended to their rattle till I was as crazy as a fly in a drum. I have danced with them, and romped with them in the country, and periled the salvation of my “white tights” by sitting near them at supper. I swear off from this moment. I do. I won’t—no—hang me if ever I show another small, lively, *spry* woman a civility.

Albina McLush is divine. She is like the description of the Persian beauty by Hafiz: “her heart is full of passion and her eyes are full of sleep.” She is the sister of Lurly McLush, my old college chum,

who, as early as his sophomore year, was chosen president of the *Dolce-far-niente* Society—no member of which was ever known to be surprised at anything—the college law of rising before breakfast excepted). Lurly introduced me to his sister one day, as he was lying upon a heap of turnips, leaning on his elbow with his head in his hand, in a green lane in the suburbs. He had driven over a stump, and been tossed out of his gig, and I came up just as he was wondering how in the d—l's name he got there! Albina sat quietly in the gig, and when I was presented, requested me, with a delicious drawl, to say nothing about the adventure—"it would be so troublesome to relate it to everybody!" I loved her from that moment.

Miss McLush was tall, and her shape, of its kind, was perfect. It was not a *fleshy* one, exactly, but she was large and full. Her skin was clear, fine-grained, and transparent: her temples and forehead perfectly rounded and polished, and her lips and chin swelling into a ripe and tempting pout, like the cleft of a bursted apricot. And then her eyes—large, liquid, and sleepy—they languished beneath their long black fringes as if they had no business with daylight—like two magnificent dreams, surprised in their jet embryos by some bird-nesting cherub. Oh! it was lovely to look into them!

She sat, usually, upon a *fauteuil*, with her large, full arm embedded in the cushion, sometimes for hours with-

out stirring. I have seen the wind lift the masses of dark hair from her shoulders, when it seemed like the coming to life of a marble Hebe—she had been motionless so long. She was a model for a goddess of sleep, as she sat with her eyes half closed, lifting up their superb lids slowly as you spoke to her, and dropping them again with the deliberate motion of a cloud, when she had murmured out her syllable of assent. Her figure, in a sitting posture, presented a gentle declivity from the curve of her neck to the instep of the small round foot lying on its side upon the ottoman. I remember a fellow's bringing her a plate of fruit one evening. He was one of your lively men—a horrid monster, all right angles and activity. Having never been accustomed to hold her own plate, she had not well extricated her whole fingers from her handkerchief, before she set it down in her lap. As it began slowly to slide toward her feet, her hand relapsed into the muslin folds, and she fixed her eye upon it with a kind of indolent surprise, dropping her lids gradually, till, as the fruit scattered over the ottoman, they closed entirely, and a liquid jet line was alone visible through the heavy lashes. There was an imperial indifference in it worthy of Juno.

Miss McLush rarely walks. When she does, it is with the deliberate majesty of a Dido. Her small, plump feet melt to the ground like snow-flakes, and her figure sways to the indolent motion of her limbs with a glorious

grace and yieldingness quite indescribable. She was idling slowly up the Mall one evening just at twilight, with a servant at a short distance behind her, who, to while away the time between his steps, was employing himself in throwing stones at the cows feeding upon the Common. A gentleman, with a natural admiration for her splendid person, addressed her. He might have done a more eccentric thing. Without troubling herself to look at him, she turned to her servant and requested him, with a yawn of desperate *ennui*, to knock that fellow down! John obeyed his orders; and, as his mistress resumed her lounge, picked up a new handful of pebbles, and, tossing one at the nearest cow, loitered lazily after.

Such supreme indolence was irresistible. I gave in—I—who never before could summon energy to sigh—I—to whom a declaration was but a synonym for perspiration—I—who had only thought of love as a nervous complaint, and of women but to pray for a good deliverance—I—yes—I—knocked under. Albina McLush! Thou wert too exquisitely lazy. Human sensibilities cannot hold out forever!

I found her one morning sipping her coffee at twelve, with her eyes wide open. She was just from the bath, and her complexion had a soft, dewy transparency, like the cheek of Venus rising from the sea. It was the hour, Lurly had told me, when she would be at the

trouble of thinking. She put away with her dimpled forefinger, as I entered, a cluster of rich curls that had fallen over her face, and nodded to me like a water-lily swaying to the wind when its cup is full of rain.

"Lady Albina," said I, in my softest tone, "how are you?"

"Bettina," said she, addressing her maid in a voice as clouded and rich as a south wind on an Æolian, "how am I to-day?"

The conversation fell into short sentences. The dialogue became a monologue. I entered upon my declaration. With the assistance of Bettina, who supplied her mistress with cologne, I kept her attention alive through the incipient circumstances. Symptoms were soon told. I came to the avowal. Her hand lay reposing on the arm of the sofa, half buried in a muslin *foulard*. I took it up and pressed the cool soft fingers to my lips—unforbidden. I rose and looked into her eyes for confirmation. Delicious creature! she was asleep!

I never have had courage to renew the subject. Miss McLush seems to have forgotten it altogether. Upon reflection, too, I'm convinced she would not survive the excitement of the ceremony—unless, indeed, she should sleep between the responses and the prayer. I am still devoted, however, and if there should come a war or an earthquake, or if the millennium should commence, as is

expected, in 1833, or if anything happens that can keep her waking so long, I shall deliver a declaration, abbreviated for me by a scholar-friend of mine, which, he warrants, may be articulated in fifteen minutes—without fatigue.

FAITH.

BY ANNE C. LYNCH.

SECURELY cabined in the ship below,
Through darkness and through storm I cross the sea,
A pathless wilderness of waves to me :
But yet I do not fear, because I know
That He who guides the good ship o'er that waste,
Sees in the stars her shining pathway traced.
Blindfold I walk this life's bewildering maze,
Up flinty steep, through frozen mountain pass—
Through thorn-set barren, and through deep morass :
But, strong in faith, I tread the uneven ways,
And bare my head unshrinking to the blast,
Because my Father's arm is round me cast ;
And if the way seems rough, I only clasp
The hand that leads me with a firmer grasp.

THE HISTORY OF JOHN STUBBS.

A thing betwixt a story and a dream,—

It had more truth than fact, more fact than fiction.

JOHN STUBBS was a grocer, wicked, but well to do in the world. He was a man greedy of gain, and of a savage disposition. He used to beat a poor little orphan boy in his possession, as if it were a pastime, until the child suddenly disappeared, when Stubbs asserted that he had gone to sea, but from that hour the man's brow grew blacker. Some suspected foul play, but as there could be no legal investigation, the thing passed off.

John Stubbs sold rum; indeed, the greater part of his profits were made in that way, and as he used to sell on the Sabbath, he often made more money that day than any other day in the week. Yet you never seemed to notice the shop open of a Sunday; the shutters were all closed, and the doors were closed, there being a nook of an entrance hard by, almost out of sight, where the rum-besotted wretches of the neighborhood could glide in and out without disturbance. Excluding the sunlight from

creatures paid for it who drank it under the shape of rum. John Stubbs' enmity against the Temperance Society was much abated by that circumstance.

Things went on in this way a long time, and the grocer made a great deal of money, but all the while he drank rum himself, and though he had an iron constitution, and could bear a great deal, those who observed him thought it could not last. Many grocers sell rum who do not drink it; but let no rum-selling grocer congratulate himself on this point, for he is heaping together wealth against the last day, and the time is coming when the rust of all his money gotten in this dreadful traffic will eat into his soul like a fire ten thousand times worse than that which now began to burn in the veins of John Stubbs. There is some difference whether a man ruins his soul by drinking, or by making others drink; but of two grocers, who sell rum, one of whom also drinks, but the other is sober, I doubt if the last will have any more tolerable place in hell than the first. Indeed, on some accounts, it is more wicked for a sober man to sell rum than a drinking one.

One bitter cold winter's night the woman I have spoken of above, whose child had been smitten with a sore sickness, even unto death, ventured into the grocery to find her husband. She had no money even to buy medicine for her poor sick boy; her last stick of wood was burning in the cold chimney; and she was as wretched a woman

as could well be. She had come, in the faint hope of getting some of her husband's day's wages, before they had all gone for drink ; but in vain ; for John Stubbs told her he did not believe her child was sick, and swore that her husband should not stir a step till he had paid up all ; and the miserable man, finding Stubbs' shop a warm place, and his liquor warmer, refused, himself, to move. So the poor wife returned back, heart-broken, to the place where her child lay a-dying. She must have perished in her misery had it not been for the kindness of a neighbor, for that night, which was Friday, the child died.

Saturday evening, after laying out her boy's corpse as decently as she could, she summoned courage once more to visit the grocery ; for the child must be buried the next day, and as yet there was not even a coffin. In the height of her grief she could not help telling John Stubbs, that if it had not been for him, her child had been alive and well that moment. Hearing this, the grocer started from among his casks behind the counter, and with a dreadful face, swore that if ever he had anything to do with that or any other child's death, all the devils in hell might burn him and his shop together. This phrase, *all the devils in hell*, was a favorite oath with John Stubbs. Something now had roused the devil within him very fearfully ; for, laying hold of the woman's arm, he pushed her violently out into the street, and cursed the time he

had ever seen either her or her husband. Well nigh dead with grief, she tottered home, and threw herself on the body of the dead child. There her brute of a husband found her, only to tell her, that if her friends would not help her to a coffin and bury the child, it must lay there all winter, for he had no money to do it. In God's mercy friends were found ; and Sabbath day, while John Stubbs was selling rum by lamp-light, that little boy was put in the grave beneath the cold sod, and the clods of frozen ground sounded to the mother's ears like pieces of sharp iron as they fell upon the coffin.

That same night John Stubbs' retribution commenced. By what instrumentality it was effected, I will not undertake to determine ; but even the drunkards dimly noted a fearful connection between his oaths the night preceding and the thing that happened. Late in the evening, just as, with trembling hand, for John Stubbs' hand had begun at length to tremble, he was drawing a glass of liquor for a parting customer, his eyes were almost started from their sockets by the sight of a grinning, snaky figure in flames right before him. Presently the air began to be full of them, and each one threw direct at John Stubbs balls of fire, with sharp curling snakes protruding out of them. Then one clutched him by the hair, then they all retreated to the wall, and began crawling along and hissing in such horrible shapes, that Stubbs cried out that he was in hell, and the fiends were

burning. So it continued for near an hour, till every inmate of the shop ran out of it in terror at his shrieks and language. Apparently he recovered, for he was seen shortly by the watch putting up a bar outside one of the windows, after which he entered, closed his door, and did not again open it.

About two o'clock the watchmen were alarmed by the sudden appearance of a bright light streaming through every crevice into the street, and on bursting open the door the shop was all of a fierce blaze, and there lay, blackened and crisped like a cinder, but on the floor, where the fire was not blazing, though the air itself seemed all flame, the body of John Stubbs. From the position and appearance of the body, and the horrible stench, that with the flames poured out of the shop, there was no doubt that Stubbs had somehow or other inadvertently brought the flame of the lamp in contact with his breath, and had been consumed even before the shop itself got on fire, by spontaneous combustion. Be that as it may, the flames increased so furiously, by the casks of liquor bursting one after another, and running in so many streams of fire all over the shop, that before assistance could be got, it was no longer possible to reach the body. And as to putting out the flames, the water of the engines was of no more use than if it had been oil. Blue and red torrents of fire shot up into the sky, and some averred that they saw, as plain as ever they

beheld anything in their life, the body of John Stubbs held between two demons in the vast flickering blaze, and a boy piercing his heart with a spear of red-hot iron. Whether this was mere imagination or not, perhaps it was very natural to think so; and certainly all the figures of torture that the spouting and roaring flames could form, would be nothing to the torment of a damned soul in hell, that in this world, as it is to be feared is the case with all rum-selling grocers, was engaged in no business whatever, but that of preparing souls and bodies for everlasting damnation.

SING NOT OF FAME.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

SING not of Fame! there was a time
Such strain had suited well mine ear,
And I had sprung, perchance through crime,
Ambition's laurel'd pomps to share;
The wild alarm, the impetuous thirst,
The wing to soar, the will to sway,
Had led me forth, through fields accurst,
On man, for man's delight, to prey.

Oh! rather sing of lonely hours,
Of wakeful nights and mournful sighs,
When on his couch of withered flowers
Hope vainly opes her vacant eyes;
In vain with vision straining far,
Seeks still dear shape and baffled dream;
And turning now, from star to star,
Finds mockery in each golden gleam.

JENNY LIND.

BY FREDRIKA BREMER.

THERE was once a poor and plain little girl, dwelling in a little room, in Stockholm, the capital of Sweden. She was a poor little girl indeed then; she was lonely and neglected, and would have been very unhappy, deprived of the kindness and care so necessary to a child, if it had not been for a peculiar gift. The little girl had a fine voice, and in her loneliness, in trouble or in sorrow, she consoled herself by singing. In fact, she sung to all she did; at her work, at her play, running or resting, she always sang.

The woman who had her in care went out to work during the day, and used to lock in the little girl, who had nothing to enliven her solitude but the company of a cat. The little girl played with her cat, and sang. Once she sat by the open window and stroked her cat and—sang, when a lady passed by. She heard the voice, and looked up and saw the little singer. She asked the child several questions, went away, and came back several days later, followed by an old music-master, whose name

was Crelius. He tried the little girl's musical ear and voice, and was astonished. He took her to the Director of the Royal Opera at Stockholm, then a Count Puhe, whose truly generous and kind heart was concealed by a rough speech and a morbid temper. Crelius introduced his little pupil to the Count, and asked him to engage her as "élève" for the opera. "You ask a foolish thing!" said the Count gruffly, looking disdainfully down on the poor little girl. "What shall we do with that ugly thing? See what feet she has! And then her face! She will never be presentable. No, we cannot take her! Away with her!"

The music-master insisted, almost indignantly. "Well," exclaimed he at last, "if you will not take her, poor as I am, I will take her myself, and have her educated for the scene; then such another ear as she has for music is not to be found in the world."

The Count relented. The little girl was at last admitted into the school for élèves at the opera, and with some difficulty a simple gown of black bombasin was procured for her. The care of her musical education was left to an able master, Mr. Albert Berg, director of the song-school of the opera.

Some years later, at a comedy given by the élèves of the theatre, several persons were struck by the spirit and life with which a very young élève acted the part of a beggar girl in the play. Lovers of genial nature were

charmed, pedants almost frightened. It was our poor little girl, who had made her first appearance, now about fourteen years of age, frolicsome and full of fun as a child.

A few years still later, a young debutante was to sing for the first time before the public in Weber's Freischütz. At the rehearsal preceding the representation of the evening, she sang in a manner which made the members of the orchestra once, as by common accord, lay down their instruments to clap their hands in rapturous applause. It was our poor, plain little girl here again, who now had grown up, and was to appear before the public in the rôle of Agatha. I saw her at the evening representation. She was then in the prime of youth, fresh, bright, and serene as a morning in May, perfect in form—her hands and arms peculiarly graceful—and lovely in her whole appearance through the expression of her countenance, and the noble simplicity and calmness of her manners. In fact, she was charming. We saw not an actress, but a young girl full of natural geniality and grace. She seemed to move, speak, and sing without effort or art. All was nature and harmony. Her song was distinguished especially by its purity, and the power of soul which seemed to swell her tones. Her "mezzo voce" was delightful. In the night scene where Agatha, seeing her lover come, breathes out her joy in a rapturous song, our young singer, on turning from the window, at the back of the theatre, to the spectators again, was *pale*

for joy. And in that pale joyousness she sang with a burst of outflowing love and life that called forth not the mirth, but the tears of the auditors.

From that time she was the declared favorite of the Swedish public, whose musical taste and knowledge are said to be surpassed nowhere. And year after year she continued so, though after a time, her voice, being overstrained, lost somewhat of its freshness, and the public, being satiated, no more crowded the house when she was singing. Still, at that time, she could be heard singing and playing more delightfully than ever in *Pamina* (in *Zauberflöte*) or in *Anna Bolena*, though the opera was almost deserted. (It was then late in the spring, and the beautiful weather called the people out to nature's plays.) She evidently sang for the pleasure of the song.

By that time she went to take lessons of Garcia, in Paris, and so give the finishing touch to her musical education. There she acquired that warble in which she is said to have been equaled by no singer, and which could be compared only to that of the soaring and warbling lark, if the lark had a soul.

And then the young girl went abroad and sang on foreign shores and to foreign peoples. She charmed Denmark, she charmed Germany, she charmed England. She was caressed and courted everywhere, even to adulation. At the court of kings, at the houses of the great and noble, she was feasted as one of the grandes of

nature and art. She was covered with laurels and jewels. But friends wrote of her, "In the midst of these splendors she only thinks of her Sweden, and yearns for her friends and her people."

One dusky October night, crowds of people (the most part, by their dress, seeming to belong to the upper classes of society) thronged on the shore of the Baltic-harbor at Stockholm. All looked toward the sea. There was a rumor of expectance and pleasure. Hours passed away, and the crowds still gathered, and waited, and looked out eagerly toward the sea. At length a brilliant rocket rose joyfully, far out at the entrance of the harbor, and was greeted by a general buzz on the shore. "There she comes! there she is!" A large steamer now came thundering on, making its triumphant way through the flocks of ships and boats lying in the harbor, toward the shore of the "Skeppsbro." Flashing rockets marked its way in the dark as it advanced. The crowds on the shore pressed forward as if to meet it. Now the leviathan of the waters was heard thundering nearer and nearer, now it relented, now again pushed on, foaming and splashing, now it lay still. And there, on the front of the deck, was seen by the light of lamps and rockets, a pale, graceful young woman, with eyes brilliant with tears, and lips radiant with smiles, waving her handkerchief to her friends and countrymen on the shore.

It was she again,—our poor, plain, neglected little girl

of former days—who now came back in triumph to her fatherland. But no more poor, no more plain, no more neglected. She had become rich ; she had become celebrated ; and she had in her slender person the power to charm and inspire multitudes.

Some days later, we read in the papers of Stockholm, an address to the public written by the beloved singer, stating with noble simplicity that, “as she once more had the happiness to be in her native land, she would be glad to sing again to her countrymen, and that the income of the operas in which she was this season to appear, would be devoted to raise a fund for a school where élèves for the theatre would be educated to virtue and knowledge.” The intelligence was received as it deserved, and of course the opera-house was crowded every time the beloved singer sang there. The first time she again appeared in the “Sonnambula” (one of her favorite rôles), the public, after the curtain was dropped, called her back with great enthusiasm, and received her, when she appeared, with a roar of “hurrahs.” In the midst of the burst of applause a clear, melodious warbling was heard. The hurrahs were hushed instantly. And we saw the lovely singer standing with her arms slightly extended, somewhat bowing forward, graceful as a bird on its branch, warbling, warbling as no bird ever did, from note to note—and on every one a clear, strong, soaring warble—until she fell into the *rétournelle* of her last song, and

again sang that joyful and touching strain : " No thought can conceive how I feel at my heart."

She has now accomplished the good work to which her latest songs in Sweden have been devoted, and she is again to leave her native land to sing to a far remote people. All have heard of her whose history we have now slightly shadowed out;—the expected guest, the poor little girl, of former days, the celebrated singer of now-a-days, the genial child of Nature and Art, is—JENNY LIND !

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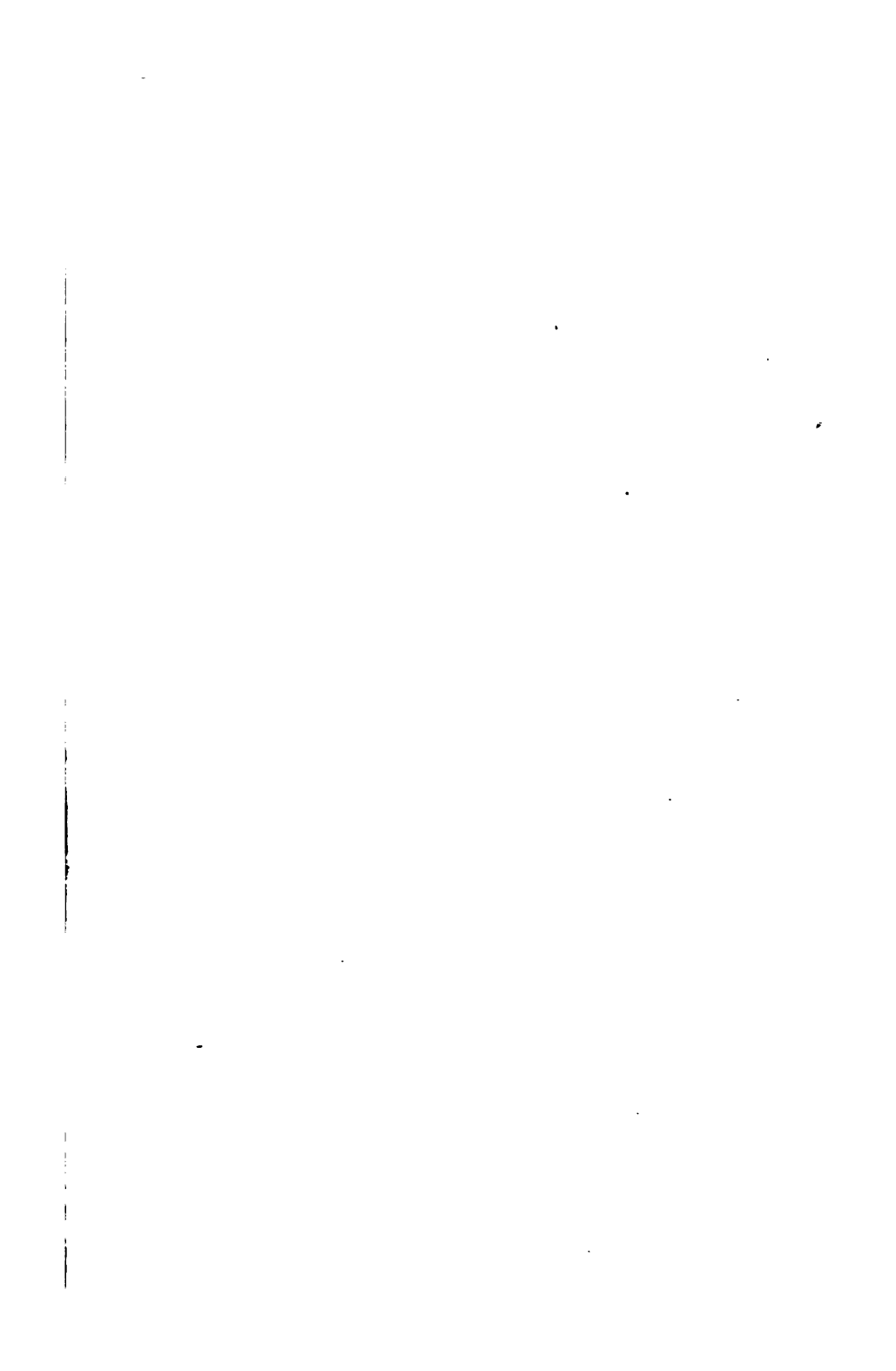
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